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The Rollo Books

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THE GIFT OF
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ROLLO AT SCHOOL.

THE ROLLO SERIES

IS COMPOSED OF FOURTEEN VOLUMES, VIZ.:

Rollo Learning to Talk.
Rollo Learning to Read.
Rollo at Work.
Rollo at Play.
Rollo at School.
Rollo's Vacation. —
Rollo's Experiments.

Rollo's Museum.
Rollo's Travels.
Rollo's Correspondence.
Rollo's Philosophy — Water.
Rollo's Philosophy — Air.
Rollo's Philosophy — Fire.
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A NEW EDITION, REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.



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PREFATORY NOTICE.

As the little readers of "ROLLO AT WORK" and "ROLLO AT PLAY," have done the author the honor to manifest some interest in the continuation of his juvenile hero's history, they are now presented with "ROLLO AT SCHOOL" and "ROLLO'S VACATION." Under the guise of a narrative of Rollo's adventures in these new situations, these little books are intended to exhibit some of the temptations, the trials, the difficulties, and the duties, which all children experience in circumstances similar. That the reader may be profited as well as amused by the perusal, is the sincere wish of

THE AUTHOR.

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ROLLO AT SCHOOL.

THE BEGINNING.

ONE pleasant Monday morning, Rollo came to the door which opened upon the platform behind his father's house, and looked out into the little garden yard, and across to the garden. Then he looked over towards the barn. He seemed to be looking for somebody. Then he turned round, and took down a small ivory whistle which hung in the entry, by the side of the door. It was hung upon a small nail by a green silk ribbon.

He stood out upon the platform and blew the whistle loud and long.

In a moment he heard a voice, which seemed to be out behind the barn, answer, "Aye, aye."

He looked in that direction, and presently a large boy came around the corner of the barn and walked along towards him. His

jacket was off, as if he had been at work, and he had a little hatchet in his hand.

"Come, Jonas," said Rollo, "mother wants you to go with me to school."

Jonas looked and saw that Rollo was dressed very neatly, and that he had a book and slate in his hand. He said he would come as soon as he had put on his jacket.

So Jonas put the hatchet away in its place, and put on his jacket, and then went around to the front door, where he found Rollo waiting for him; and they walked along together.

"Did *you* ever go to school, Jonas?" said Rollo.

"Yes," replied Jonas, "I went once."

"Don't you wish you could go now?"

"Yes," said Jonas, "I think I should like it better than you will."

"Better than I?" said Rollo, looking up surprised; "why, I like it very much indeed."

"You haven't tried it yet," said Jonas.

"Oh, but I know I shall like it."

"You can tell better by and by," said Jonas. "Boys don't generally like going to school very well."

"But I do," said Rollo.

"They all like it the first day; but afterwards they find a great many things which they do not like very well."

"What things?" asked Rollo.

"Why, sometimes you will get playing after breakfast, and when school time comes you will not want to go. Then your studies will be hard sometimes and you will get tired of them; and then some of the boys will be cross to you, perhaps."

Rollo felt somewhat disappointed at hearing such an account of the business of going to school, from Jonas. He had expected that it was to be all pleasure, and he could not help thinking that Jonas must be mistaken about it. However, he said nothing, but walked along slowly and silently.

Presently they came down to the little bridge that leads across the brook on the way to the school-house, where they had found a bird's nest some time before, and Rollo proposed that they should go and look at their bird's nest.

"No," said Jonas, "we must not go now. It is never right to stop by the way, going to school, without leave."

"Why?" said Rollo.

"It will make us late," said Jonas.

"Oh, but we will not stop but a minute," said Rollo, lingering behind a little, and looking towards the tree.

Jonas laughed, but kept walking on, looking around to Rollo, to see if he was following. But Rollo stood by the side of the bridge, looking at Jonas as he went along.

"Just one minute, Jonas," said he.

Jonas shook his head and walked on. Presently he turned round and walked backwards, facing Rollo.

Rollo, finding that Jonas would not stop, began to follow him slowly, but he looked very much vexed. He thought that Jonas was very ill-natured not to stop for him just one minute.

By the time Jonas had got to the top of the hill, Rollo overtook him, and then he walked along in silence for a few minutes. At last he said pettishly, "I will stop when I am coming home, at any rate."

"I advise you not to," said Jonas.

"Why not?" said Rollo.

"Because your father told you that you must not stop, going or coming."

"Well, I am not going to *stop*; I shall only go and look at the bird's nest, and then walk on; it won't take any time at all."

"That is the way I have known a great many boys to get punished," said Jonas.

"How?" said Rollo.

"Why, they stop a little going to school to play, and think they are only going to stop a minute; but then they forget, and play about a great deal longer than they meant to, and so get very late."

"And then do they get punished?" said Rollo. "My father would not punish me, if I only stopped a minute."

"Perhaps he wouldn't, but then if you stop at all, you will be likely to stop more than a minute."

By this time they came in sight of the house where the school was kept. It was a farm-house, standing among some trees, by the side of the road. There was a very pleasant yard on one side, with a wagon in it, and some woodpiles and chips, and some barns and sheds on the other side of it.

"Is *that* the school-house?" said Rollo.

"The school is kept in that house. That is where Miss Mary lives, and she keeps the school in the orchard room."

"The orchard room?" said Rollo.

"Yes, the room leading out into the orchard, on the other side."

The boys walked along the road in front of the house, and when they had got just be-

yond it, Jonas opened a small gate, which led under some trees by a little path, around the other side of the house. A large orchard extended from the house in this direction, with handsome trees in it, and fine green grass under them. They saw a door here, leading into a room which projected out into the orchard. There was a little portico before the door, and a large smooth flat stone on the ground before the portico. The grass came up all around near to the stone, except where the path came. Two children were sitting on the floor of the portico, with their feet upon the flat stone. They had books in their hands and their lips were moving. They looked up and saw Jonas and Rollo, but went on studying.

As the boys passed by the window, which was open, they saw the scholars and the teacher, in the room ; and the teacher, whom the scholars always called Miss Mary, saw them and came to the door, just as Jonas and Rollo stepped up into the portico. She looked pleased to see the boys.

Jonas took off his hat as he came up to her and said,

“ Here is Rollo.”

“ Ah, Rollo,” said Miss Mary, “ how do you do? I am glad to see you.” She took



IT IS NEVER RIGHT TO STOP BY THE WAY.—Page 2.

Rollo by the hand and led him in, and Jonas turned around, put on his hat, and walked away.

Miss Mary led Rollo into the school-room. He found that the children were just taking their seats. Miss Mary led him to a seat at a little desk by the window. The desk was long enough for two, and there was a boy sitting at one half of it already. This boy was not so large as Rollo. He looked up very much pleased when he saw Rollo coming to sit by him. Miss Mary told Rollo that his name was Henry, and that they must both be good boys and not whisper and play. Then she turned away to her own seat at a table, at one side of the room. By this time the children all over the room had become still, and Miss Mary opened a little Bible which she had on the table, and it seemed as if she was going to read. All the children sat looking towards her attentive and still.

She only read two or three verses, but then she stopped to explain them very fully, so that the reading and her remarks occupied considerable time. One of the verses she read was this:—

“If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.”

She explained this to the children thus: "God will not listen to us when we pray to him, if he is displeased with us; and he is displeased with us just as much when we have iniquity *in our hearts*, as when we exhibit it in our actions. A bad boy was once walking along the street in a city, and he saw a basket of apples at the door of a store. He thought he would put out his hand slyly, when he went by, and take one. That was having iniquity in his heart. He had not *done* any thing wrong, he was only intending to do something wrong."

"Well, did he take one when he came to them?" asked Henry.

"No," said Miss Mary; "when he got close to the basket, and was just putting out his hand, he happened to look into the store, and he saw the man standing there. So he hastily withdrew his hand and walked on, trying to look careless and unconcerned.

"Now was there any thing wrong in this boy's *actions*?" said Miss Mary.

"Yes, ma'am," said the children.

"No," said Miss Mary, "not in his *action*. He did not steal the apple. He walked directly by just as he ought to do.

"Was there any thing wrong in his *looks*?"

"No, ma'am."

“Was there anything wrong in his *heart*?”

“Yes, ma’am,” said all the children, for now they began to understand fully what Miss Mary meant.

“That is right,” said Miss Mary. “Now children in school very often cherish iniquity in their *hearts*. Something prevents their actually doing the wrong thing, but then they want to do it, they try to do it, they watch for an opportunity to do it, and so they are guilty in heart.

“Now,” continued Miss Mary, “we are all going to pray to God to take care of us to-day, but if any of you have any idea or intention of doing any thing wrong to-day, or any thing which you think is perhaps wrong, God sees it. It is iniquity in your heart, and he will not hear your prayer. We had better give up all such iniquity, and determine to do what is right. Then God will hear us, and take care of us, and keep us safe and happy.”

Now all the scholars listened very attentively to these remarks, but it happened that there were two who took more particular notice of them than the others. These two were Rollo and his cousin Lucy, who went to this school, and who sat before another win-

dow across the room. Rollo began to think that perhaps the intention which he was secretly entertaining, of stopping after school to see the bird's nest, might be cherishing iniquity in his heart. First he thought it was, — then he thought it was not, because he was only going to stop a very little while. Then he recollected that his father had told him he must come directly home, and therefore it must be wrong for him to stop at all. He *tried* to determine to go directly home, and thus give up the iniquity which was in his heart, but he could not quite determine. He wanted just to take one peep at the nest, and resolved to go home immediately after. He tried to satisfy himself with this, but he could not feel quite easy.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, and just as Miss Mary had finished her remarks, he happened to be looking towards Lucy, and he saw that she opened the lid of her desk a little way, and put her hand in. Presently she withdrew her hand very cautiously, and Rollo, watching her, observed that she had in it a little sprig from an apple tree, with a large, beautiful, spotted butterfly upon it, and threw it out of the window. All this happened just at the moment when the

scholars were reclining their heads forward upon their desks, to listen to Miss Mary's morning prayer.

Rollo did not understand what this all meant. The truth was that Lucy had found this great butterfly when coming to school, and had carefully put it in her desk, intending to take it out and look at it when the school was begun. She knew that this was wrong, but had not thought much about it, until she heard Miss Mary's remarks, when she saw plainly that this plan of playing with the butterfly in school was iniquity in her heart, and was consequently a sin against God. Unlike Rollo, she determined to give it up immediately, and as she wanted very much that God should listen to her prayer, and take care of her, she thought she would take out the butterfly immediately and throw it out of the window, before the prayer should be begun.

I said she threw the butterfly out of the window, but this is not exactly correct, for there was a gentle breeze blowing in at the window at that time, which prevented the sprig and the butterfly from going out. They fell together upon the window sill, and the butterfly, frightened to see himself tossed

about in this way, spread his broad wings and prepared to fly. All this happened in a moment. Lucy looked distressed and anxious. Rollo looked pleased to see such a beautiful butterfly. He touched Henry to make him look at it, and the other children, attracted by Rollo's movements, looked round, and saw the great butterfly as he was wafted in by the breeze, and floated fluttering through the air.

In a minute or two there was such a disturbance that Miss Mary was obliged to stop, and she looked up to see what was the cause. The butterfly lighted upon her table. The children laughed at first, but then suddenly looked sober again, expecting that Miss Mary would be very much displeased. But she did not look displeased. She looked just as usual. She thought the children had done wrong, but she did not think they were very much to blame for having their attention diverted, when there was such a great spotted butterfly flying about the room.

"Poor thing!" said she; "we will not hurt him. I suppose he flew in at the window; he did not know there was a school in here."

So she held a piece of paper before him and the butterfly stepped upon it. Then she

gave him to one of the older children to be carried out.

Lucy felt very uneasy at having made so much trouble, and then she did not think it was right for her to let Miss Mary suppose the butterfly flew in of his own accord, when, in fact, she brought him in. So she came pretty soon, when she had a good opportunity, and explained it all to her. Miss Mary heard her story, and then told her to take her seat and go on with her lessons, and not trouble herself any more about it.

In the meantime Rollo went on studying the lessons which Miss Mary had assigned him, and took care to be still and industrious. This was partly because he wished to be a good boy, and partly because he was somewhat afraid among so many strangers. By and by there was a recess, and then the children played around among the trees, in the orchard, and enjoyed themselves very much. Henry led Rollo around behind the house, where they could see through the cracks of a high fence into a large yard, where there were hens and chickens, and ducks, and little goslings. Rollo and Henry looked through, and Rollo wanted to go around in and see them, but Henry told him they were not allowed to go to that side of the house without leave.

Just before it was time for school to be closed, Miss Mary asked all the scholars to shut up their books and put them away. They all did so, and they took pains to put them in neat order in their desks. When the room was still, she told them all to look at her and listen, for she wished to say something more about the butterfly.

The scholars all looked towards her much interested, only Lucy seemed rather troubled. She was afraid that Miss Mary was going to find fault with her, before all the school, for causing so much disturbance. When, however, all were still, Miss Mary addressed them thus: —

“I find, children, that that great butterfly did not come into the school-room this morning of his own accord. One of the scholars brought him in.”

Here Lucy hung her head and looked ashamed. The rest of the scholars looked around upon one another, wondering who it could be. Rollo looked up very boldly, with a very self-satisfied air, pleased to think both that he was not himself the guilty one, and that he knew who was.

“I am sure it was not I,” said Henry.

“Hush,” said Rollo.

Miss Mary took no notice of these remarks, but proceeded thus : —

“It was one of the girls, but I am not going to tell you which one it was. She found the large butterfly, and brought it into school and put it in her desk. Was this right or wrong?”

“Wrong,” said the children.

“Yes, it was wrong to bring any thing to school that will take off your attention from your studies. But I do not think she was *very much* to blame. She did not think much about it. Still she intended to play with it, and this was wrong.

“Now, when she heard what I said at the beginning of the school about regarding sin in your heart, she was sorry that she had the butterfly in her desk, and concluded to put him out. Was this right or wrong?”

“Right,” said the children.

“Yes, she was certainly in a right state of mind about it. She determined to give up her secret sin. I am afraid that there were some other children in the school who heard what I said, and who could think of some secret sins which they were cherishing, and which they could not find it in their hearts to give up, as this girl was willing to give up hers.”

Here Rollo, in his turn, began to hang his head a little, and Lucy looked up considerably relieved.

"But the butterfly did not go out of the window. The girl threw the sprig that he was upon, but it fell down upon the window sill."

"What is the window sill?" said a little bright-eyed girl, who sat in front of Miss Mary, and was looking up to her very attentively.

"It is that wooden piece that goes across the bottom of the window," said Miss Mary, pointing to it.

"The butterfly," she continued, "lodged there and then flew back into the room, just at the commencement of prayers. Now I want you to consider whether this girl was to blame, or not, for this disturbance."

The scholars gave various answers; some said yes, and some said no.

"There was a man once," continued Miss Mary, "who had two boys; he told them not to play ball in the yard, for fear they should break the windows, but that they might play in the field. When his father went away, one of the boys played in the yard, but did not happen to break any glass. The other

played in the field, as his father had allowed him ; but once, when he gave the ball a hard knock, it came over to the house, and broke a pane in one of the parlor sashes. When their father came home and heard how it was, he said that one of his boys had been very much to blame ; which do you think it was, the one who broke the glass, or the one who disobeyed his father ? ”

“The one who disobeyed,” said the children.

“Yes,” said Miss Mary, “and if he had broken a window, by playing in the yard, he would not have been any more guilty than he was without breaking it. So that when you do any thing wrong, you are to blame, whether any bad consequences come from it or not. If a bad boy throws a stone at another, he is just as much to blame if it does not hit him as he is if it does. If you go to a dangerous place where you are forbidden to go, you are just as much to blame if you get back safely as you would be if you get hurt. If you stop to play coming to school, you are just as much to blame if you find school has not begun when you get here, as you would be if you were very tardy. Don’t you all think so ? ”

"No, ma'am," said the little bright-eyed girl.

"Why-not?" said Miss Mary.

"Because if we are not tardy, then there is no harm done."

"Yes, there is great harm done. You do what you know is wrong; you thus hurt your peace of mind, make yourselves unhappy, and make it easier for you to do wrong the next time; you disobey your parents or your teacher, and offend Almighty God.

The little girl was convinced and did not say another word.

"Now," said Miss Mary, "to go back to the butterfly,—the girl who brought him in determined to let him go again, to prevent his making any play or disturbance in school. But instead of this she unfortunately caused a great disturbance. Now, was she to blame for this disturbance?"

"No, ma'am," said all the children.

"That is right, and I did not blame her at all. And now, since I do not blame her for it at all, why do you suppose I have made all this talk about a butterfly?"

The children looked at Miss Mary without answering.

"It is to teach you several important truths.

Can any of you tell what truths I have been attempting to teach you by this conversation?"

The children hesitated. At length one said timidly, "We must not stop to play, coming to school."

"We are not to blame if we break the windows accidentally," said another.

"We must not bring playthings into school," said a third.

"That is pretty well," said Miss Mary; "I see you understand what I have been saying, but perhaps I can express it better than you do."

"When you do wrong, your guilt depends upon your hearts, your intentions, and your acts, and not upon the bad consequences that follow. When bad consequences follow, they do not make you guilty when you mean and do right; and if they do not follow, that does not make you innocent when you mean and do wrong.

"That is the main thing I have been endeavoring to teach. The other things that the children mentioned are true also, and I hope you will remember them. Whenever you stop to play by the way, without leave, and whenever you bring any playthings secretly to school, you are doing wrong, and

that whether you get into any difficulty by it or not."

When Miss Mary had said this, she struck a little bell gently, which was before her upon her table, and all the scholars rose and began to talk and put on their things. So Rollo knew that school was done. The girls and boys went out of the door, and walked along the path, two and three together, talking and laughing, and skipping along merrily. Rollo and Henry followed the rest; they separated at the gate, and each went towards his own home.

As Rollo walked along alone, the question at once came up in his mind whether he should just go and look at the bird's nest a moment or not. He saw now very clearly that it would be wrong; that even if he did not stop but a minute, so as to be only so little after the proper time that his mother should not notice it, still it would be wrong; and even if he should run afterwards, so as to get home without being late at all, it would be wrong. And so he determined not to do any such thing. He determined to walk directly by. Nest or no nest, eggs or no eggs, he determined to go directly by. And he did so. He walked directly home, and went on feeling innocent and happy.

This decision saved Rollo a great deal of trouble, for always after this he found it quite easy to go directly to school and back, and never got into trouble by loitering on the way. A great many boys and girls get gradually into the habit of stopping to play, in going to and coming from school, until at last their parents or teacher, after warning them and reproving them a great many times, are at length obliged to punish them; and by this time the habit has become so confirmed that they suffer a great deal of trouble and sorrow before they are cured. Rollo had great reason to be thankful to Miss Mary for the instructions she gave him on his first day at her school.

3 *

DOVEY.

IN the afternoon Rollo went to school again, but before he went he asked his father if he might stop a few minutes on the way, coming home, and look at the bird's nest. His father said yes.

Rollo went alone in the afternoon, for now he knew the way. He got there in good season, and took his seat, with Henry by his side.

He wrote in his writing book, and studied several lessons, though Miss Mary did not tell him exactly what classes he would be in. She told him that she should like to have him stop after school a few minutes, and she would talk to him about his studies.

Accordingly, when school was dismissed, and the other children were going home, Rollo came and stood up by the side of Miss Mary's table. She was putting away her books and papers.

Rollo stood quietly by her side, waiting until she should be ready to speak to him.

"Well, Rollo," she said, at length, "how do you like the school?"

"Very well indeed," said Rollo.

"I have not put you into your classes yet," said she, "because I thought it would be well for you to have one day to learn how things go on in the school, so as to feel a little at home. What does your father wish to have you study?"

"I don't know exactly," said Rollo; "I believe he does not want to have me to take a great many studies."

"Do you know what studies he does wish to have you attend to?" said Miss Mary.

"Not exactly," said Rollo.

Miss Mary's table was on the opposite side of the room from the door, and as she sat at the table her face was turned towards the door; and just as Rollo was trying to think what he had heard his father say about his studies, he observed that Miss Mary suddenly rose, looking towards the door. Rollo turned round and saw that there was a woman there leading in a little girl by the hand. The woman was dressed plainly, and had a handkerchief drawn over her head instead of a bonnet. The girl was a very wild-looking little thing. She wore a coarse green gown,

darned and mended in various places. A small straw bonnet, a good deal out of shape, hung back from her head, and her hair was down over her eyes.

The little girl pushed the hair back from her eyes with one hand, as she walked along into the room, following her mother, who was drawing her in by the other. She seemed afraid to come in, or at least very unwilling, from some cause or other.

Miss Mary rose and was just going to speak to the woman, when, just as she got about half way across the room, the little girl seemed determined not to come any farther; she pulled her hand violently away from her mother, and ran off out of the door.

"Dovey!" said the woman, turning round suddenly and following her, "Dovey, here, come back! Come back, Dovey, this instant!"

While thus calling the girl back, the woman had followed her to the portico before the door. Dovey ran until she had got to a safe distance in the orchard, and then stopped and turned round and looked at her mother.

"Dovey!" said her mother again, standing in the portico, "I tell you to come directly to me."

Dovey stood still looking at her mother, but made no answer.

"Mind, this minute," said her mother, stamping with her foot.

Dovey very coolly sat down on the grass and began to pick buttercups and dandelions.

By this time Miss Mary had followed the woman out to the door, Rollo coming behind her. Miss Mary thought the girl could not have been very properly managed, or she would not thus disobey her mother. She however did not say so. She smiled and said,

"Your little girl seems afraid, Mrs. Brome."

Mrs. Brome turned first to Miss Mary and then to the girl, and looked excited and angry.

"Afraid!" said she; "she is ugly. She is so wild and contrary, that I can't do anything with her. I was going to bring her to your school." Then she turned to Dovey again, and addressed her in a more soothing and pleasant tone.

"Come, Dovey dear, that is a good girl; come now and see Miss Mary; come and I'll give you a piece of cake."

"You have not got any cake," said Dovey.

"Yes I have," said she, "at home, and I'll give you some as soon as we get home."

But Dovey knew, unfortunately, that there

was not a great deal of dependence to be placed upon such promises, and she did not move.

"I think you had better walk in, Mrs. Brome," said Miss Mary, "and sit down : perhaps she will come in by and by."

"No she won't," said the woman. Then turning round again towards Dovey, she stepped out from the door, and began to move towards her, with a very resolute air ; but Dovey was upon her feet in an instant, and began to skip backwards with a lightness and agility which showed at once that all pursuit would be fruitless. Miss Mary then repeated her request that Mrs. Brome would come in, and she said she would contrive some way to get Dovey in by and by.

They accordingly walked into the school-room, and sat down, and Mrs. Brome began to tell about Dovey. She said that she was heedless, wild, and disobedient, and that she wanted Miss Mary to take her into her school, and see if she could not make a good girl of her. All this time Rollo sat at the window, looking out. Presently, he saw Dovey beckoning to him to come out there. Rollo looked up to Miss Mary.

"Yes," said Miss Mary, "you may go out

if you would like to. You can show Dovey where she can look through the fence and see the chickens."

Rollo went to the door, and just as he was going out, Miss Mary told him that if Dovey wanted to look *over* the fence, she might come and help him carry a chair out, from the school-room.

When Rollo had gone, Mrs. Brome and Miss Mary talked more about Dovey.

"When do you want her to begin?" said Miss Mary.

"To-morrow morning; but then I don't see how I shall make her come to school."

"Won't she come if you tell her to?"

"No, she don't mind me at all. She plagues me almost to death," said the woman, with a deep sigh.

"Seems to me," said Miss Mary, "that her name does not correspond with her character very well. I never heard the name Dovey before."

"No," said the woman. "I made that name for her, when she was a baby; she was such a sweet, beautiful baby. But it is all altered now."

A few minutes after this Rollo came gently in at the door, and told Miss Mary that they should like to take the chair.

"Where is Dovey?" said Miss Mary.

"She is just out here, by the door," said Rollo.

Mrs. Brome was going to jump up and go right out to bring her in, but Miss Mary told her she had better sit still, and let her alone at present. Then Miss Mary took a chair and carried it out to the portico, and said,

"Here, Dovey, you can take hold here, at the legs, and Rollo at the other side, and so you can carry it very easily."

Dovey looked a little shy, but she came up at length cautiously and took hold of the chair; and she and Rollo carried it along. Miss Mary walked along with them a step or two, and asked them if they would be kind enough to count the turkeys in the yard, and tell her how many there were, so that she could tell whether they were all safe..

"How many ought there to be?" said Dovey.

"Four," said Miss Mary.

Then Miss Mary returned to the school-room, to continue her conversation with Mrs. Brome, while the two children hurried along to count the turkeys.

After some time the children saw Miss Mary coming out towards them, and as Do-

vey was now not afraid of her, she did not run away. As soon as Miss Mary came near, she said,

"Come, children, now you may carry in the chair, and put it in the school-room. Dovey, your mother has gone home, but she says you are coming to my school to-morrow, and I am glad of it. If you will come early to-morrow morning, I will let you go with me and feed the turkeys."

"Yes, ma'am," said Dovey, "they are all here, all four of them."

"And, Rollo," said Miss Mary, as she followed them along towards the school-room, "it is time for you to go home; you can ask your father what studies he wishes you to take, and tell me to-morrow."

So Rollo and Dovey put away the chair, and then each went home. Rollo thought that, as he had been already detained some time, he had better not stop to see the bird's nest, but put it off till the next day.

Dovey did not refuse to come the next morning, as her mother had feared; she wanted to help feed the turkeys. In fact that was Miss Mary's secret plan in telling her about the turkeys. Miss Mary kept her promise about letting her feed them, and then

led her into the school-room. Some of the scholars had come already, and were seated at their desks, in various parts of the room, preparing their lessons. Miss Mary went up to her table, and took her seat. Dovey threw her bonnet down upon the floor and followed.

"Oh, Dovey," said Miss Mary, "you must not throw your bonnet down there. There is a nail for you ; you may hang it upon that."

Dovey went back and took up her bonnet and put it upon the nail, and then came back to Miss Mary's table.

"Tell me the whole of your name," said Miss Mary, laying down at the same time a penknife, with which she had been sharpening a pen.

"Dovey Brome," replied the new scholar, taking up the knife, at the same time beginning to cut the table with it.

"You must not touch the knife, Dovey," said Miss Mary, and she gently took it out of her hand, and laid it down again. "How old are you, Dovey?" she asked again, after having written down her name.

"I shall be eleven next June."

"It is June now," said Miss Mary ; "do you mean June of this year or of next year?"

"The next year."

"Then you are *ten* now?"

"Yes," said Dovey, "a few days ago."

Miss Mary smiled a little, but Dovey did not know what for. She leaned her elbows upon the table, and put her cheeks in her hands, and then, a moment after, she took a pen out of the inkstand before her, and began to mark upon the back of her hand.

"Why, Dovey," said Miss Mary, as soon as she looked up and saw her, "what are you doing? See how you have inked your hand." — "Stop, stop," she said again suddenly when she saw that Dovey was going to wipe her hand upon her gown; but it was too late. The thing was done in an instant, and the ink stain was spread equally over her hand and her dress.

Miss Mary looked at her a moment in silence, and thought that she probably had a very hard task before her, to cure that girl of all her faults. She, however, said nothing to her, but presently asked one of the older scholars to go out and show Dovey the way to the pump, and let her wash her hand as well as she could, and then to come in with her.

Miss Mary thought it would be hardly safe for her to sit with any of the other scholars,

and so she gave her a seat by herself, and Dovey was just going to it, when Rollo came in. Miss Mary asked her where her books were. She said she had brought them in a great green satchel, but did not know where she had put it. Rollo said he believed he saw it out in the orchard, and he went out to show Dovey where. She then remembered that she threw it down there, when she came in the morning. She took it up and walked along with Rollo, tossing her bag of books along before her upon the grass, and then picking it up as she came to it. Rollo asked her if she was not afraid she should hurt her books, but she said she did not care.

At length she came into the room, and was bringing her bag along, when Rollo, who came behind her, said,

“Dovey, what’s that?” pointing down to the floor.

It was a drop of ink coming from her bag.

“I expect you have broken your inkstand,” said Rollo.

Dovey looked careless and unconcerned, but said nothing. Miss Mary, who had come to the place, asked Rollo if he would carry the bag to the door, and take all the books out carefully, and see.

Miss Mary had observed that Rollo was a very neat, careful boy, and so she entrusted him with this business. She told him not to touch the pieces of the inkstand, if it was broken, but to come and tell her. She let Dovey go out with him, but told her that she must not touch the bag, but must let Rollo do it all alone, unless he should want her to help him.

So Rollo carried the bag out very carefully. Several other boys who were there wanted to go and do it, but Miss Mary had most confidence in Rollo, as a careful and tidy boy, and Rollo was very glad that he had taken pains to be neat and careful, so as to acquire such a character.

He took the bag out upon the grass, and ask Dovey to hold it open for him. He then looked in, and carefully took out one book after another, and at last, when he got near the bottom of the bag, he asked Dovey what that was done up in a paper.

"I expect it is my gingerbread," said Dovey.

Rollo then put in his hand and carefully drew out a small parcel wrapped up in a newspaper. He unrolled it slowly, and took out a piece of gingerbread, half soaked in

ink. "You must not touch it, Dovey," said he, and he laid it down upon the grass.

"No, the inkstand is not broken, only the stopper has come out," said Rollo again, looking down into the bag, as Dovey held it open. "How shall we get it?"

"Put your hand in and take it right out," said Dovey. "Here, I will."

"No, no," said Rollo, "it is all inky."

"Turn the bag bottom upwards, and let it fall out," said one of the children, who was standing by, looking on.

Rollo accordingly laid the bag down upon the grass, and took hold of the two corners at the bottom, where it was not inked, and lifted it up. A strong round glass inkstand, wet inside and out with ink, fell out; and immediately after, a stopper, with a piece of brown paper wrapped around it, all completely blackened and wet.

"There," said Rollo, tossing the bag down upon the grass, and looking carefully at all his fingers. "There, I have got them all out, and have not inked my fingers in the least."

Just then, the children heard a bell ring in the school-room, which they knew was to call them all in.

"Oh dear," said Rollo, "what shall I do?"

here are all the books and things lying on the grass, and now the bell is ringing." The children were all walking ~~away~~, and one of them looked round and said he had better leave them and come in directly. So Rollo walked along, Dovey following him. He went into the school-room, and walked up to Miss Mary's table, and told her that he had taken the things all out of the bag, and they were all scattered about upon the grass.

"Let me look at your fingers," said Miss Mary.

Rollo held his hand up.

"Very well," said Miss Mary. "After the school is opened you may go and get the books that are not inked and bring them in, and put them upon Dovey's desk."

Miss Mary read the Bible and offered prayer, and then she went out and brought in a desk which was not so handsome as the others in the room. It was old and unpainted. She placed a chair behind it, and led Dovey to it, telling her that that would be her seat for the present. "I shall give you a prettier seat by and by," she added, "if you are a good girl." But Dovey did not seem much inclined to be a good girl. She was restless, noisy, and idle. She tumbled all her books

into her desk in confusion, and when she wanted any one, she pushed them about until she found it. She had a trick of sitting with her chair tipped forward on its two front legs, and once she leaned forward so far, that they slipped back, and she came down upon the floor with a great deal of noise. At this the scholars all laughed, and she looked very much ashamed; and for a few minutes after this she was quiet, but she soon forgot it, and was tipping her chair forward as before.

Now it happened that her seat was not very far from Henry's, the boy who sat next to Rollo; and she tried to make him play. Henry was rather disposed to be a good boy, but he could not help laughing at the droll faces she made up at him. At last Dovey snapped a paper ball at him, and he picked it up and snapped it back at her. Miss Mary was all this time at the other side of the room, and Henry looked up every moment to see whether she was looking at them, and he thought she was not. But he he was mistaken. Miss Mary saw the whole. It very often happens, when boys and girls are at play at school, that the teacher knows all about it, while they do not suppose she is looking at them at all. Henry once looked

round to Rollo, to get him to see what Dovey was doing, but Rollo shook his head and went on with a sum which he was doing upon his slate.

Miss Mary saw all this, and was very glad to observe that Rollo was a good, faithful boy, and she was sorry to see Henry doing so wrong. But she said nothing then. Henry felt guilty and unhappy, and pretty soon began to study again.

At length the time for recess arrived, and when they got out into the orchard, some of the children proposed to go down to the spring and get a drink. "You go in, Henry, and ask Miss Mary if we may," said one.

Now this spring was down in a cool, shady glen, where the water came boiling up among some rocks in a very beautiful manner; and sometimes, when the day was warm, the children used to go down there with a tin dipper, to sit on the stones around the spring, and drink the cool water. In such cases they were required to walk down slowly and quietly, and one of the boys was generally appointed dipper-master. It was the duty of the dipper-master to go into the kitchen of the house and borrow the dipper. Then he was to walk along with the others,

and when they got to the spring, he was to dip up the water, and hand it around to the others; or he was to let them take the dipper themselves, if he chose, by turns; but it must be as he should direct. This was to avoid all disputes and disorder. Then it was his business, too, to see to it that the dipper was brought up and carried back safely into the kitchen.

So Henry and Rollo and several of the other children went in and asked Miss Mary if she was willing that they should go down to the spring. Miss Mary consented, and appointed Henry the dipper-master. Then away they went, and while Henry went to borrow the dipper, the rest waited at the door.

In a few minutes they were all walking along, Henry with his dipper at the head, out through a back gate which led behind the garden. Here they came to a little wood, with a narrow path leading into it. Rollo was next to Henry, then one or two others, and at last came Dovey. She did not set out with them at first; she said she did not want to go; — she could get water enough at the pump; but when she saw them all walking off so pleasantly together, she ran after them, swinging her bonnet round and round her

finger by one of the strings. At length the string broke and the bonnet flew out upon the grass; but Dovey left it and ran on. So it happened that when they got to the spring she was last.

Henry dipped up some water and gave it to Rollo. Rollo handed it along to one of the girls, and she drank some. While she was drinking, Dovey came up and took hold of the dipper, and said,

"Let me taste of it."

"No," said Henry, coming up, "I am dipper-master."

"I don't care for that," said Dovey; "I want to drink."

"No," said Henry, taking hold of the other side of the dipper.

"Let go!" said Dovey, stamping with her foot.

"Let her have it, Henry; *I* would," said Rollo.

The reason why Rollo advised Henry to let her have it was, that his father and mother had always taught him never to attempt to do any thing by violence, and never to resist violence from another. Henry accordingly let go of the dipper, though he did it very reluctantly, saying,

"Why, Miss Mary said I might be dipper-master. You have no right to take it away," said he to Dovey, who went on drinking, and eyeing Henry over the edge of the dipper.

"Yes I have," said Dovey, stopping to take breath. "I have a right to drink whenever I have got a mind to." She then drank a little again.

"You said just now, before we came down, that you did not want any water," said one of the girls gently.

"Well, there, take your water," said Dovey; and she threw what was left in the dipper over the children, and turned round and ran, carrying the dipper away with her.

The children cried, "Oh, what a shame," and brushed the water off of each other's clothes, and wiped their faces. Then they began to walk slowly towards the house, and when they came out of the woods they saw Dovey swinging upon the back gate with the dipper in her hand.

"There! she is swinging upon the gate," said one of the girls.

"Perhaps, however," said Lucy, "she does not know it is against the rule."

"Dovey," said Henry, aloud, as soon as they got within hearing, "give me the dipper; I must carry it back into the kitchen."

Dovey did not answer; she went on swinging back and forth upon the gate.

"Come, Dovey, give it to me," repeated Henry, holding out his hand and advancing towards her. But Dovey was, unfortunately, not one of those girls who easily give up when they are doing wrong. She jumped off of the gate, passed through, and then shut and fastened it, with the hasp, and held it, as if she was not going to let them come through.

Just then the bell rang for the end of the recess; and the children began to be very uneasy. One very little girl began to cry. Lucy told her not to cry, for she said that Miss Mary would not blame them for being late, when she knew all about it.

"But how shall we get back at all?" said the little girl.

"Oh, Miss Mary will come down pretty soon, to see where we are," said Lucy.

As soon as Dovey heard this, she knew that it would not be safe for her to stay there any longer, so she let go of the gate, threw the dipper away over into the garden as far as she could throw it, and ran off towards the school-room.

The children then unfastened the gate, and all passed through and walked along.

They stopped a minute while Rollo picked up Dovey's bonnet, which was lying by the side of the path, upon the grass, and then they all went into the school-room.

DOVEYISM.

THAT is, they all went into the school-room except Dovey herself. She knew that she had done very wrong, and was afraid to go back. So she ran off home. Miss Mary perceived that there had been some difficulty, but she made no inquiry about it at first, and the children did not wish to make complaints of Dovey, and so they all went to their seats and said nothing.

Henry was somewhat at a loss to know what he must do about the dipper. It was his duty to bring it safely back, and as it had been thrown over the garden fence, where he could not get it, he thought he ought to go and tell Miss Mary. He accordingly went to her table, and said, in a low voice, that he had not brought back the dipper.

"Where is it?" said Miss Mary.

"It is over in the garden."

"How came it over there?"

"Dovey threw it over."

"Where is Dovey?"

"I believe she has gone home."

"Very well," said Miss Mary, after a mo-

ment's pause; "you may go out and get it. You may ask any one you please to go out with you and help you find it."

Henry asked Rollo to go with him. They went out through the front gate, into the road before the house, and thence into the yard on the other side. They saw a great many things which attracted their attention, but they did not stop to look at them. A large boy was coming across the yard with a wheelbarrow. He called out to them in a rough voice to go back; but when they told him that Miss Mary sent them, he said, "Oh, very well."

In the garden there were a great many very pleasant walks, and trees, and flowers. At first they did not know where to look for the dipper; but presently went and peeped through the fence to see where Dovey stood when she threw it, and then they knew in what direction they must look. At last they found it in the midst of some currant bushes.

"How I should like to stay here a little while," said Henry, as they walked along the alley towards the house.

"Yes," said Rollo, "if we only had leave."

"Perhaps Miss Mary will let us come in here some time," said Henry.

When they reached the house, Henry went in and returned the dipper to its place, and then he and Rollo went back to school.

Miss Mary rang the bell for the children to put away their books earlier than usual that afternoon, and then, when the room was still, she said to the children that she believed that there was some difficulty in the recess, and she asked that if any of them were willing to tell her freely all about it, they would hold up their hands.

All the children who went down to the spring then held up their hands.

"I am glad to see that you are willing," said Miss Mary, looking around upon them all; "and now I don't know who to call upon, for there are very few children who know how to tell such a story properly. It is very hard."

"Is it?" said a little boy on a front seat.

"Yes," said Miss Mary, "very hard, as we shall see. Francis, you may try; but remember, I want an honest and an impartial account."

Francis was on the whole a pretty good boy, but he was very much displeased with Dovey, and Miss Mary saw very plainly, by his manner of telling the story, that he was

not by any means impartial. He stated the facts pretty correctly, but he seemed very eager to throw all the blame upon Dovey, and it happened in this case that she deserved it. Still it would have been better for him to have related the occurrence in a more calm and quiet manner.

When he concluded, Miss Mary asked Rollo to tell the story, and he did so. His account agreed very fully with Francis's. Then Miss Mary asked the children if they all thought that these two accounts were correct and fair accounts, and they all held up their hands, meaning that they did.

After a short pause, Miss Mary addressed the scholars thus : —

“I am sorry that Dovey is not here, for I make it a rule never to decide against children until I hear what they have to say themselves. We will wait, therefore, until to-morrow, and then I will ask Dovey for her account of the affair.”

The children all thought that this was unnecessary forbearance ; though they made no objection to waiting. After school, however, they came around Miss Mary's table, and began to talk about it again.

“Miss Mary,” said Henry, “I wish you

would send Dovey away from school. She spoils all our play."

"She is so cross and selfish," said Francis.

"And then she plays in school," said Rollo.

"Yes," said Henry, "she tried to make me play to-day."

"And she has been marking all over her desk," said a little girl, who happened to sit near her.

"Where?" said Miss Mary.

The children went to Dovey's desk, and Miss Mary followed. The little girl lifted up the lid, and Miss Mary saw a number of rude marks and drawings on the lid inside. The books were all tumbled in in confusion, and crumbs of gingerbread were scattered about the bottom of the desk. In one corner was a paper box, which she had made; there were flies buzzing in it, which she had caught and imprisoned there.

Miss Mary looked at all these things, but said nothing, and presently walked back to her table again.

"Well, children, we will not talk any more about Dovey to-night; I will consider what to do to-morrow, after I have seen her.

But I am in hopes that her coming to school will be the means of doing a great deal of good."

"Good!" said several of the children with much surprise; "what good?"

"In showing you how bad such character and conduct is, when it is fully developed; and thus leading you to avoid it."

"Why, Miss Mary," said a little girl, "we are not like Dovey."

"Not so bad as Dovey, any of you, but still there was a good deal of *Doveyism* in the school before she came."

The children looked at one another with a smile; many of them did not know exactly what Miss Mary meant.

"Now, for example, one trait in such a character as Dovey's is disorder. Now if I were to go all about the room, and look into every desk, and examine the condition of them, I think I should find considerable *Doveyism*."

Miss Mary smiled pleasantly as she said this, and the children proposed that she should go around and see. She said she would look at the desks of those who were present, and they accordingly all walked along together. They came first to Henry's

desk, and upon opening it they found that it appeared in pretty good order, but there were a good many crumbs upon the bottom of it, and Miss Mary reached her hand into one of the back corners and lifted up a slate, and found under it a pile of small books, old papers, pens, &c.

"There is a little *Doveyism*," said Miss Mary, with a smile.

"Well, I did not know what to do with them," said Henry.

"If you had thought a moment you would have known that the crumbs might be brushed up, and the old pens and papers thrown away. I think we must call it *Doveyism*."

"Now look at Rollo's desk," said Lucy, opening the lid. Rollo's was in beautiful order; but it was partly because his mother had told him exactly how to keep things in order, and partly because he had been in school only a day or two, and his things had not got disarranged.

"That looks very well," said Miss Mary, "but I can judge better of Rollo's character for order a fortnight hence."

As they passed along the room, from desk to desk, the scholars found much more disorder than they had expected. In some cases

they found books with the leaves tumbled, and the corners and edges curled up. The first example of this kind that they came to, was at a boy's desk named John. His desk was in pretty good order, only there was a spelling book open in the middle of it, with the leaves curled up and the corners doubled down, and tattered and torn so much that it immediately attracted their attention.

"Why, John," said Miss Mary, "here's *Doveyism*."

"But, Miss Mary," said John, looking up to her very earnestly, as if he had a perfectly good ground of defence, "I *cannot* make my leaves stay out straight. I have pressed them and pressed them; and now my book has got so bad that it will not stay shut."

"Do you know what makes the leaves curl up so?" asked Miss Mary.

"Oh, they curl up themselves," said John.

"No," said Miss Mary; "your elbows are the rogues." She then sat down at the desk, and held the book open before her and began to lean forward upon it, in an awkward and indolent manner, as children often do at school, and showed John that that was the way the corners of the leaves were doubled over. John looked rather foolish, and the rest of the children laughed.

She then told John, that if he would always be careful to keep his book in its proper place upon the desk, and not lean forward upon it, or rest his elbows upon it, he would find there would be no more dog's ears in it.

"I'll try," said John; "but what shall I do with all these that are already made? I wish my father would buy me a new book."

"You will soon get by those, to a new part of the book, and if you press them all down smooth every night, the leaves will soon come straight again. But you will find it rather harder than you suppose to avoid making more. You will not leave off the habit all at once, I am afraid."

"Are Dovey's books so?" asked one of the children.

"I suppose so," said Miss Mary.

One of the children then went to Dovey's desk and took out a book or two to see, and brought them to Miss Mary. They were full of dog's ears, ink spots, and tattered leaves. Miss Mary and the scholars all looked at them in silence, the children all secretly resolving to smooth out every curled leaf in their books as soon as possible, and to take special care not to make any more.

Presently they came to a desk where a

pleasant little girl sat, and as the party approached it she seemed to be trying to cover up a long hole in the green baize on the top of it with her hand. As the scholars were opening the lid, Miss Mary held it down to look at the baize, saying,

“But stop a minute ; what is this hole ?”

“Why, Miss Mary,” said the little girl, somewhat confused, “I cut that with a knife yesterday. I was in a hurry to cut some paper. I did not think it would come through, but it did, and made that ugly hole.”

“Heedlessness,” said Miss Mary. “That is a very important trait in the Dovey character. Dovey girls are always doing some mischief from mere heedlessness, as well as other mischief from design. They upset their inkstands, they cut their fingers, they tear their clothes by climbing, or get into the mud by running along and not minding where they are going, they scratch the furniture, and bring mud into the house, and break glass, and hurt themselves and one another, and do a thousand other heedless things. Now, children, don’t you think you are sometimes guilty of some such things?”

Miss Mary asked the question with a pleasant countenance, but the children did not

answer. They looked a little confounded. They felt guilty, and saw that they were all sometimes much more like Dovey than they had supposed.

"Dovey's heedlessness," continued Miss Mary, "when she tossed her bag along before her upon the ground, with an inkstand full of ink in it, may have been greater in degree than you commonly manifest, but it is precisely the same in kind."

"Well, but, Miss Mary," said Rollo, "there are certainly some things which Dovey does, that we don't do at all."

"What things?" said Miss Mary.

At first Rollo could not answer, but presently he and some of the other children mentioned several of the more gross cases of her selfishness and rudeness. Miss Mary admitted that the other scholars did not do any thing quite so bad, but yet she called a great many cases to their minds in which they had shown the same spirit, though they had not exercised it in so great a degree. She showed them also, that it was this spirit and character which was wrong, and that if it was not wholly changed it had a tendency to grow worse and worse, and they should become as bad as Dovey.

The scholars all listened attentively and with very serious looks to what Miss Mary said ; and when, at last, she told them it was time for them to go home, they all went away, determined that the next day they would be very careful not to be like Dovey in any thing at all. Henry determined that he would put his desk in order the first thing in the morning, and engaged Rollo to show him how.

The children saw no more of Dovey for two or three days.

INGENUOUSNESS.

ONE or two days after this, Rollo and two or three of the other children were playing in the orchard, in the recess, and they had rambled to some distance from the house, along a kind of cart path through the grass. At length Rollo saw, at a little distance before them, that the path led through a great red gate, which was open. Beyond the gate was a wood, which looked very pleasant, and Rollo wanted to go there.

"Oh, let us go out through that great gate," said he.

"No, no," said Lucy, "we must not go out of the orchard."

"Why not?" said Rollo.

"Why, Miss Mary said," replied Henry, "that we must not. She said she did not want to have us climb over that great gate; but it is open now; so I suppose we may go."

"No," said Lucy, "we had better not; Miss Mary does not want us to go so far away."

"Why, there is no harm in going so far away," said Rollo, "if the gate is open. I

suppose she was afraid we should tear our clothes, getting over the gate. That is all the reason."

"No, it is not," said a little girl named Anne, who was with them. "She said we could not hear the bell if we were far away."

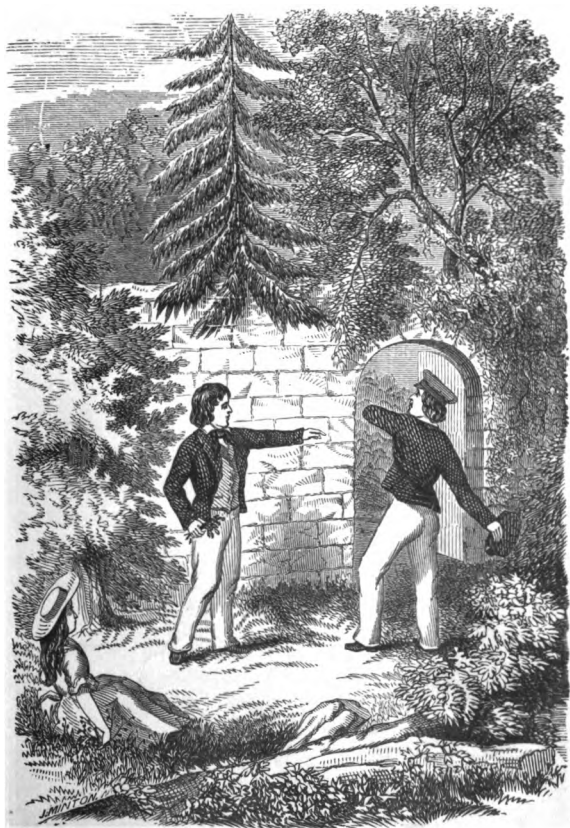
"Oh yes; we can hear the bell, just over there; it is not but a few steps farther."

"You had better not," said Lucy; "I am going back. Come, Anne."

But Anne sat still upon the grass, pulling out the little pink corollas from the clover tops, and biting off the sweet end; and looking occasionally at Rollo and Henry, who walked along towards the gate. Lucy turned back now and then, as she moved slowly along towards the school-room, and called to Anne; but Anne paid no attention to her.

In the mean time Rollo and Henry came up pretty near the gate, and looked through, but they felt a little afraid to go; so they walked along by the stone wall, looking for berries, until at length they got to playing together, and Henry pulled off Rollo's cap, and laughing very heartily all the time, he threw it away over the wall.

"There, now I have got to go," said Rollo, "to get my cap, and you must go too."



HENRY PULLED OFF BOLLO'S CAP.—Page 66.

So Rollo and Henry went along together through the gate, and Anne followed them timidly. When they got through, they did not immediately go and get the cap, and come directly back; but they sauntered slowly along, looking at the trees and flowers.

Presently, however, Rollo took up his cap and put it on, just as Henry saw a little squirrel running along upon a log, and the boys concluded to watch him and follow him, so as to find out where his hole was. The squirrel ran along the log, and at the end of it he came to a small tree. He ran up the tree, thence along one of the branches, and at the end of that branch he looked down upon the extremity of a branch from another tree. The children were exceedingly pleased to see how far he could leap, and how dexterously he could seize hold of the slender branch, which bent down very far under his weight; and they followed him along from tree to tree, and from log to log, until they were at some little distance from the cart path.

“Hark! what’s that?” said Anne.

The children all listened; and they heard some footsteps in the path. They looked in that direction, and saw through the trees a

man going along with a yoke of oxen before him. The children stood looking at him a few minutes, and saw that, as soon as the oxen went through into the orchard, the man swung the gate to, and latched it, and then ran along to overtake his oxen, before the children had time to think that they were shut out.

"Now how shall we get home again?" said Anne, walking along towards the gate, and looking as if she was just going to cry.

Rollo and Henry walked along too, pretty fast, as they felt a little anxious, but Rollo said they could get over the gate well enough.

But Anne said she never could climb over that great high gate, and besides, Miss Mary said they never must climb over it.

They went to it and first tried to open it, but they could not move the great heavy iron latch.

"We *must* climb now," said Rollo; "we cannot possibly get back unless we do."

They tried to persuade Anne to do it, but she was not accustomed to climbing, and she was afraid. She stepped up one or two bars, but did not dare to go any farther, and when Rollo and Henry tried to lift her up gently, she screamed and cried.

"Let us go and leave her," said Rollo, a little out of patience.

"No," said Henry, "I would not leave her here all alone"; and he looked around as if he did not know what to do.

As he turned around thus, he saw through the woods out towards the main road, and perceived that the road was not very far off, and he proposed that they should go out there and try to get over into the great road, and then walk along in it to the front of the house.

They accordingly walked along, following the wall, and endeavoring to find some place where they might climb over. But the wall was pretty high, and it was made of round and loose stones, and they were afraid it would tumble down upon them if they attempted to climb over. At length, however, they reached the road, and there they found a pair of open bars, so open that they could creep through, and thus they got fairly out into the main road.

Here they thought their troubles were all over, and they proceeded slowly along, until they heard a little bell ringing in the direction of the school-room, and they all looked up and began to walk faster. But in a minute

or two they saw on before them, in the road, a large drove of pigs coming along. This drove was just about opposite to the house that the school-room was in, and there were so many in it that they filled up the road, and the sides of the road, from wall to wall, and they were coming rapidly along.

The children stopped and did not know what to do; but the drove came nearer and nearer, and some of the foremost pigs came running along in advance of the rest, kicking up their heels and squealing, and the children, a great deal frightened, turned and ran, Rollo holding Anne by the hand. They might have crept back under the bars into the wood again, but they forgot that place of retreat until they had passed by it, and so they went on walking fast and running until they came to another farm-house. Here was a large yard by the side of the house, and the children fled into it; for greater safety they mounted up into a large wagon which stood there, and sitting down upon the seat, they watched the drove until it had got by.

Then they got down from the wagon, and hurried along to school without any further adventures. They found, when they came in, that they were very late. The scholars

were all at their studies, and one class was reciting. Miss Mary, however, said nothing to them, and they all took their seats and began their studies.

When the scholars had all put away their books that afternoon, just before school was done, Miss Mary said,

"Children, I want you all to attend to me. This afternoon three of the scholars were very late after recess. Something special must have taken place to have kept them out so long. I am going to call upon each of them to tell me the whole story. Now I want you to tell me a plain, straight-forward, honest story, from beginning to end. Anne, as you are the youngest, you may begin."

Anne stood up immediately, and, with a very honest and innocent face, said,

"Why, please, Miss Mary, we could not get back because the road was so full of pigs."

At this all the scholars laughed, and even Miss Mary smiled. Presently, however, she said,

"But, Anne, that is not telling me the whole story. I want you to begin at the beginning, and tell me all about it; — where you went, and what you did, and all that happened."

Anne looked this way and that, a little confused, and then said,

“Why, Miss Mary, — I’ll tell you; we went, — we had to go, — you see, — out in the road; and we could not get along till the pigs went by.”

Here the scholars laughed again, and Miss Mary said that she supposed that Anne was not quite old enough to tell a regular and connected story, and so she would let Henry try. “I wish you to begin at the beginning, Henry, and tell me all about it, from beginning to end.”

“Well,” said Henry, “I will tell you. You see we were playing out in the orchard, out by the two pear trees. Rollo had some wishing grass, and he wanted me to wish with him. And, — and, — I told him that I thought after school I should go and take a ride with my father. And he asked me where, and I told him I thought I should go over the river; — and then we went to catching butterflies, and, — and —”

“But stop a minute, Henry,” said Miss Mary; “you are not going on right, at all. You are not telling me any thing about the cause of your being late. I want you to tell me only what relates to that; and you need

not give all the conversation, and the minute details, but only the important points, so that I can understand who was to blame and how you were to blame."

Henry reflected a moment, and then he said again,

"We were playing out by the great gate, and Rollo was going through to get his cap, and wanted me to go with him; and he told me you would let us go if the gate was open. So I went, and then we could not come back that way, for a man came along and shut the gate. So we had to go out by the road, and there we met all the pigs."

"Now, Rollo, we will hear your story."

"Why, Miss Mary, Henry told me that the reason why you did not want us to go over there, was because we must not climb over the gate; and so I thought as the gate was open we might go; and he threw my cap over, and so I was obliged to go; and then Anne would not come back that way, because the gate was shut; and then we had to go around by the road, and that took us a great while on account of the pigs."

After a short pause, Miss Mary looked up and said, "I am not quite satisfied with either of those accounts."

"That is just the way it was, Miss Mary," said Rollo.

"Do you think you did any thing wrong in going away as you did?"

"Why, Henry threw my hat over," said Rollo.

"That is not what I asked you. Do you think now, in looking back over the whole transaction, that you did any thing wrong?"

Rollo hung his head, and was silent a moment, and then said timidly,

"Why, yes, — I suppose I did."

"But no one would have supposed that you did any thing wrong from your account of it," said Miss Mary.

Rollo was silent.

"And, Henry, do you think, now, that you did any thing wrong?"

"Why — yes," said Henry reluctantly.

"But from your account of the matter, no one would have thought that you were at all in fault.

"Children," said Miss Mary again, speaking to the whole school, "do you know what *ingenuousness* is?"

The children were silent.

Miss Mary looked around the room, and presently saw in one corner a little hand

raised. It was held up by a girl who thought she could tell what it meant.

"What does it mean?" said Miss Mary.
"What is an *ingenuous* boy?"

"It is any body that can make curious things," said the little girl.

"No," said Miss Mary, "you are thinking of *ingenious*. *Ingenuous* is another word. An *ingenuous* boy is one who is frank and honest, and opened-hearted in relating every thing just as it occurred, especially where he was himself to blame. He does not tell other persons' faults and hide his own, but he would rather tell his own, and say as little as possible of other persons'. Now, children, do you think that these boys have been *ingenuous* or *disingenuous*?"

"*Disingenuous*," said the children.

"Yes; each one has told wherein the other was to blame, and concealed what he did that was wrong himself. I suppose they have not either of them told a falsehood, but they have not been frank and *ingenuous*."

Rollo and Henry felt guilty and hung their heads, and they were expecting that Miss Mary was going to say something more; but presently, when they looked up again, they saw that she was finding the place to read in

the Bible, and soon after she closed the school. The boys then expected that she would speak to them after school, but she did not. So they took their hats and went home.

Rollo felt uneasy and uncomfortable all the evening, and Jonas saw him walking about the yard, looking thoughtful and sober; and so just at sundown, when Jonas was going to the barn, to shut it up and make all snug for the night, he asked Rollo to go with him. Jonas put things in order in the barn, and then untied a horse which was standing there, and asked Rollo to lead him out to the pump to drink. When he had drank, Rollo led him back, and Jonas fastened him into his stall again. Then they went up into the chamber to pitch him down some hay. Rollo sat down at the great window, — the same place where they used to watch their squirrel traps with a spy-glass.

"Well, Rollo," said Jonas, "and what trouble have you had at school to-day?"

"Trouble!" said Rollo, a little surprised, "no trouble that I know of."

"A little, I guess," said Jonas, pitching down another forkfull of hay.

"Why, I was late at recess," said Rollo, "that is all."

"I knew that something was the matter," said Jonas; "come, tell me all about it."

So Rollo told Jonas all about it, walking around after him, as he went about fastening up the doors. He got through just as Jonas was putting the fid into the staple of the great front doors.

"Is that really the whole story, honestly told?" said Jonas, as they walked along towards the small door where they were to go out.

"Yes," said Rollo. And it was really so, for Rollo had determined that he would not be disingenuous again, and so he told Jonas the whole story honestly and fairly.

"And what are you going to do now?" said Jonas, as they came out of the small door and fastened it up.

"Why,— I don't know." The truth is that Rollo had not thought that there was any thing for him to do.

"I know what *I* would do," said Jonas.

"What?" said Rollo.

"I should go to Miss Mary to-morrow morning, and ask her to let you and Henry try again to tell the story, and see if you cannot do it *ingenuously*."

"I did not think of that," said Rollo.

"You had better do it," said Jonas.

"I think I will," said Rollo.

The next morning Rollo hastened along towards school, so as to get there a little before the time. The children were nearly all there, some sitting at their desks, and some standing around the room. Rollo went up to Miss Mary's desk, and stood still there a few minutes, waiting for an opportunity to speak to her. Presently Miss Mary looked up from her writing and said,

"Well, Rollo, good morning. Do you want to speak to me?"

"Yes, Miss Mary," said Rollo. "I am sorry that I did not tell about our going away more honestly yesterday, and wanted to know if you would let us try again to-day."

"Does Henry wish for an opportunity to try again?"

"I don't know," said Rollo. "He has not come yet, and so I could not ask him."

"Very well," said Miss Mary, "I will see about it."

Accordingly, just before school was done that day, Miss Mary told the scholars that the boys wanted to have an opportunity to tell the story of their going away, again, to see if they could not do it in a more ingenu-

ous manner. She had spoken to Henry about it in the course of the day, and he liked Rollo's plan.

So when all their books were put away, Miss Mary said,

"Now, Henry."

Henry rose and told his story thus:

"We were out there playing, and Rollo wanted to go through the gate; he did not know you had forbidden it. I wanted to go too very much, and I told him that I thought we might go if the gate was open. Lucy was there and told us we ought not to go, and she went away. By and by, I threw Rollo's cap over, and then he and I went to get it. But we did not come back directly. We played around there in the woods, until somebody came along and shut the gate. After that we came home as soon as we could, though it took us a good while, for we had to come round by the road, and there was a drove of pigs coming along, and we had to stop."

"Well, Rollo," said Miss Mary, "now let us hear your account of it."

"We were playing out there, and I wanted to go through the gate; Lucy told me I ought not to, but I tried to persuade Henry to go, and then, when I went over after my cap, I

led him along; and we took Anne with us too. Then we played about there in the woods, looking at a squirrel, until we got shut out, and we could not open the gate, and Anne was afraid to get over, so we came around by the road."

"Very well," said Miss Mary; "now you have told the story very well, both of you. Each of you have told his own faults more distinctly than he did those of the other. That is always the best way. It is much more pleasant than it is to have each one excusing himself and throwing all the blame upon his playmates, which is the way boys very often do."

Late that afternoon, after school, Miss Mary happened to be standing at the little portico of the school-room door, looking out into the orchard, and turning her head in the direction towards the little gate which led towards the spring, she saw among the trees and shrubs the bare head of a little girl, moving about near the gate. She thought at once that it was Dovey, and supposed that she had come to look for her bonnet. Now Rollo had brought the bonnet in, and it was hanging

up upon a nail in the entry, and so Miss Mary took it down and walked out to meet her.

Now Miss Mary was well acquainted with bad children, and knew pretty well how they would be likely to feel and act in almost all situations. She supposed that the reason why Dovey had not come to school that day was because she had been afraid to, after her bad behavior of the day before. She determined therefore to speak to her kindly now, in hopes that, when she saw she had nothing to fear, she would come to school again. She accordingly went up pretty near to the gate before Dovey saw her, and then called to her in a mild and pleasant voice.

Dovey looked up quite surprised.

"Are you looking for your bonnet?"

"Yes," said Dovey, "I am," and that instant saw that Miss Mary had it in her hand.

"Here it is," said Miss Mary.

Dovey came up timidly to take it, looking as if she expected that Miss Mary was going to seize her.

"Is your mother pretty well to-day?" said Miss Mary, with a pleasant voice, as she handed her the bonnet.

"Yes, ma'am," said Dovey; and she took her bonnet hastily and walked away. She

went directly out through the front gate and disappeared.

Miss Mary hoped, after this, that she should see Dovey at school the next day, but she did not come.



SUBMISSION.

IN one part of the orchard, not far from the garden fence, there stood, or rather reclined, and old pear tree. Many years before, it had been struck with lightning, and split down through the middle. One half had died, and had been long since cut away. The other part had been gradually borne down by the load of its branches and fruit, until some of the large limbs touched the ground, where it rested, the trunk being, for some distance, nearly horizontal.

Now by the side of this tree, in a corner of the orchard, there lay a great heap of brush-wood, which came from the cuttings of the trees when they trimmed them in the spring. The children had asked Miss Mary to let them have these branches to build a bower, by leaning them up against the trunk of the pear tree; and, one recess, they were engaged in doing it. Rollo was master workman, for he had learned to make wigwams and bowers, by working with Jonas in the woods.

So the other children were bringing the

branches along, after pulling them out of the pile, and Rollo was placing them on each side of the stem of the pear tree. The way he placed them was this: he placed the large ends upon the ground, and leaned the tops over against the trunk of the tree, which was about four feet above the ground, and formed a sort of ridge-pole, very convenient for supporting the tops of the branches, which Rollo leaned against it. These branches themselves formed the sides of the bower, and the branches of the pear tree, where they rested upon the ground, formed one end. They left a space open near the root of the tree for a door.

Most of the children who were there were at work helping to build the bower, but there was one boy, not quite so large as Rollo, in a straw hat and striped jacket, who was perched up upon the pear tree, pretty near to the end of the horizontal part of the wood. Rollo recollected having seen him in the school-room, but he did not know his name. He had rather an ill-natured expression of countenance, and he sat idly upon the tree, with his hands in his pockets and his legs dangling below.

At length Rollo stopped a moment from his

work to rest, and, looking up pleasantly towards the boy, said,

“What is your name?”

“Julius,” said the boy rather gruffly.

“Should not you like to help us build our bower?” said Rollo.

“No,” said Julius.

Rollo, thus repulsed, said no more, but went on with his work. As, however, he gradually advanced along the tree, arranging the branches regularly, he came at length to the place where Julius was, and he asked him if he would be so good as to get down, or else move on among the branches of the pear tree, so that he could finish the bower. But Julius would not move. Some of the other children came up then bringing branches, and began to call upon Julius to get down, but still he would not, and they were fast getting into a dispute about it, when they saw Miss Mary coming.

Miss Mary was coming to see how they were getting along with their bower. When the children saw her, they stopped talking to Julius, and he, being afraid of her, got down from the pear tree, and in a few minutes went away.

Miss Mary seemed quite pleased with the

bower, and helped them finish it. She showed them where it would be well for them to make a window, and even began to make it herself; but before she had got it finished the bell rang, and she immediately left the work and began to move towards the school, the children all following her.

"I am sorry we have not time to finish it," said Francis. "If Julius had not acted so, we should have had it all done."

"I saw Julius," said Miss Mary, "and I shall attend to it."

They went on, talking about their bower, until they reached the school-room, and then they all went in. Rollo observed, about half an hour after this, that Julius was standing at Miss Mary's desk, and that she was talking with him. She looked pleasant, but he hung his head and appeared ill-natured and sullen, and kept biting the corner of his jacket all the time. Rollo thought that Miss Mary was talking to him about his troubling them in the recess, but she did not think he seemed very sorry for his fault.

Rollo noticed Julius after this a good deal more than he had done. He seemed to sit pretty still in his seat, but did not study much. He was idle and dull, playing with

his book or looking about the room. When he came up to read, Rollo observed that he had not smoothed down the corners of his leaves, as all the rest of the children had done with their books, after Miss Mary had talked with them about it. At first Rollo thought that perhaps Julius had not been present when they talked about Doveyism, but then he recollected seeing him walking about after them that day, looking rather sullenly.

The children generally did not like Julius very much, and yet they scarcely knew why. He was not so full of mischief and roguery as Dovey had been, and in fact he did not often trouble them at all, but when he did do wrong he seemed more obstinate and sullen about it. When Miss Mary told the children to put away their books at the close of the school, Julius generally obeyed more slowly, and made rather more noise. And when Miss Mary asked them not to make so much noise, all the rest would generally try to be more still, except Julius, who commonly went on rattling his slate and books about as much as before. The scholars did not notice these things very much, but Miss Mary did. She always noticed very particularly when she observed that any of the children did not appear to *wish* to improve.

After school that day, some of the children came around Miss Mary's desk, and asked her what she supposed had become of Dovey. Miss Mary said that perhaps her mother wanted her, or perhaps she was afraid to come. "I wish," she continued, "that, if any of you see her, you would tell her she need not be afraid to come, for I am not going to punish her."

"But are you not going to send her away from school?" said Henry. "We don't want her to stay."

"I don't know," said Miss Mary; "that depends upon what she has to say."

The children then solemnly assured Miss Mary that they had themselves told her the whole truth about the dipper, and that if Dovey should say anything different from their account, it would not be true.

"I do not suppose," said Miss Mary, "that Dovey will make out the facts to be different; but what I want to know is, whether she is willing to leave off her bad conduct and try to be a good girl,—or whether she is obstinate and sullen, and going to continue bad."

"There's Dovey now," said Rollo, who had been standing at the window near his desk, looking out. "There,—she has gone."

The children all ran to the window to look. Miss Mary said,

"Come back, children;—come away from the window, all of you."

They all obeyed except Julius, who still lingered near, and tried to look out, without appearing to do so.

"Come away, Julius," said Miss Mary.

"I am away," said Julius, moving a little towards Miss Mary, and slipping down upon a seat. In a moment, however, he was again trying to look out of the window.

Miss Mary then said that she wished the children would all go, and accordingly they put on their things and went away, two or three together, until the school-room was empty and Miss Mary was alone.

Miss Mary then put on her bonnet and walked along towards the woods where Rollo had seen Dovey. She supposed that Dovey had been afraid to come to school, and that accordingly she had been playing around in the woods during school hours, her mother not knowing where she was. Miss Mary was in hopes to find her, and persuade her to come again.

She walked along, therefore, looking out carefully for Dovey. She went through the

gate leading down towards the spring, and then turned off by a path which conducted her to a little grove of maples. Here she soon saw Dovey walking along the path before her, stopping occasionally to gather flowers. Miss Mary quickened her steps until she came pretty near her, and then said,

“Dovey!”

Dovey started at hearing her name called so near, and, turning round, saw Miss Mary. Her first thought was to run, but when she saw how pleasantly Miss Mary looked, her fears were allayed, and she stood still.

“Are there any pretty flowers about here?” said Miss Mary.

“I have found *so* many,” said Dovey, holding up a few which she had gathered. \

“Let me see them,” said Miss Mary; and Dovey came up towards her, and they walked along together, talking about the flowers. After a few minutes Miss Mary said,

“But, Dovey, why have you not been at school these two or three days?”

“My mother has wanted me at home,” said Dovey, with some little hesitation.

Miss Mary thought that this was probably not true, but she did not say so; she only walked along and presently she began to talk

with her about her bad conduct the other day, and her conduct generally.

"Don't people blame you pretty often for something or other, Dovey?"

"Yes, ma'am, pretty often," said Dovey.

"Your mother blames you, does not she?"

"Yes, ma'am, she's all the time scolding at me."

"And other people blame you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And the children you play with blame you sometimes, do they not?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, now the truth is, Dovey, that you have a good many faults; I think it probable that you get blamed sometimes when you do not deserve it, but I have no doubt that you deserve a good deal of blame. You made a good deal of trouble the first day you came to school. Still I am glad you have come."

Dovey did not know exactly what to make of this talk, and she did not reply.

"That is, I am glad you have come," continued Miss Mary, "if you are only willing to try to cure yourself of your faults. You are very young, and you may cure yourself of them entirely if you choose, and I should like to help you. But if you love your faults

and do not wish to be cured of them, why, of course, there is nothing to be done. You must grow up a bad girl."

Dovey continued silent. She did not know what to say. She had been scolded a great deal about her faults and misdemeanors, but she had never heard a kind and friendly conversation before, on the subject of her bad character. Miss Mary perceived, however, that she was making some impression upon her mind, and so she went on explaining to her how much more happily her life would be spent if she would become a gentle, docile, obedient and industrious girl; and she showed her also how great a sin it was to be idle, reckless, selfish, and unkind in her treatment of her playmates, and undutiful to her mother.

Dovey heard it all in silence, and when Miss Mary had finished, and waited to hear what she would say, Dovey walked along a few minutes without speaking a word. Then she looked up into her teacher's face, and said,

"Well, Miss Mary, I will come to school this afternoon, and I *will* be a better girl."

Miss Mary was very glad to hear this declaration, for Dovey made it in a manner apparently so heartfelt and honest, that she

did no doubt she then really meant to try to reform. She thought, however, that she would put her sincerity to the test, by asking her about her absence from school, which she did in these words :

“ Well, now, Dovey, I want to ask you one question, and you may do as you please about answering it. But if you do answer it at all, be honest, and tell the truth. It is very wicked to tell a lie. If you really wish to improve and correct your faults, you must always be willing to let me know the exact truth. Now I suppose that your mother has not kept you at home these two or three days past, but that you have staid out in the fields here, playing, because you were afraid to come to school. That is true, isn't it ? ”

Dovey hung her head and was silent ; but presently she said faintly, “ Yes, ma'am.”

“ And your mother supposed all the time that you had been at school ? ”

“ Yes, ma'am,” said Dovey again timidly. “ Shall you tell her ? ”

This last question was rather a perplexing one to Miss Mary. She did not know at the moment what it would be best for her to do. So she told Dovey she should think of it, and would talk with her again in regard to that.

"But now, Dovey," she added, "it is nearly time for you and for me both to go home. You will come now this afternoon, and I shall soon see whether you are really sincere in your plan of being a good girl."

"I will be," said Dovey. "I am determined not to do any naughty things at all."

"You *will* do a great many things that are naughty," said Miss Mary, "I have no doubt. You cannot alter all your old habits at once. It will take you some time to *learn* to be a good girl; but I shall be patient with you. When you do wrong, I shall kindly tell you of it, and then I can easily ascertain whether you are sincere in your promises now."

"How?" said Dovey.

"Why, if you really wish to correct your faults, you will be glad to have me point them out to you, and so you will be good natured about them, and will try to leave them off at once. But if, on the other hand, you do not care about improving, I shall observe that, when I tell you of any thing wrong, you will be displeased, and out of humor, or you will show a hearty disposition to leave it off at once. We shall see. Good bye."

Here Miss Mary held out her hand to

Dovey, and bade her good bye. Then she turned around and went back, while Dovey stood still in the road. In a moment Dovey said,

“Miss Mary, shouldn’t you like these flowers?”

Miss Mary thanked her, took the flowers, and then each went to her own home. When Miss Mary reached the house, she re-arranged the flowers, and placed them in a glass of water over the mantel-piece in the school-room.

That afternoon, just before school, Rollo was sitting upon the platform of the portico, with one or two other boys, playing with some pea-pods which Jonas had given him from the garden. He was making a boat like those which he used to make at home. He had just shaved off the upper edge of the pod, and was counting the peas, or the “sailors,” as he called them, when some of the children said that Dovey was coming. Rollo looked up a moment, and then went on examining his sailors, and considering which one was the biggest, for the captain, when Dovey came up and began to look over him. She had not stood there but a moment, when

she suddenly snatched the pea-pod, sailors and all, out of Rollo's hand, and ran off into the orchard. Rollo was astonished, and very much displeased. He started to run after her, but she had got so far away before he had time even to think what he should do, that there seemed but little probability of catching her, and then, just at that moment, the bell rang, and so he went into school.

Dovey came in soon after, and they all went about their studies. The first class which went to Miss Mary was in Arithmetic. Rollo and Dovey and Julius, and several others, belonged to it. Miss Mary examined the slates, and found that they were not clean. Several of them were covered with the remains of old pencil marks, and with various glossy spots, from long handling with the fingers. Julius's and Dovey's were the worst, and Miss Mary gave each of them a piece of wet sponge, and asked them to go to their seats, and rub them clean on both sides, before beginning their work.

Julius went to his seat, muttering to himself that his slate was as clean as he could make it, and clean enough. He, however, passed the sponge lightly over it, and then opened his Arithmetic at the place where the sums were,

put his elbow upon the page, and his cheek upon his hand, and, holding his pencil in his other hand, began to look idly about the room.

Dovey went to her seat and began scrubbing her slate with all her strength. Presently she thought that the sponge was not quite wet enough, and so she went to Miss Mary and asked her if she might go out and get some more water. Miss Mary said no ; she must do it as well as she could with that sponge, and then go on with her work. Dovey then went to her seat, and laid her slate down upon the desk, and, after rubbing it some time with the sponge, concluded to pour a little ink on to make it more wet. 'Tis true the ink was black, but then that was almost the color of the slate, and so she thought it would make no difference.

But it did make a great deal of difference ; for the sponge, as she rubbed it to and fro, inked the frame of the slate, and made it look very badly, and then it covered the whole surface of the slate with an inky coating, which did not show much, it is true, but it was certain to come off upon her hands as soon as she should begin to use it.

When her slate was rubbed enough, she began to look around for something to wipe

it dry. She could not find any thing better, and so she took out her pen, and began to brush over the surface of the slate with that. She found, however, that this did not make it dry, and so she opened her desk to put away her pen again. In doing this her eyes fell upon the pea-pod which she had snatched away from Rollo, and which she had placed in her desk when she came into school.

She took out one of the peas, and put it upon a book which she laid upon her desk, and then, with her pen for a snapper, she snapped it over towards Julius, who sat nearly opposite to her. The pea struck against the window behind Julius, and then bounded forward upon his desk. Julius took it up, laid it upon a book, placed his hand behind it, and drew up his middle finger with his thumb, in order to snap it back again; and just at that moment Miss Mary looked up from a little class who were reciting to her. She had observed the whole transaction, though neither Dovey nor Julius perceived that she saw them.

Miss Mary shook her head very gently at Dovey, with a serious look; and then immediately turned and did the same to Julius.

Dovey immediately opened the lid of her desk and put her pen away, drew up her slate, and seemed to set herself in earnest at work upon her Arithmetic. Her countenance changed too at once. It seemed to say, "Yes, I was playing. It was wrong. I will stop immediately, and go to my studies." Julius, on the other hand, just released his finger from his thumb without snapping it, and spread his hand over the pea, so as to conceal it, and yet holding his hand in a careless position, as if it was there accidentally; and he assumed an unconcerned look, as if he was doing nothing wrong.

"Dovey gives up at once," thought Miss Mary. "That is a good sign. But Julius does not. She yields; he resists. I feel encouraged about her, and discouraged about him; for I see in her *submission*, but in him *pertinacity*."

PERTINACITY.

WHEN the time arrived for closing the school that day, Miss Mary asked the children to put away the books as silently as they could, and prepare to listen to the closing exercises. The children obeyed; but Miss Mary heard a good deal of rattling and noise. Dovey was making some noise on purpose, for the pleasure of hearing it, and Julius and several others made noise *accidentally*, by carelessly tumbling their slates and rules into their desks.

Miss Mary then struck her little bell, and all the scholars stopped their operations to hear what she wished to say. She told them that they made too much noise, and she wished them to be more still. They then began again to put their books in, and all tried to be more still, except Julius, who went on pretty much as before, and, when he had got his books in, he folded his arms across upon his desk, and laid his head down upon them. Dovey, after putting her books away, crept down from her chair, and began

to pick up the little bits of paper from the floor. When she had taken up those immediately under her desk, she crept along upon her hands and knees under Henry's and Rollo's, and was just going to prick their ankles a little with a pen for fun, when she heard Miss Mary say,

"Now, children, I want you all to sit upright in your seats, and look at me, and listen to what I have to say."

This recalled Dovey to a sense of the impropriety of her conduct, and she scrambled back to her place. Rollo and Henry heard her and looked down, and they could hardly help laughing, though they thought she was a very naughty girl indeed. Julius paid no attention to what Miss Mary said, but kept his head down as before.

"Sit up, Julius," said Miss Mary.

Julius raised his head slowly and reluctantly, and turned sideways a little, so as to look away from Miss Mary.

"Turn this way, Julius," said Miss Mary, pleasantly. "I want all the children to look towards me, and hear what I am going to say."

Julius turned round a little towards Miss Mary, but moved his eyes as far as he could away from where she was sitting.

The rest of the children looked towards her attentively, and she began thus:—

“I have been thinking, for some days past, that perhaps it will be necessary for me to send one of the scholars away from school.”

Here a little girl, who sat on a low seat before Miss Mary, suddenly looked up; her eye brightened, she clapped her hands gently, and said, almost aloud,

“Oh, I am glad of it.”

“Why are you glad of it, Jenny?” said Miss Mary.

Jenny looked a little abashed when she found she had spoken so loud; but she answered timidly,

“Because she pushes me down.”

“She? who?” said Miss Mary.

“Dovey,” said the little girl.

The truth was, Jenny had heard the scholars proposing to Miss Mary to send Dovey away from school, and as Dovey had been rude and rough to her once or twice in the recess, she was glad when she heard Miss Mary say she was going to send one of the scholars away. She had no doubt that Miss Mary meant Dovey. All the scholars thought so too.

“But it is not Dovey that I am thinking of sending away,” said Miss Mary.

Here all the scholars looked surprised, and some a little disappointed. They began to look around the room, wondering who it could be. They could not think of any scholar who was so troublesome as Dovey. In fact there was not any, and if Miss Mary had been influenced solely by the consideration of present trouble, in sending away one of her scholars, Dovey would undoubtedly have been the one to go.

"I *did* think that I should probably have to send Dovey away, and I do not know but that I shall have to do it yet," said Miss Mary, "but I am in hopes I shall not. I suppose, however, you all think that Dovey is worse than any other child in the school."

"Yes, ma'am," said the children.

"I don't know but that is true," said Miss Mary. I do not think that there is any one who does so many mischievous and troublesome things; and yet there is a very good reason why I should not send her away at present."

The children looked surprised, but they did not speak.

"Do you know what a *hospital* is?" said Miss Mary.

The children did not know.

"It is a large institution where sick persons are taken in to be healed. They have rooms for them, and beds, and good physicians and medicines; and as soon as they get well they go away. Also, if they find that they do not get any better, and there is no prospect that they will get better, they are then generally sent away to their home and friends again, because it would do them no good to stay any longer."

The children listened to this very attentively, and, after a moment's pause, Miss Mary continued,

"Now there were once two sick boys admitted to a hospital together,—James and John. James was quite sick; but John was a great deal sicker. He was very sick indeed. They remained a week or two, and John, who was the sickest, began to get better, but James was not any better at all, and there was no prospect that he ever would be. Now which one of these do you suppose the governor of the hospital would send back to his friends?"

"John," said the children.

"But James was the sickest."

"Yes, but he was getting better," said one of the children.

"That is right," said Miss Mary. "A sick person who is getting better is called a *convalescent*. I want you all to say CONVALESCENT."

So the children spoke the word.

"*Con-va-les-cent*," said Miss Mary again, very slowly and plainly, she wished to make them perfectly familiar with the word.

"On the other hand," continued Miss Mary, "a sick person who is *not* getting any better, and shows no signs that he ever will, is called an *incurable*."

"Then will he die?" said Henry.

"Perhaps so, or he may continue to live, sick, a long time.

"Now if I were the governor of a hospital, perhaps I should send away the incurables, unless I had good accommodations for keeping them without injury to the other patients; but I should be very unwilling to send away the convalescents, until they had got well."

The children did not say anything, but they all thought that they should do so too.

"Now a school," resumed Miss Mary, "is in some respects like a hospital. Children are sent here partly to be cured of their faults and improved in character. If any children have bad characters, they may be

said to be morally diseased or sick, and I want to cure them.

“Now if a very bad boy should come into this school, with a great many faults and bad traits of character, if I found that he was willing to give up his faults, and to try to improve, I should consider him convalescent ; and I would not send him away, even if his faults were very troublesome and numerous indeed.

“But if, on the other hand, he seemed to love his faults and cling to them, and when I told him of them was sullen and ill-humored, and would not try to correct them, then it would do no good, but only occasion useless trouble, to have him remain. So I should very probably consider him an incurable and send him away.”

“Am I an incurable ?” asked Francis.

“Perhaps I had better not answer that question directly, but I will tell you the marks of an incurable ; and then you can all judge for yourselves. But, after all, I do not think that *incurable* is the best word, on the whole, for that means a patient who never can get well, whereas I mean one who is growing worse rather than better now. A boy may be growing worse rather than bet-

ter now, and yet he may possibly begin to grow a good boy by and by."

"What shall we call them then?" said Rollo.

"I hardly know," said Miss Mary. "If the physicians only had a general name for their patients who are growing worse, and another for those who are getting better, they would be just the words.

"However, we will not stop to look up names for them. There are some scholars in this school who seem desirous to improve. When I tell them of their faults, they are good-natured about it, and try to correct them. When I give them any directions, they obey *cordially* and *willingly*. When I point out anything to them which is wrong, they seem willing to change it at once and fully."

Just then, while Miss Mary was speaking, the children heard the sound of music at a distance, and they all began to listen. Miss Mary stopped to listen too, for she knew that it was hardly reasonable to expect that the children could attend very profitably to her advice and instructions while music was coming.

"Hark! what is that?" said Miss Mary.

"Music," said some of the children, starting up.

"It is coming here, Miss Mary," said Francis. "I *wish* you would let me go out and hear it."

Some of the children stood up and tried to look out of the window, others sat still listening, their eyes beaming with delight. Julius leaned his head as far out of the window as he could, trying to see; and, an instant after, as the music advanced round a corner, and the sound burst out more loud and full, Dovey, who had evidently been, from the first, very much excited, could contain herself no longer, but she jumped up, exclaiming, "Oh, here they come, here they come," and darted off out of school.

"Children," said Miss Mary, "I want you all to take your seats and look at me."

The children obeyed. Some turned around rather slowly and reluctantly; but yet all obeyed, except Julius, who still kept his head out of the window.

"Julius," said Miss Mary, "take your seat."

Julius slowly took in his head and sat down. He looked, however, very much out of humor, and he leaned his elbow upon his desk and his cheek upon his hand in such a manner as to turn his face still to the window, and thus he continued to look out.

"Sit still now and listen to me. Rollo, you may go out and call Dovey in, and then you may go into the road and see what the music is. I presume, from the sound, that it is a man with an organ. If it is, ask him to come inside of the gate, and wait a few minutes, until the school is dismissed, and that then we should like to have him play a little."

Miss Mary had some doubt whether Dovey would come in. She thought, however, that if she should do so, it would be pretty good proof she meant to obey Miss Mary and be a better girl.

When Rollo went out upon the stone step, he found that Dovey had gone into the road, and he went on after her. There was an old blind man there, and a boy with him, and the blind man was playing upon an organ. Dovey was standing by the side of them, looking at the organ and hearing the music.

"Oh come, Rollo, come," said Dovey as soon as she saw him.

"Miss Mary says that you must come in."

"Did she?" said Dovey; "well, I shan't come — yes I will, too, I'll go right in."

So she left the musician, and went through the gate, and ran off to the school-room.

Rollo gave his message to the organist, and

he stopped playing, and came inside of the gate. Rollo wanted to stop and see the golden pipes which were on the outside of the organ, but he thought it would perhaps be better not to do it, so he went directly back into the school-room and took his seat.

In the mean time the music had ceased, and the children were able once more to attend to Miss Mary. She said that she had but a very little more to say upon the subject at that time, and that was, that the trait of character which she had been describing, that is, the one which children exhibited when they were disposed to cling to their faults and persist in them, was called sometimes *pertinacity*.

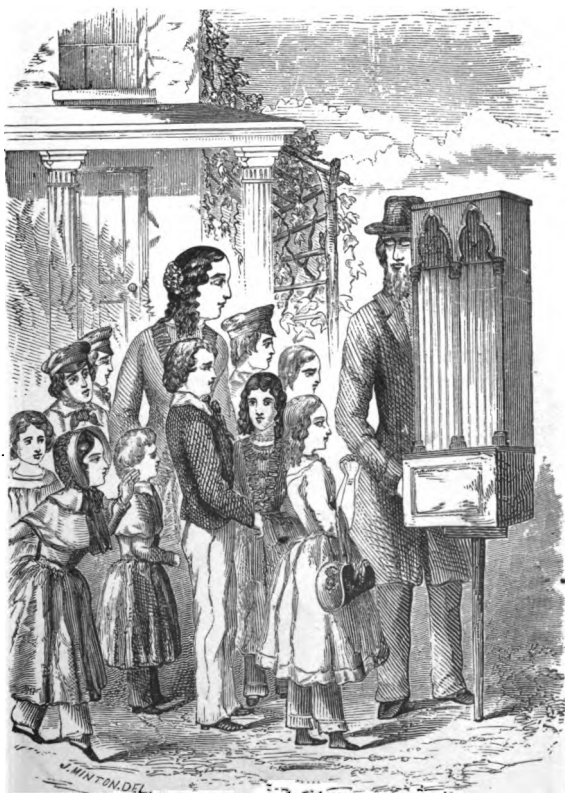
"Pertinacity," she added, "is adhering to and persisting in what is wrong when it is pointed out. A little child once was sitting at the table, and began to play with the teapot handle. His mother told him he must not play with the teapot. He took his hand away a minute, and then reached it out again and touched it with the tip of his finger, looking up at the same time at his mother to see if she was observing him. She shook her head and told him to take his hand away. He took it away a little, but let it lie on the table with

his finger pointed towards the tea-pot. Now this is pertinacity; an unwillingness to give up when wrong. We see it in a thousand cases in school. Sometimes I see a boy holding his book before his mouth and whispering behind it to his next neighbor. I look at him, and shake my head, meaning that he must not do so. He sees me, but he keeps his book up just as before, and tries to look unconcerned as if he had not been doing anything wrong. Then when I look away he begins whispering again. That is pertinacity. Dovey ran out of school a short time ago. That was very wrong; but when I sent for her she came in again immediately. She did not persist in her wrong. It is so generally when I tell her of her faults. I have hope of her, therefore, that she will be cured of her faults, and I shall not therefore at present send her away from school. If I send any one away, it will be some one who persists in the wrong that he does, even if the wrong things are not half as disorderly and troublesome as Dovey's."

The children did not know who it was that Miss Mary had in mind; each one recollected that he himself had often shown a disposition to conceal or defend or persist in his faults, in-

stead of frankly and openly giving them up, but they all determined to do so no more; that is, all except Julius, who looked ill-natured and sullen as before, and still tried to sit in such a position as to look out of the window, to endeavor to see the organ.

After this, Miss Mary closed the school, and then she and all the children went out and gathered around the organ. The old man played them several tunes, and one of them was a tune that the children knew: so Miss Mary proposed that he should play it again and that the children should sing it. They accordingly did so, and they enjoyed it very much. Afterwards Miss Mary gave the man a little money, and asked him also to go into the house and get something to eat. Then all the children went slowly away.



THE ORGAN GRINDER.—Page 112

ORDER.

FOR some weeks after this, things went on very quietly and smoothly in school, and Rollo began to make rapid progress in his studies. He did not attend to *many* studies, for his father preferred to have him go on as rapidly as possible in his Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic. He used to read in his class every morning, immediately after the commencement of the school, and then, for half an hour, study his spelling lesson. After that he worked upon his Arithmetic almost all the forenoon. He generally wrote in his writing-book for half an hour just before the school was ended.

Jonas used to talk with him occasionally in the evenings about his various pursuits and plans in school. Jonas advised him to be very systematic and orderly in all that he did, — to keep his desk perfectly neat and well arranged, and to have as many conveniences for study as he could, so as to make rapid progress. Jonas said that when he went to school the boys wasted half their time in

looking for lost things, asking where the lesson began, going out after a drink or a wet sponge, or asking for ink, or a ruler, or a pencil.

Rollo accordingly took a great deal of pains to arrange his desk, and to put everything in it which he wanted. The things which he wanted to use most he placed in front, where his hand would fall upon them readily. His ruler and his little leaden plummet were placed there. He had also a little shallow box, made of pasteboard, which his mother had given him, and in this he kept his slate pencils, his piece of india rubber, a small lead pencil, and his erasing apparatus. His erasing apparatus was something which Jonas had made for him. Jonas said that when he went to school the boys would sometimes make a mistake in writing, and then would try to scratch it out with a penknife. But this would make a sort of blister on the paper, as if a drop of water had fallen upon the place. Then when they began to write over the place it would blot, and thus generally the spot looked worse than it would have done if they had let the mistake remain. So he said the master made an erasing apparatus, to prevent all this.

"Erasing?" said Rollo, when Jonas told him this, — "what is erasing?"

"It is rubbing out, — erasing means rubbing out."

"How was the apparatus made?" said Rollo.

"Why, first, we had a piece of tin, about as big as my hand," said Jonas, "very smooth."

"What was that for?" said Rollo.

"It was to put under the paper when we wanted to scratch anything out," said Jonas, "because it is necessary to have something smooth and hard. The reason why the boys commonly make a swelled spot is, that they have something a little soft under the leaf, such as the other leaves of the writing-book, or the baize of their desks, and then the paper *gives* a little as the edge of the knife passes to and fro, and this puffs it out."

"We might put a book under it," said Rollo; "a book cover is hard."

"Not very," said Jonas. "The leather is soft and yields a little; and besides, a book is so thick and clumsy that you cannot very well get it between the leaves."

"A slate is smooth and hard enough," said Rollo.

"Yes, but the frame is in the way, and prevents the leaf lying down smoothly on it."

"Then a slate without any frame would do?" said Rollo.

"Yes, but that would be likely to have pencil marks and dust on it, which would come off upon the paper. Yet I suppose if a slate had no frame, and was perfectly clean, it would do very well. But a small piece of tin is better after all.

"Besides this piece of tin," said Jonas, "the master had a very sharp knife, which he kept with the tin, and never used it for anything else. And so whenever any of us had made a mistake, we used to go to the master and get his erasing apparatus, and we could generally take it out very neatly."

So Jonas made Rollo an erasing apparatus. He picked up a piece of tin at the door of a tinman's. He contrived to make it square in this way. First he marked a square upon it with a ruler and an awl. Then he put the irregular edges one after the other into a very narrow crack in the barn floor, taking care to have the tin go down just to the mark that he had made on each side. Then he bent the tin back and forth, until it broke off very near these marks. Then he smoothed the edges

by grinding them on a grindstone. Jonas held them on square while Rollo turned. Thus he made the tin.

Now Rollo had a broken knife blade which his father had given him one day, and which he kept in a little box of playthings up stairs. Jonas contrived to fix this into a handle of walnut wood, which he got from the wood-pile, splitting it out with an axe and then fashioning it with a knife and a file, and afterwards smoothing it with sand-paper. He dyed it, too, black, with some dye he had, and rubbed, afterwards, hard, with something he had in a bottle, which gave it a smooth, glossy look. He told Rollo that the blade was not fastened in strong enough to cut wood, or even to mend a pen, but that it would do very well for erasing.

Rollo was very much pleased with his erasing apparatus, and promised never to use the knife for any other purpose than the one for which it was intended. He carried it to school, and kept it, with his other small articles, in the little shallow box which we have already spoken of.

His books he placed in the back side of his desk, standing them up upon their edges, so that he might take out one without disturbing

the rest. He had a pen-wiper, which he had made himself, in one corner, and a piece of black cloth, of an oblong shape, which his mother had given him to lay his pen upon. He was always careful to wipe his pen before putting it away, but this cloth was an additional precaution, to prevent his inking the sheet of blue paper which he had spread over the bottom of his desk. On one of the legs of his desk, underneath, he fixed two little brass knobs, one to hang his satchel upon, and the other for his slate; for his slate took up a great deal of room in his desk, and then it made a great deal of noise taking it out and putting it in. So he had a place to hang it up below.

Rollo always kept his desk neat outside also. He did not allow his books and papers to accumulate there, but always put away every one as soon as he had done with it. The consequence was that his desk always looked neat and pleasant. The other children used to love to look into it and to see his things.

One day several of the boys were standing about Rollo's desk in recess. He had a picture of a good boy studying his lesson diligently in school. It was a picture which Jo-

nas had given him, for an example, as he said. Rollo brought it to school, and showed it to Miss Mary, and asked her if he might keep it in his desk. The boys now were standing about Rollo's desk, looking at this picture of the good scholar.

"You was a fool to show it to Miss Mary," said Julius.

"Why?" asked Rollo.

"Because it was as like as not that she would take it away from you."

"No she would not, — take it away from him," said Henry.

"She might have told him to carry it home," said Julius; "but if you had just put it in your desk without saying anything, she would never have known anything about it."

The boys were talking in a low voice, and Miss Mary was busy in another part of the room, and they supposed that she did not hear them. But she did hear them; and she listened to hear what Rollo would say to this. But Rollo did not say anything. He knew that this would have been wrong, but he did not know exactly what to say, so he was silent, and all the boys were silent, so that there was a pause in the conversation.

Miss Mary then spoke herself and said,

"Now I think, Julius, that Rollo was very wise to ask my permission to keep the picture here, for now he feels that he has a full right to do so. If he had not asked me, he would have had a secret feeling that he was wrong, and would have had to hide the picture whenever he saw me coming. He would have been all the time afraid that I should find out that he had it; and so the picture, instead of being a source of enjoyment, would only have made him anxious and uneasy."

The children were surprised to perceive that Miss Mary had heard them. Rollo was pleased, but Julius looked ashamed. Rollo was very glad that he had shown Miss Mary the picture.

"I am going to fasten it up," said he, "upon the inside of the lid of my desk, exactly in the middle, and then every time I open the desk I shall see it."

"How shall you fasten it?" said Henry.

"With little bits of wafers upon the corners."

Rollo then took out from his shallow box a little paper, which was folded up neatly, and, after opening it, he took out a wafer. With his knife he cut it into quarters, and then went and asked Miss Mary if she had

any objection to his wafering his picture up upon the under side of his lid. She said she had not, and he accordingly fastened it there, exactly in the middle."

"How beautiful your desk looks," said one of the girls who were standing by. "I can't keep mine in order, possibly."

"Can't?" said Rollo; "why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. I put it in beautiful order a week or two ago, when Miss Mary talked with us about it, and now it looks shockingly."

"I am determined I will have mine in order," said Dovey. "I mean to fix it every week. Saturday will be a good day."

"That never will do," said Rollo; "you can't keep it in order so."

"Then I will put it in order every day," said Dovey.

"That won't do either," said Rollo.

"Then I will put it in order every half day, forenoon and afternoon, in the recess."

"No you won't," said Rollo.

"Yes I will," said Dovey.

"I tell you you won't," said Rollo. "You never will keep your desk in order so."

"How do you know?" said Dovey.

"Because people can't keep their things in

order by putting them in order often,—they must not let them get out of order at all.”

“Who told you that?” said Dovey.

“Jonas,” said Rollo.

“I knew somebody told you. I knew you could not find it out yourself.”

Rollo felt a little provoked to hear Dovey speak so; he concluded, however, that he had better be good-natured about it, and was going to tell something more which Jonas had said about order, when suddenly he saw that Dovey had his erasing knife, which she had taken up from the desk, and was just going to cut off the top of a pen with it. He instantly reached out his hand to take it away, but before he could do so Dovey gave the stroke, the blade broke from the handle and dropped upon the floor.

At this instant the bell rung. This bell, which indicated the close of the recess, was the signal for the scholars to stop their talk and play, instantaneously, and take their seats. The group around Rollo's desk were silent in a moment. Rollo took up the parts of his knife and tried to put them together, looking reproachfully at Dovey, who slowly moved backwards towards her seat, with a countenance expressive of great concern.

The rest of the children went away, looking back towards Rollo's desk, as they one by one went to their seats, and Rollo himself put the pieces of his erasing knife into his desk, shut down the lid, laid his arm upon it, and rested his forehead upon his arm. His eyes were filled with tears.

At first he felt very much vexed and provoked with Dovey for breaking his knife, but then he soon reflected that she probably did not intend to break it. It was an accident, and did not proceed from any ill will or intention to injure him. He thought, also, that probably Jonas would be able to fix it in again as well as before; so he dried his tears, and began to attend to his studies.

Dovey felt very sorry to think that she had broken Rollo's knife, but she did exactly the wrong thing about it. As soon as school was done, feeling a little ashamed to see or speak to Rollo, she went out immediately, and walked off directly home. This was very unwise. It would have been a great deal better if she had come to Rollo at once, and told him that she was very sorry that she had broken his knife, and offered to do anything in her power to repair the damage. This

would have soothed Rollo's feelings, very much, and it would have relieved Dovey's mind too.

When Rollo came to school the next morning, with his slate under his arm, he found Henry and some other children sitting on the stone step before the door of the school-room. They had their heads together, and appeared to be looking very intently at something which Henry had, who was sitting in the middle of the group, the rest crowding thickly around him.

"Boys, what have you got there?" asked Rollo, as he came in at the gate.

"Oh, here comes Rollo," said Henry; "he will do it for us."

As Rollo came up, he saw that it was a mouse trap. There was a mouse hole in a little closet in the school-room, and once or twice the children had seen the mouse creeping out slyly into the room. One of the children, who had a mouse trap, had asked Miss Mary if he might bring it to school, and try to catch him, and she had consented. So the boy had brought the trap.

It was a wire trap, with a little swinging door, so contrived that the mouse could creep in, but, once in, could not get out again.

This door was, however, out of order a little, and would not open, and Henry was trying some way to put the bait in. He found it difficult, however, and he was very glad to see Rollo coming, for he thought that he could do it better.

Rollo stood looking at it a moment, while Henry showed him the difficulty, and asked him if he thought he could make the door open.

"Yes, we must bend that wire in a little there. Here, if you will take my slate and carry it in, I will try."

Henry took the slate, and Rollo took the trap. Henry stopped a moment to see how Rollo would do it, and then put the slate down upon the stone behind him.

"But you must carry my slate in," said Rollo.

"Oh, let it lie there a minute," said Henry. "I will carry it in presently."

"No, that is not its place," said Rollo. "I must not let it stay there."

And he began to put down the trap, in order to carry the slate in himself.

But Henry took it up again, saying, "Well, I will carry it in, for I want you to mend the trap quick, so that we can set it before school."

Henry accordingly took the slate in, and just as he was disappearing through the door, Rollo called to him to hang it up upon the nail under his desk. Then Rollo sat down and began to work upon the trap.

In a minute Henry returned and began to look over Rollo.

"Did you carry my slate in?" said Rollo.

"Yes," said Henry.

"And did you hang it on the nail?"

"No," said Henry; "I did not see any nail, and so I just slipped it into your desk."

"Oh, that never will do," said Rollo; "that is not the place."

"Well, never mind now; you can put it on the nail when you go in."

But Rollo seemed unwilling to leave it so. He laid down the trap and went in to put his slate where it belonged. Presently he returned again, and began once more upon the trap.

"Now you will not have time to get it mended and set before school," said Henry. "Why could you not let it stay so a little while?"

"Oh, because," said Rollo, "it would break the charm."

“Break the charm!” said Henry, with a tone of contempt.

“Yes,” said Rollo, “it would break the charm.”

“What do you mean by breaking the charm?” said one of the girls, who was standing by.

“Why, Jonas told me that the only way to keep things in order, is *never* to put anything down, even for a minute, out of its place; it breaks the charm, and then pretty soon every thing gets out of order.”

“Is that it?” said the girl.

“Yes, that’s it exactly,” said a voice behind the children, which sounded like Miss Mary’s. The children looked round, and saw Miss Mary looking at them out of the window.

“Jonas has got the philosophy of it, exactly,” she continued. “But who is Jonas, Rollo?”

“He is the boy that lives at our house.”

“Oh, — I recollect now; I have seen him. Is he a good boy?”

“Yes,” said Rollo; “he is a very good boy.”

“And he taught you how to keep things in

order; — but what was that that he said about breaking the charm? Tell me again.”

“Why,” said Rollo, “one day, just after father had got his new toolhouse done, Jonas and I put in all the garden tools into it, all in fine order; and then, just as we were coming away, we looked around to see how beautifully it looked, and Jonas said, ‘There, that is complete, and now it will be a very handsome toolhouse, if we only look out well and do not break the charm.’ And I asked him what he meant by that, and he said that the first time he or I came and put a tool down any where but in its right place, it would break the charm, and that pretty soon it would all go to confusion; but that if we never put one down except in the right place, the charm would hold, and the toolhouse keep in order itself forever.”

“What, — *forever*?” said a little boy who stood by, in a tone of great surprise.

“Yes, forever,” said Rollo, positively.

“Would it, Miss Mary?” said the little boy, appealing to her.

“Why, you can try it,” said Miss Mary, “in your desk. You can put it all in order, and then be very careful never to put any thing down, even for an instant, out of its

proper place, and see how long it will be before you will have to put it in order again."

The children had all been so much interested in this conversation, that they had almost forgotten the trap. Rollo had held it in his hand, but both he and the others had been looking around at Miss Mary; and now the bell rang for them all to go into school. They accordingly put the trap down by the side of the portico, and all went in.

Now Miss Mary knew that Dovey had broken Rollo's knife the day before, and she thought that it would afford her a very good opportunity to see whether she was disposed to do her duty, when she knew what it was, or was inclined *pertinaciously* to cling to her faults. So she read that morning at prayers a passage from the Old Testament, which contained, among others, the following verses:

"If a man shall cause a field or vineyard to be eaten, and shall put in his beast and shall feed in another man's field; of the best of his own field, and of the best of his own vineyard, shall he make restitution.

"If a fire break out and catch in thorns, so that the stacks of corn, or the standing corn, or the field be consumed therewith, he that kindled the fire shall surely make restitution." — Ex. 22: 5, 6.

From these verses she made some remarks

about the duty of making restitution, when we do any injury to any person, whether the injury were done accidentally or on purpose. She explained to the children that the first verse related to *intended* and the latter to *accidental* injuries.

"We can make restitution in various ways," she said. "If we injure or destroy anything belonging to any other person, we can, perhaps, give them another just like it, if we have one; or we can pay them in money; or we can, perhaps, help get it mended; or, if we cannot do any of these things, we can, perhaps, give them something else, or do something for them which will repay them."

Miss Mary made some other remarks of a similar kind. The children listened to them very attentively, and several of them thought of Rollo's knife. Henry determined that in the recess he would tell Dovey that she ought to *make restitution* to Rollo.

Accordingly, when they were sitting out upon the step, working on the trap, Henry said,

"Dovey, didn't you know you ought to pay Rollo for breaking his knife?"

"I haven't got any money," said Dovey.

"Then you ought to give him something else," said Henry.

"But I have not got anything else to give him," said Dovey.

"Not anything?"

"No, not anything," said Dovey, thinking, — "I wish I had. I have not got anything but my knife handle, and that is not good for anything at all."

"Let me see it," said Rollo.

So Dovey went into the school-room and opened her desk, and took out a small calico bag. She put her hand into her bag, and took out from it a penknife handle. The blade was gone entirely, but the handle was whole and good.

"Oh, that is a good handle," said Rollo. "Where did you get it?"

"A boy gave it to me. You may have it if you want it."

"Well," said Rollo, "I should like it very much, and Jonas will fix my blade into it; then it will make a good knife, — a great deal better than my old one."

He then went into the school-room to get his knife blade, to see whether it would fit.

Now there was at the end of this blade, as there is, in fact, in all penknife and jack-knife blades, a square projection, with a small hole through it. This part is made to go into

the end of the handle, and there is a small hole in this part of the handle, so that, when the blade is put in properly, the hole in the end of the handle will come exactly opposite to the hole in the end of the blade. Then a short piece of wire is put through, which keeps the handle and blade together, but the blade will open and shut by turning round on this wire. Then the ends of the wire are hammered down a little, to prevent its slipping out. The wire is called a rivet. We can generally see the ends of the rivet, at the opposite sides of a knife handle, at the end where the blade is inserted.

Rollo tried the blade to the handle, but was very sorry to find that it would not fit. The hole in the blade did not come near to the holes in the handle. So he thought that Jonas would not be able to put it in.

"*You* had a knife blade the other day, Julius," said a boy; "where is it?"

"In my pocket," said Julius.

Julius was sitting on the step at this time, with his hands in his pockets, but made no move.

"Let us see it, won't you?"

Julius made no answer, and did not move.

"You ought to give Rollo your knife

blade," said a little girl, very timidly, "for it was you that broke his knife."

"I say I didn't," said Julius.

"You did. I saw you."

"I tell you I didn't," said Julius. But he felt guilty and self-condemned, and he got up and walked away.

The children then asked the girl what she meant; and she said that she saw Julius go to Rollo's desk the morning before, just before school began, and take out the knife. She said he looked at it a little while, and then began to cut the desk with it; but in a moment she heard a crack, and the knife blade appeared bent away back against the handle. Julius took it out, and, after looking at it a moment, fixed it back again in its place, and then put the knife back into the desk, and went away.

This was true. Julius had cut so hard with the knife as to pry out the blade, splitting the handle a little, and this was the crack that this girl had heard. When Dovey took it, therefore, it was all ready to drop out, and did so as soon as she began to cut the pen. The children went in to look at the knife handle again, and found the little split. They

also found the place upon the desk which Julius had cut with it.

Julius stood by his desk at the other side of the room, eying the children with a fierce, ill-natured look, while they were examining the proofs of his guilt. Dovey was very glad to find that she had not actually broken the knife, but she said that Rollo might have her old handle, notwithstanding, for she had had it a good while and was tired of it.

Henry then went over to Julius, and said,

"You ought to give Rollo your blade, Julius, for it *was* you that broke his knife."

"I shan't," said Julius.

"Why, you broke his knife, and you ought to make restitution; Miss Mary said so."

"I don't care," said Julius; and he got up sullenly and walked away.

He said this in a low voice, and there were other children talking in various parts of the room, and so no one heard it. Henry came back to Rollo, and told him that Julius still refused to give him his blade.

"Never mind," said Rollo. "Perhaps Jonas can find some way to put mine in." So he rolled up his two handles and his own blade in a paper, and put them in his pocket.



MISS MARY HANDED ROLLO HIS KNIFE.—Page 152.

and then they all went up and resumed their work upon the mouse trap.

They succeeded, at length, in mending the door so that it would open and shut easily, and then Miss Mary gave them permission to go round to the kitchen and get a little piece of cheese for bait. They then carefully set the trap in the corner of the closet, and immediately afterwards the bell rang for the close of the recess, and they all took their seats again and resumed their studies.

That evening Rollo carried his new handle to Jonas, and asked him if he thought he could fix it in.

Jonas looked at it and said, after trying to put the parts together, that he thought the blade would fit that handle exactly.

"Why, no," said Rollo; "the holes don't come right."

"That is because the spring is not crowded back," said Jonas.

So he showed Rollo that the spring, which runs along the back of the handle, had sprung itself in, beyond its proper place, and that when the blade was in it would force it back, so as to bring the holes just about opposite to each other.

When, however, he came to measure more

exactly, he found that the square part of the blade was a little too wide after all; for when the spring was forced back it did not bring the hole in the blade exactly into a line with the holes in the handle.

"It must be filed a little," said Jonas.

"Can you do it by filing it?" said Rollo.

"I think so," said Jonas; and they both went together to the barn after a file.

Jonas found a little three-cornered file in its place, by a small workbench, in the barn, and, holding the square part of the blade down upon the bench, he began to file it.

But the file seemed to slip back and forth over the steel, without taking hold at all.

"It is too *hard*," said Jonas, stopping the file, and looking at the blade.

"What shall you do now?" said Rollo.

"I must soften it."

"Soften it?" said Rollo; "how can you soften it?"

"I shall heat it red hot and then let it cool slowly, and that will soften it."

"Will it?" said Rollo; "will it make it very soft?"

"Not very soft indeed; but soft enough for me to file it."

"How soft?" said Rollo.

"Why, almost as soft as iron."

"Iron!" said Rollo; "why, I think iron is very hard, — very hard indeed."

"Oh no," said Jonas. "It is not nearly as hard as steel, especially this *hardened* steel."

Jonas then took a nail, which he said was of iron, and showed Rollo that he could file that very easily; but the file would make scarcely any impression upon the steel.

"What do they make blades so very hard for?" said Rollo.

"They will cut a great deal better, and keep sharp longer."

"Well, then, you will spoil the blade if you soften it," said Rollo.

"No," said Jonas; "I shall only soften this square part."

"Yes, but when you heat that all the rest will become hot too."

"No," said Jonas; "you will see how I shall prevent that. I will show you after supper."

Accordingly, after supper Rollo came out into the kitchen, and Jonas took the blade, and also a long narrow strip of brown paper. He rolled the paper over and over the blade, a great many times, leaving the square part out. Thus at length all that part of the blade

which had the sharp edge upon it was enveloped in many folds of brown paper, while the square part was exposed. He then tied a string around the paper, and dipped it into water, so as to wet it thoroughly. Next he drew out a few burning coals upon the hearth, and laid the square part upon them, covering it over completely with burning coals. Then he kept dropping water upon the part covered with brown paper, and thus kept it wet, so that it could not get much heated. In a short time the square part became red hot, and then he took it away from the coals and let it cool slowly. In this way it became so soft that he could easily file it, and thus he soon fitted it into its place, without farther difficulty.

Jonas then put a piece of wire through the holes, and filed off the ends pretty near to the handle on each side. He then hammered down the ends, and thus made little heads to the rivet, which prevented its coming out. Rollo then found that the blade would open and shut like any other knife, and he determined to carry it to school the next day, and show it to Dovey.

TITLE TO PROPERTY.

TWO very serious questions arose the next day in school, relating to the title to property. These difficulties occurred in the following manner.

When Rollo came to school in the morning, scarcely any of the children were there. He was so much interested in showing Dovey and Henry his new knife, that he walked very fast, and so he got there quite early.

So he sat down upon the stone step, and began to make a whistle upon the end of a willow shoot, which he had cut by the way. He sloped off the end for the mouth piece, cut round the bark at a proper distance, made the little notch for the wind hole, as he called it, and had just laid the work across his knee and began to pound it with the handle of his knife, to make the bark come off easily, when he saw Dovey coming along the road.

He immediately jumped up and went to meet her, with his whistle stick in one hand and holding out his knife in the other.

"See, Dovey, see what a beautiful knife

Jonas has made for me out of your old handle."

"Let me see it," said Dovey, taking the knife. "Why!—it will open and shut, won't it. What a beautiful knife!" So saying, Dovey shut it up, and then began to try to open it again.

"Here, I'll open it," said Rollo, trying to take it.

"No," said Dovey, holding it, and turning away from Rollo, "I will open it myself."

So Dovey turned around away from Rollo, and began to open the knife, and at the same time slowly walked along.

Rollo followed her, and presently heard Dovey shut the knife up again.

"Come, give it to me," said Rollo. "I want to finish my whistle."

"No," said Dovey, at the same time turning round so as to face Rollo, but holding the knife behind her back.

"Why, it is mine," said Rollo.

"No it isn't," said Dovey.

"Yes it is," said Rollo; "you gave me the handle, because you broke my knife, and the blade was mine before."

"No, it turned out that I did not break your knife, and so that goes for nothing."

"But you gave it to me again, after you knew that Julius broke my knife."

"I didn't."

"You did."

"I say I didn't."

"Here comes Henry: I'll leave it to him," said Rollo; for just at this moment Henry was coming in at the gate.

Dovey moved back a little, and still held the knife behind her. Henry came up, and Rollo asked him if Dovey did not give him the handle, the day before, after she knew that Julius broke his knife.

"Yes," said Henry, "she did. She gave it to you, at first, *before* we found out that, but afterwards she said she did not care, and you might have it."

"Well, I don't care if I did," said Dovey; "I did not mean you should have it to keep for your own."

So saying, Dovey walked away, Rollo following her, and looking very anxious and unhappy. They had not taken many steps, however, before they met two or three children running out of the school-room door, capering and clapping their hands, and crying out,

"We have caught the mouse; come, Rollo, Dovey, Henry, we have caught the mouse."

Dovey and Henry ran, but Rollo had no heart just then to think of any thing but his knife. He walked along after them, and crowded his head at length into the ring which surrounded the trap; and the sight of the little mouse, with its black eyes and slender tail, creeping around and putting his nose out between the wires, fairly drove, for a minute or two, the thought of his loss out of his head.

The children had scarcely done admiring their little prisoner, before a question arose as to the right of property in *him*. The girl who had brought the trap to school insisted that it was hers, because it was caught in her trap. The boy who *set* the trap maintained it was *his*, because he was in fact the one who caught him. Rollo thought *he* had some claim, because he had mended the door that was broken. "Had it not been for me," said he, "he *couldn't* have got in." "And if I had not brought the bait," said another boy, "he *wouldn't* have got in if he could." Finally, to complete the list of conflicting claims, one boy said the mouse did not belong to any of them. It was Miss Mary's mouse, he said, for they got it out of her school-room.

Voices grew quite loud in defence of these

various rights, until Miss Mary, who heard the noise of the controversy, suddenly brought it to a close by ringing the bell for the children to come into school.

They accordingly put down the trap, mouse and all, in a little corner by the portico, and went to their seats.

As Miss Mary was kind and indulgent to the scholars, and generally took an active interest in their pursuits and pleasures, they did not attempt to conceal any thing from her, but in all the questions that came up among them they talked in their usual tones of voice, whether she was within hearing or not. So it happened that she often heard their conversation, and if any thing took place which excited a good deal of interest in school, she generally knew all about it. Thus she knew all about the case of Rollo's knife, and also about the mouse ; — though she said nothing to the children about them at the time.

Just before the time for recess, she told the scholars that she understood that there had been some disputes about the title to some property, and that she was going to be judge in the recess, and hear and settle the questions. She said that she wished all those chil-

dren who had been disputing about any property, of any kind, that morning, to come around her table in the recess; and all who wished to hear the cases might come also, and stand near.

So when she struck the bell for recess, almost all the children gathered around her table.

"I am very glad to see so many," said Miss Mary. "I want you all to hear these cases. Children at school often get into contentions about their property, and by hearing how I decide these questions you will learn how you ought to act in similar cases hereafter."

Miss Mary then said that the first thing was to ascertain how many questions there were at issue, and what they were about; so she asked all those who had had any dispute about property to hold up their hands, and a great many hands were immediately raised.

"Rollo, what was your question about?"

"About my knife."

"Who has got the knife?"

"Dovey."

"Dovey, bring it here."

So Dovey brought the knife and handed it to Miss Mary, and Miss Mary laid it out before her upon the table.

"George, what is your question about?" said Miss Mary, then, to the next boy.

"About the mouse."

"Who has got the mouse?"

"It is in the mouse-trap out at the door."

"Go and bring it here."

So George went out and brought the mouse-trap in, and handed it to Miss Mary. Miss Mary laid it upon the table by the side of the knife. The mouse was frightened and ran about the trap, putting his nose out here and there through the wires. This put the children quite into a frolic. They laughed and capered about and pointed at him; and those behind crowded their faces in between the others to see. At length, however, the mouse was still again, and then the children became quiet and looked towards Miss Mary.

Miss Mary was willing that they should have a little frolic, both because it was recess, and because she thought it would make it more easy for them to acquiesce good naturedly in her decisions.

"Are these all?" said Miss Mary, when they were still and attentive.

One more hand was raised.

"And what is your question, John?" said she to the boy.

"About my windmill."

"Who has got the windmill?"

"Julius."

"I haven't," said Julius, in a surly tone of voice.

"He had it when the bell rang," said George.

"Where is it, Julius?" said Miss Mary.

Julius said he supposed it was out in the orchard. Miss Mary told him to go and bring it in.

So he went out and brought the windmill in. It was a paper windmill, made by taking a square piece of paper, and cutting from near the centre out to the four corners, and then bending over half of each corner to the middle, and passing a pin through them all into a little handle. With stiff paper a very pretty windmill may be made in this way, though but few boys know how to do it.

Julius handed the windmill to Miss Mary, and she placed it upon the table by the side of the other things.

"Now," said she, "we will take the knife first. Rollo, tell us your story."

So Rollo told her all about his knife, just as the facts have been related here; and then Dovey said she did not give the knife han-

dle to him to keep for his own forever, but she only lent it to him; and, besides, she said, if she did give it to him, she wanted it now, and was going to take it back.

Then Miss Mary asked the other children who were there at the time, and they said that they understood that Dovey meant Rollo to keep the knife for his own.

"Did I say he might keep it forever?" said Dovey.

"No, you did not say that exactly," said Henry, "but you said he might have it, and you understood that he was going to have a blade put in."

Miss Mary made some further inquiries, until she ascertained fully all the facts, and then she said as follows :

"This is my decision. The knife is Rollo's. When a person gives or sells any property to any other person, it is called a conveyance. If this is done under such circumstances, and in such a manner, as to make the thing fairly and fully the property of the person who receives it, it is called a *valid* conveyance. If it is made in such a way, or under such circumstances, as not to entitle the new possessor to it, it is said to be *null and void*, and goes for nothing. Now the great ques-

tion, is whether Dovey's giving the handle to Rollo was a valid conveyance of it to him.

"Two things are necessary to make a valid conveyance of property among children,—from Dovey to Rollo, for instance. First, the thing must actually belong to Dovey, so that she has a right to give it away. If she should give Rollo George's windmill, here, it would be null and void, for that would not be hers to give. So if she should give away her bonnet, it would be null and void, for that is more her mother's than her own, and so she has no right to give it away. But the knife handle, or any other trifling plaything of that kind, is hers, and so she had a right to give it.

"But, in the second place, she must *intend* to convey it, that is, to give it entirely away. If one boy should say to another, 'May I have your knife?' and he should say 'Yes,' thinking he only wanted to borrow it a few minutes, that would not be a conveyance; and yet he said he *might have it*, absolutely, but then he did not *intend* actually to make it his.

"In the third place, the person who conveys property must actually *deliver* it to the new owner. This completes the conveyance, and makes the property fully and entirely his. And this is necessary, for without it the prop-

erty does not pass. For example, if a boy were to promise you a whistle and say he should bring it the next day, and then the next day should bring it and refuse to give it to you, you would have no right to take it. It would not be yours. His promise to give it to you would not make it yours. It is necessary that he should actually deliver it to you of his own accord.

“Now these are rules which men observe in conveying property, and I think they apply as well to children. And in this case the conveyance was valid, judged by these rules. The handle was actually Dovey’s. She intended to give it to Rollo, and she actually delivered it to him with this intention. That made the conveyance complete and valid, and the handle became absolutely Rollo’s.

“But Dovey says that, admitting that she did give Rollo the handle for his own, she altered her mind afterwards, and meant to take it back again. This is a very common thing among children, but it is always wrong. When a thing is once really conveyed to another, either by exchange, or sale, or gift, it becomes absolutely his, and the first owner has no more right to take it again than any other person has to take it away. So that the handle is clearly Rollo’s, and not Dovey’s at all.

"And yet, when a person gives another a thing, without receiving anything in return, and is afterwards sorry and wants it back, I think it is best generally to give it back. You are not obliged to give it back; it is yours, fully, but still I would give it back generally. If one of the children should give me an apple, and afterwards want it back again, I should give it back again. And so, if I were Rollo, I should ask Jonas to take out the blade again, and then give the handle back to Dovey if she wants it. But then, Rollo, you must do just as you please about it, as it is absolutely yours, and you can do with it as you think best."

Here Miss Mary handed Rollo his knife, and then turned to the other cases.

"We will take the windmill case next," said Miss Mary, "as that is probably shorter than the other. George, what is the story about the windmill?"

"Why I had my windmill out there, and I was playing with it, and Julius came and wanted it, and I told him he mustn't have it, and he pulled it away from me and ran off, and then the bell rung and I had to come in."

Miss Mary then turned to Julius and said, "Well, Julius, was it all so?"

"I was not going to take it away from him. I only wanted to try it a minute."

"But you did take it away from him, didn't you?"

"I was going to give it right back to him again."

"But that was wrong. Do you know what the name of the crime is that a man commits when he takes away the property of another forcibly?"

Julius made no answer.

"It is *robbery*," said Miss Mary.

"If a man meets a traveller on the road, and takes away his money by force, he *robs* him of it. If a schoolboy takes away a plaything from another, he *robs* him of it. If he keeps it for a day, then he robs him of it for that day. If he keeps it only a minute, then he robs him of it for the minute. If you take away any body's property, however small the value of it may be, and however short the time you keep it, it is an act of robbery. I hope all the children will remember this. It is a very common thing among children, but it is always unjust and wrong. If the rightful owner of a thing is not willing that you should take it, you have no right to take it, even for a moment."

So saying, Miss Mary handed George his windmill, and then said,

“Now for the mouse.”

“I think the mouse is mine,” said one boy, “for he was caught in my trap.”

“But the trap was not good for anything till I mended it,” said Rollo.

“And I set it,” said another boy.

“And I got the bait,” said another.

Just at this moment there was a sudden jump and scream among the children. The mouse was out of the trap, upon the table. The children started back,—the mouse leaped off to the floor and ran along, the children screaming and scampering in all directions. Some clambered upon the chairs some upon the desks, and others made their escape out of the door. In short, the court was broken up in great confusion, the claimants vanished, and the mouse quietly withdrew to his hole.

How he succeeded in getting out of the trap, the children never could find out to this day. Perhaps Rollo did not fix the door exactly right. They were all much disappointed at losing him, but Miss Mary said that she was not very sorry, after all, for it settled summarily a mass of conflicting claims, the

adjustment of which would have involved a good many intricate legal questions.

After school that day Rollo told Dovey he had concluded to get Jonas to take out his blade, and then he would give her back her handle. But she said it was no matter. She preferred, on the whole, that he should keep the handle, for his own, forever.

THE REASON WHY.

ONE afternoon, in the recess, Henry was playing with some little stones in the walk, very near the gate, and Rollo and Dovey and some other children were sitting by, on the grass. Henry was making a well. He had dug a small hole in the walk, and had put little stones all around it inside, as men stone up a well, and then he asked Dovey if she would not go in and get some water to pour into his well.

"No," said Dovey. "I can't go very well now; I am tired."

"Well, Rollo, you go, won't you?"

"Why—no—," said Rollo. "I can't go—very well."

He then asked one or two other children, but nobody seemed inclined to go.

"Oh dear me," said Henry, with a sigh. "I wish somebody would go; or else I wish water would come in my well of itself, as it does in men's wells. I don't see why it won't."

"It is because your well is not deep enough," said one of the children.

"Then I will dig it deeper," said Henry ; and he took out the stones and began to dig it deeper, with a pointed stick, which served him for a shovel. But after digging until he was tired, his well was as dry as ever.

"I don't see why the water won't come," said he. "I mean to ask Miss Mary."

"No you mustn't ask Miss Mary," said a little round-faced boy standing there, with a paper windmill in his hand.

"Yes I shall," said Henry.

"No you mustn't ; it is wrong to ask why."

"No it isn't."

"Yes it is," said George ; "my mother said so."

"It is not wrong to ask why," said Rollo ; "my father said it wasn't. It is very right."

George insisted that it was wrong. His mother knew, he said, as well as anybody, and she said it was wrong. Rollo was, however, not convinced ; and the other children took sides, some with George, and some with Rollo ; and, finally, after considerable dispute, they all arose and went off in search of Miss Mary, to refer the question to her.

They entered the school-room, and all crowded up around Miss Mary's desk, Rollo and George at the head.

"Is it wrong, Miss Mary," said Rollo, "to ask why?"

"Isn't it, Miss Mary?" said George.

"That depends upon circumstances," said Miss Mary.

The children did not know what she meant by "depends upon circumstances," and they were silent. At length one of the children said,

"George says that his mother told him it was wrong; but Rollo's father said it was right."

"It is quite an important question," said Miss Mary. "I will answer it by and by, to the whole school. So you may go out and play for the rest of the recess, but do not talk about it any more among yourselves."

So the children went out to play until the bell rang to call them in.

At the close of the school, or rather just before the hour for closing it, Miss Mary, having asked the children to put their books away, addressed them as follows:

"Two of the scholars came to me with this question to-day: whether it was proper for children to ask their parents or teachers the reasons of things. One thought it was, and the other thought it was not. I told them I

would consider the question when all the school could hear, and we will accordingly take it up now. George, you may tell us why you thought it was not."

George was quite a small boy, and he was at first a little intimidated at being called upon, before the whole school, to state his opinion. So he only answered faintly that his mother told him so.

"When was it, George?"

"Yesterday."

"Do you recollect what you were doing when she told you, and what she said? Tell us all about it."

"Why, I was playing with some blocks, and mother said I must go to bed, and I asked her why; she said I was always asking why, and it was wrong to ask her why."

"Well, Rollo, now let us hear your story."

"Why, one day I was playing in a tub of water by the pump, and I had a little cake-tin which I was sailing about for my ship, and I had another flat piece of tin for my raft. My ship would sail about very well, but my raft would not sail at all; it would sink directly to the bottom. I could not make it stay up. And so I went in to my father, and I asked him why one would sail

and the other would not, when they were both tin. And he said he was very glad that I asked him, and that it was right for children to ask why."

"Very well," said Miss Mary, as soon as Rollo had finished. "You have both told your stories very well.

"For children to ask their parents the reason for anything they see or hear, is sometimes right and sometimes wrong. It depends upon circumstances. In George's case, now, the circumstances were very different from those of Rollo's. Rollo's motive was a desire of knowledge. He wanted to have a difficulty explained, and so he went to his father, at a proper time and under proper circumstances, and asked him. In such cases as this, it is very right to ask the reason why.

"But in George's case it was different. He asked why he must go to bed, not from a desire to learn and understand, but only because he did not want to go. He knew well enough why he must go. It was time. He only asked for the purpose of making delay, and perhaps getting leave to sit up longer.

"This now is a very common case of boys' asking why. They are told to do something, and instead of obeying promptly and at once,

they ask why they must do it. It is one kind of disobedience, and it is, of course, always wrong."

"Then is it always wrong," said Lucy, "to ask our father and mother the reason for what they tell us to do?"

"No," said Miss Mary; "not unless you make it an excuse for putting off obeying. For instance, if George had gone to bed directly and pleasantly when his mother told him to go, and then, the next day, when he saw she was at leisure, if he had gone and said to her, 'Mother, what is the reason that children are generally sent to bed earlier than grown persons?' I don't think she would have considered it wrong. If he had asked the question in that way, it would have shown that he really wanted to know; but in the other way he stops to ask about the reason of the command, at the time when he ought to have gone off and obeyed it."

"My father never lets me ask him the reason for what he tells me to do," said Henry.

"You mean, I rather think, that he never lets you stop to ask him the reason at the time when you ought to be doing it."

"No," said Henry. "I don't think he would let me ask him at all."

"Suppose you try the experiment. Next time he gives you any command which you do not understand, go and obey it at once, with alacrity, and then, afterwards, when he is at leisure, go and ask him pleasantly if he will tell you the reason."

"I will," said Henry; "but I know he won't tell me."

"Well," said Miss Mary, "we will now close the school; and I want you all to remember what I have told you. It is right for you to want to understand what you see and hear; and it is even right for you to wish to know the reasons for the commands your parents give you. But you must always do it at a proper time, and with proper motives, and you must never stop to ask why, when the command is given and you ought to be obeying it. And, above all, you must never stop to say, 'Why must I?' in a repining tone, when you don't really wish to know why, but only to show your unwillingness to obey."

That night, when Henry went home from school, he had an opportunity to put Miss Mary's opinions to the test, sooner than he had expected. He walked along with Rollo

as far as their roads went together, and then he turned down a green lane, which led, after some time, to a pleasant-looking house, with a fine large martin-house upon a tall pole near it. This was where Henry lived. He heard his father at work in the barn, and he went and looked in. His father and a large boy were grinding some scythes. He looked at them a few minutes, and then went into the house.

His mother was at work in the kitchen, getting supper. A small table was set in the middle of the room, with two plates upon it, for Henry's father and mother. At another table, by the window, there was a large pan of milk, and a bowl full by the side of it.

"Is this my bowl of milk?" said Henry.

"Yes," said his mother.

So Henry took up his bowl of milk and carried it carefully out to the door, and put it down on a large stone which was in the back yard, and which made a sort of seat, where he often went to eat his bread and milk. Then he went in and got a spoon and a large piece of bread, and came out and sat down upon the stone and ate his supper. After this his mother told him it was time

to go after the cows, and so he put on his cap and walked along.

Henry went through a pair of bars which led to a lane by the side of the barn. He went on in this lane for some distance, until he reached the place where the path entered among the trees and bushes. He was just disappearing in the thicket, when his father saw him through the back barn door. He called out aloud,

“Hen-ry.”

Henry turned round, saw his father, and answered,

“What, sir?” in a loud voice.

“Are you going after the cows?”

“Yes, sir,” said Henry.

“Well, — don’t go over the bridge, — but go round by the stepping-stones, — going and coming.”

Henry was so far off that his father had to call in a loud voice, and to speak very slowly and distinctly, in order to make him hear. After he had done speaking, he paused a moment in order to observe whether Henry appeared to understand him.

Henry stood still an instant, too, looking at his father, and then he called out, in an equally loud voice,

"*Why* mustn't I go over the bridge?"

His father, in reply to this question, only said, "Obey!"

Henry understood by this that he did not think it proper for him to ask the reason.

"There," said he to himself, "I told Miss Mary so. My father never lets me ask why."

The bridge which his father meant, was only a couple of old logs laid across a brook in the woods, so that they could get over. The cows could not walk upon it, and so they usually came across through the water. They had thus worn a deep place in the brook, both above and below the bridge, and here Henry used to love to stop and play, sailing boats, watching little fishes, skippers, &c. There was another way of going into the pasture, by turning off just before you come to the bridge, through some cedar bushes until you come to the brook at another place below; and there, there were stepping-stones. The path beyond led on to the pasture, though it came out into a little different part of it.

Now Henry preferred to go by the bridge, and he asked his father why he mustn't, not because he really wished to know the reason,

but only as a way of begging his father to let him go that way.

Henry, however, obeyed. He left the path which led to the bridge, at the proper place, and went through among the cedars and other trees which grew near the brook, until he came to the stepping-stones. He then went on to the pasture and found the cows. He drove them along towards home, and tried to make them go by the path his father had directed him to take ; but they liked the other road better, as well as he, and notwithstanding all his efforts, they would go into the woods by the path which led to the bridge.

"Now I *must* go by the bridge," said Henry.

On second thoughts, however, he concluded to obey his orders at all hazards. So he went to the entrance of the woods, where the cows had gone in, and shouted to them some time to make them go on, and then he went himself round the other way.

The cows stopped a few minutes to drink at the brook, and accordingly they and Henry came out at the junction of the two paths very nearly together. Henry then drove them along the lane towards the house.

He wondered what the reason could be

why his father would not let him take the usual path: and just then he happened to think of the experiment which Miss Mary had advised him to try.

"Here is a fine chance," said he to himself. "I will ask my father, but I *know* he won't tell me."

Accordingly, when he reached the yard, he went to the barn to find his father. It was almost dark, and he was just shutting the great doors. Henry pushed the doors to, for him, and his father fastened them. Then he took hold of his father's hand, and they walked towards the house.

"Father," said he, in a good-natured tone, "will you be good enough to tell me what the reason was why you was not willing to have me go over the bridge?"

"Oh yes," said his father. "We found a great hornets' nest close by the bridge to-day, and I don't want you to go that way until we destroy it, for fear you will get stung."

"A hornets' nest?" said Henry.

"Yes," said his father, "a monstrous one."

"How big?" said Henry.

"Oh, as big as your head."

"As big as my head?" said Henry, with astonishment.

"Yes, cap and all."

"Do you think the hornets would have stung me?" asked Henry again, after a moment's pause.

"No, I don't think they would."

"Then why didn't you let me go?"

"Because they *might* have stung you, though probably they would not have done it, if you had let them alone."

"When are you going to destroy the nest?" said Henry,

"Early to-morrow morning."

Here they reached the house, and Henry's father went in to his supper. Henry himself sat down upon the door-step, saying to himself,

"Well, Miss Mary was right, it seems, after all."

The next day, when Henry came to school, he went to Miss Mary's table, and told her he had tried the plan of asking his father the reason at the proper time.

"And did he tell you?" said Miss Mary.

"Yes," said Henry, smiling; "he did."

"I thought he would. Parents are generally willing to give their children reasons, if they ask at a proper time and in a proper manner."

Miss Mary then asked Henry what it was that he asked his father the reason for, and he told her the whole story. She then asked him if he was willing that she should tell the story to all the scholars, and he said yes ; and she accordingly did so.

THE HOLIDAY.

TOWARDS the latter part of the summer, when the leaves of the forest were just beginning to turn brown, and the nights began to grow cool, the children used to have a fine time getting apples under the apple-trees in the orchard. Miss Mary allowed them to have two apiece each day, one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon. The children rambled about under the trees, in the recess, choosing their apples. It was against the rule to bite them, for the purpose of trying the taste, and they were accordingly obliged to judge by the size and color. They were not allowed to eat apples in the orchard, but, after choosing one each, they came back to the portico, and, sitting down upon the stone or upon the grass, ate them there.

The reason why Miss Mary did not allow the children to eat apples anywhere but before the school-room door, was that that was the best way to be sure that they did not any of them eat but one ; and the reason why she did not wish to have them eat more than one apiece, was that she was afraid that more

might make them sick. It is not *certain* that if children eat several apples at a time, they will be sick; but they may be, and Miss Mary wanted to be on the safe side.

One day, about this time, two of the children came running in to Miss Mary, in a recess, out of breath, and apparently very eager about something or other. They came and stood by the side of her table, and waited for her to give them permission to speak.

"Well, children," said Miss Mary, at length looking up from her work, "do you want to speak to me?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Henry, who was one of the boys. "Will there be any school to-morrow?"

"Yes, certainly," said Miss Mary. "Why not?"

"Why, it is training."

"Training?" said Miss Mary.

"Yes, there is going to be a training on the common."

"And do my scholars belong to the company?" said Miss Mary, smiling.

"Why, no," said the boys; "they don't belong to any company, but they want to see the training."

Miss Mary paused and reflected a moment.

Presently she said, "I will think of it, and tell you and all the school, together, by and by."

When the time for dismissing the school had arrived, and the children had put away their books, Miss Mary introduced the subject as follows:

"I understand that there is to be a training to-morrow, and some of the children wanted to know whether there will be any school or not. But first, I want to know all I can about the facts. All the children that can tell me anything about the training may rise."

Here several children stood up.

Miss Mary called upon them one after another, and they told various things. One said that it was the Light Infantry that were going to train. Another said that he believed they were going to have a new uniform. Another said that his uncle Ephraim was going to train. Another said they were going to fire, &c. At last, all the children had told what they knew about it, and all sat down.

Then Miss Mary asked all those to rise who knew whether any other schools were going to be dismissed for that day; but none of the children knew of any.

Then Miss Mary asked all those to rise

who had heard their parents say anything about school being dismissed that day. Several rose.

"Well, James, what did your father say?"

"He said that if you did not keep school, he would take me out to the common."

"George, what did yours say?"

"It was my mother."

George hung his head and looked rather foolish, adding, in a low tone,

"She said she hoped you would not dismiss the school."

"Did she say why not?"

"I suppose she did not want to have me go to training."

"Rollo?"

"My father does not like to have me go to training."

"Why not?"

"He is afraid I shall get hurt."

"Lucy?" said Miss Mary, observing that Lucy was standing ready to speak.

"My mother said," Lucy replied, "that perhaps there would be so many persons in the streets, that we could not go back and forth to school very well."

"That is to be thought of, it is true," said

Miss Mary. Then, after a short pause, she continued thus:

“On the whole, considering all the circumstances, I think we had better have a holiday. But I don’t like to have you go to the training. It is a rude, noisy scene, where you will be very likely to get hurt. So I will propose that you should all come and spend the holiday here. We will gather apples in the forenoon, and in the afternoon we will build a fire in the woods and roast some of them.”

The eyes of a good many of the children sparkled at this, for they were very much pleased with the thought of spending the day with Miss Mary in play. Miss Mary used often to go out with them in the recess, and help them in their plays, and tell them stories, and she knew so many good plays and interesting stories, that they always enjoyed such times very highly.

Still, however, some of the children appeared a little unwilling to give up the training. One little fellow, who had looked very restless and uneasy during this conversation, said that if they came there they should not see the *tent*.

“Is there to be a tent on the common?” said Miss Mary.

Several of the children said that there was.

"Oh, well, *we* can have a tent too," said Miss Mary.

"However," she continued, after a moment's pause, "you can do as you please, or rather as your parents please. We will have no school, and you can all tell your parents that I shall keep holiday in the orchard, and shall be glad to have any of you come that would like to come. You must come in the morning, and stay all day. If any of you prefer to go to the training, and your parents are willing, you can go, of course; or if your parents think it will not be safe for you to come here through the streets, then, of course, you will not come."

The children seemed satisfied with this arrangement, and Miss Mary prepared to close the school.

"One thing more," said Miss Mary, suddenly recollecting herself. "Have any of you any little wheelbarrows or wagons at home? If you have you may rise."

At these words several of the children arose, and Miss Mary asked them what they had. One had a pair of trucks, another a little wheelbarrow, another a wagon, and

another, one of the smallest boys, named Ezra, said he had a drag.

"What is your drag?" said Miss Mary.

"I haul stones upon it," said the little boy.

"Yes, but how is it made?"

The boy looked a little confused, and said he did not know.

"Well, never mind," said Miss Mary, "we shall see it when it comes.

"Now, boys," she continued, "we shall want all the carts and wagons you can bring, to draw the apples in with. I should like, therefore, to have you bring anything of the kind you may have, if your parents are willing. Be sure not to bring them without their consent."

After this, Miss Mary closed the school with the usual religious exercises, and the children went home.

As the children walked along out of the gate, Henry said that he should rather go to the training, and he hoped his father would let him go.

"Oh no," said Rollo and Lucy, both together. "It will be a great deal pleasanter here than at the training, I know."

"No it won't," said Julius. "I would rather go to the training, a great deal."

- "I expect my father will make me come to the school, at any rate," said Henry, "when he knows that Miss Mary is going to keep holiday out in the orchard."

"I shan't tell *my* father anything about it," said Julius.

"Nor I my mother," said Dovey.

Here the children separated and went off, in little groups, in various directions, talking together. Dovey, however, altered her mind before she got home. She reflected that it would be wrong not to tell her mother exactly what the facts were. Besides, she concluded, that, after all, she should rather go and spend the day with Miss Mary.

Julius, on the other hand, told his father, when he got home, that there was not to be any school the next day, but said nothing about Miss Mary's plan; and, accordingly, the next morning, after breakfast, he went out into the streets, and gradually made his way towards the common.

Early in the morning Miss Mary's father, having heard that all the children were coming the next day to pick up his apples, opened a great gate leading from the yard to the orchard; he also got up a large number of barrels out of the cellar, and arranged them

in a row on the great barn floor. He also got his wheelbarrow and his handcart ready ; and soon after breakfast the children began to come.

They gathered about the school-room door, bringing all sorts of little vehicles with them. Rollo brought his wheelbarrow, and another boy a pair of trucks, consisting of a box on four low wooden wheels ; a third came with a painted wagon, made to draw little children in, the top covered with a green awning. While the children were gathering around, and examining and admiring these various vehicles, they saw little Ezra tugging away at the gate, endeavoring to pull something through. It proved to be his drag ; which was, in fact, nothing more nor less than an old worn-out tea-waiter, which his mother had given him. He had tied a strong string into the handle at one end, by means of which he could drag it about the yard.

When the children were all assembled, Miss Mary came out and stood in the portico among them, looking at their carts and wagons. Each called to her eagerly to look at his own, and several pointed, laughing, at Ezra's drag. Miss Mary, seeing that Ezra looked a little troubled at having his drag

laughed at, went to it and examined it, and said it was a very good drag. She told him to come with her and she would find him a box to put on it, and then he could draw a good many apples, — almost as many as the other boys could with their wheelbarrows.

When Rollo saw Miss Mary thus trying to help little Ezra, and to make him feel contented and happy, instead of laughing at him and giving him pain, he was sorry that he had laughed at him, as he had done, with the rest. It is right for boys to laugh when they see anything amusing, unless they perceive that it is the means of giving somebody pain, and that it is never right to do for the sake of amusement.

Rollo thought, too, that it must be a great satisfaction to Miss Mary to give pleasure to the scholars in such ways as that, and he thought he would imitate her example. He accordingly went up to Ezra and offered to exchange with him.

“I will let you have my wheelbarrow a little while, Ezra, if you want it, and I will take your drag.”

“Will you?” said Ezra, much pleased. “Well, — I should like your wheelbarrow very much.”

Just as Ezra began to try Rollo's wheelbarrow, Miss Mary, who stood on the portico, called all the children to come and form a ring before her. So they all left their carts and wagons and came to her, as she desired.

"Now, children," said she, "I am going to give the orders of the day. We are all going to work this forenoon, and play this afternoon. I shall give you all directions where you are to go, and what apples you are to gather; and you must obey the directions exactly, without asking why, or requesting me to change them. There are so many of you, that if I stop to explain to every one I shall be talking all the time. You must not eat any apples, and not even bite one, until I give you leave. I shall form you into companies and give you your stations; and each must keep his station, and obey the leader of his company, until I change him.

"Now, James," she continued, "wheel your wheelbarrow into the ring."

So James went out and got his wheelbarrow, and wheeled it in where all the children could see it.

"Now, who would like to belong to James's company?"

Several of the children raised their hands.

"Look around, James," said Miss Mary, "and choose any four of those whose hands are up that you would like to have help you."

James looked about for a minute or two, and then chose two girls and two boys, and they went and stood by James's wheelbarrow.

"There, James," said Miss Mary, "there is your company. You may go out to the great russet tree and pick up apples. All your company must stay at that tree, under your direction. If any difficulty occurs, or if any of your company want anything, you must come yourself and tell me. You must also come and tell me when you get your wheelbarrow full."

So James took up his wheelbarrow and went along, his company following him, until they reached the great russet tree, and began to pick up the apples which lay there.

In the same manner Miss Mary organized another company, a boy who had a pair of trucks being at the head of it; and another with a little wagon. Next she called Rollo, and he came, pulling in Ezra's drag.

"But where's your wheelbarrow?" said Miss Mary.

"I have exchanged with Ezra," said Rollo.

"Oh, have you?" said Miss Mary. "Well,

that is a very good plan. Who will you have for your company."

Rollo chose Dovey and Henry, and two very little boys. His company were sent to a tree that bore large red apples. Ezra, with Rollo's wheelbarrow, and a company which he had chosen, went to another tree pretty near; and thus in a short time all the children were distributed over the orchard, each company under the tree assigned to it.

Miss Mary adopted this systematic plan in order that things might go on smoothly and pleasantly; for some system is necessary when a great number of persons are to be employed in any one work. When the children were all engaged, she herself took her work and went out into the orchard, and sat under the shade of a tree, where, by looking up occasionally, she could see how things went on.

After she had been sitting there a minute or two, she recollected that she ought to have a messenger to send around to tell the children anything she might, from time to time, wish to communicate to them. She accordingly looked to one of the nearest companies to find some gentle, pleasant girl or boy. She chose Rollo's cousin Lucy, and beckoned to her to come.

"Lucy," said she, "I forgot one thing. I want you to go around to all the companies, and tell them they must be particular to put the apples into the carts and wagons very carefully, and not bruise them."

As soon as Lucy was gone. Rollo came to Miss Mary, to tell her that his company had got the box full, which she had put upon Ezra's drag, and he wanted to know what he should do with the apples.

"Appoint two of your company to draw them carefully to the barn. Perhaps you had better go yourself for one."

So Rollo went back and appointed Henry to go with him.

"I mean to go too," said Dovey.

"No you mustn't," said Rollo. "Miss Mary said *two*."

"But she did not say you must not appoint more than two. I *will* go."

By this time Henry and Rollo had taken hold of the string, and had begun to draw the drag; but Dovey insisted upon following them. Rollo began to feel a little angry, and said he never would choose Dovey in his company again.

After a moment's reflection, however, he thought that it was wrong to be angry and to

scold at Dovey, and he recollected that Miss Mary had told him that if there was any difficulty he must come to her. So he let go of the string, and walked quietly away to Miss Mary and told her the case.

"Ask Dovey to come here," said Miss Mary.

Dovey obeyed, and Miss Mary asked her if it was true that she would insist upon going with Rollo.

"Yes, ma'am," said Dovey. "I wanted to go as well as Henry."

"But he appointed Henry."

"I wanted him to appoint me too."

Miss Mary paused a moment, and then said,

"Dovey, you have done wrong. Unless each company follows the directions I give them, through their leaders, the whole field would soon be in confusion. Look,—see there," she said, pointing to a tree upon one side.

Dovey looked and saw Ezra and another boy struggling for Rollo's wheelbarrow. This other boy's name was Samuel. They listened, and could hear what they were saying.

"I will move it," said Samuel.

"No, you shall not; it must stay here," said Ezra.

"Ezra, let go," said Samuel, pulling.

"You shan't have it," said Ezra.

Here Miss Mary asked Dovey to go and tell both the boys to come to her.

Dovey, glad to have another difficulty occur to call away Miss Mary's attention from her own case, ran off at full speed, and soon brought the combatants under Miss Mary's tree.

"You see, Dovey," said Miss Mary, without speaking to the boys, "what would happen if the children in all the companies were to become insubordinate, as you and Samuel have. We should have incessant disputes and contentions all over the field. Now I directed you all, very plainly, to obey the leaders of your companies; and, as you did not, I must send you away for a time. You must go to the portico, and sit down there, till I send for you again."

So Dovey went and took her solitary seat upon the portico floor, with her feet upon the great flat stone.

Then Miss Mary turned to Samuel.

"Samuel," said she, "you have been disobeying, too."

"Why, Miss Mary," said Samuel, "Ezra would not let me move the wheelbarrow over to where the apples were thicker."

"Yes, but Ezra was the leader of your company, and you ought to have let him place it just where he pleased. You have been insubordinate too. You must go and sit in the portico with Dovey."

Then Miss Mary sent Lucy around to all the companies, to tell them that Samuel and Dovey had been sent away because they were insubordinate, and that she hoped there would be no more cases. The children looked at Dovey and Samuel, and determined that they would not make any such difficulty, so as to make Miss Mary send them away. After a time, Miss Mary let them both come back.

Pretty soon after the children began to gather the apples, a large strong boy came out of the house, with a light ladder and a pole; and he went around, from tree to tree, shaking off the apples, and thus keeping all the companies well employed. As soon as one tree was gathered, the company belonging to it was sent to another. They hauled and wheeled their loads of apples into the barn, where a man was ready to put them into the

proper barrels; and in the course of three hours they had gathered and got in a great many. Rollo, at first, had some trouble with Ezra's drag, and he was at one time upon the point of going to ask Miss Mary to let him change again. But when he looked at Ezra, and saw how much pleased he appeared to be with his wheelbarrow, he concluded to let him keep it. The box troubled him by slipping off, but at last the man at the barn tied it on with a strong cord, and after that he did very well.

The children enjoyed their work very much, and the forenoon slipped away rapidly. In fact, they were quite surprised when Miss Mary sent word round to the companies each to finish the tree they were under, and then to rendezvous at the portico. They accordingly did so; and all gathered round Miss Mary, who took her stand upon the great flat stone.

Miss Mary then ordered all the carts and trucks and wheelbarrows to be formed into a line, each attended by its own company. She sent one round into the barn to get a load of the best apples they could find, choosing them out of the different barrels. The second was despatched to the garden after a load of

green corn. She went into the house and got a large parcel done up in a great newspaper, and put it into Ezra's drag; and then presently brought out another parcel, which looked like a sheet rolled up, and put that into Rollo's wheelbarrow.

She then asked two of the largest boys to go around into the shed and bring three poles, which they would see there by the side of the door. The boys went, and presently returned; one had a very long pole, and the other had two shorter ones, with a crotch at the end of each.

"Now," said Miss Mary, "we are ready to form the caravan."

The children looked very much interested and pleased, wondering what Miss Mary was going to do.

She formed the companies in a line again, all with their loaded vehicles. She gave the long pole to a large boy, and, after whispering something in his ear, placed him at the head. Next to him came two other boys with the crotched poles, then the various companies in procession, ending with Ezra and his drag; and, finally, Miss Mary herself brought up the rear. When all was arranged, she gave the command to move.

The pole-bearer, of course, led the way; Miss Mary had whispered to him where to go. He walked on through the orchard, until he came to the great gate at the farther side. He passed through the gate into a wood, the long train, or caravan, as Miss Mary termed it, following him, until finally he turned off, by a narrow pathway, down into a glen, where he came at length to an opening, by the borders of a brook, where Miss Mary told them to stop.

It was a very pleasant place, and the children capered around it with delight. The several companies unloaded their carts and wheelbarrows, and put the contents in a little place under the bushes, which Miss Mary called her store-room.

"Now, then," said she, unrolling the bundle of white cotton cloth.

"Why, Miss Mary, what is that?" said they, gathering around her.

"It is our tent."

"Tent!" said the children with surprise.

"Yes," said Miss Mary; "did not I promise you a tent?"

So Miss Mary unrolled the parcel. It turned out to be a large sheet, with strong tapes sewed at equal distances along the

edges. Miss Mary then, with the help of some of the older children, laid down the long pole upon the ground, and spread the sheet over it, in such a way as that the pole reached across from side to side, under the middle of the sheet. Then two boys took hold of the two ends of the pole and raised it up, the sheet hanging over it.

Miss Mary then struck the crotched poles down into the ground, the lower ends having been made sharp for this purpose. She put these sharp ends down exactly under the ends of the long pole, and then lifted the long pole over, so as to put the two ends into the crotches. Still the crotched poles were not driven down into the ground far enough to stand up strong by themselves, and so two boys stood by to hold them, until Miss Mary should fasten the tent.

She then took hold of the two sides of the sheet which hung down from the long pole, and extended them each way like the roof of a house; the children holding them out, until Miss Mary could fasten them. She then drove down some small stakes along the ground, in a row, on each side of the tent, and tied the tapes to them. This kept the

covering extended, and made the upright poles steady, and the tent was done.

All the children then wanted to go into it, and Miss Mary told them to be careful and not run against the tapes or the poles, for they were not very strong. Miss Mary thought she was not a very good tent-maker, but the children thought that the tent was a beautiful one.

"I think it is a great deal better than the tent on the common," said Rollo. "Isn't it, Miss Mary?"

"Yes," said Dovey; "because you know we can't go into that."

As soon as the tent was finished, Miss Mary sent off all the carts, trucks, and wheelbarrows, into the woods around, after sticks to make a fire with. She herself struck a light, and began to kindle the fire, at some distance from the tent, and the boys piled on load after load of fuel, until they had a blazing fire.

They at length found a small log of wood, rather long, which the boys contrived to roll up towards the fire. They placed the ends upon two stones, which answered for andirons, and thus had a very respectable firestick. They then husked their corn, and

leaned it up against the forestick to roast, and they put a long row of apples close to the fire, upon another side, and they soon began to hiss and sing very cheerily.

Miss Mary then asked Ezra to go and bring her the large paper parcel which came in his drag. She untied the twine and carefully unrolled the paper, and out came a large quantity of slices of bread and butter, and one or two pies. In fact, with what Miss Mary had brought down in this bundle, and with what they roasted at the fire, they made out a grand repast. They ate it in the tent, seated close together in a row around the inside, upon the grass, with their provisions upon the wheelbarrows turned bottom upwards in the middle, for tables. Miss Mary could not sit very comfortably within the tent, it was so low; and she accordingly took her station at the door of it, upon a seat formed of the box belonging to Ezra's drag, which she turned down for this purpose upon its side.

Each one of the children had an ear of corn, a roasted apple, a slice of bread and butter, and a piece of pie; and Miss Mary thought that, however unscientific her tent might appear in the eyes of a tent-maker,

there was probably as much enjoyment under it as there was under the tent upon the common. After they had finished their dinner, she sat an hour telling them stories; and then they went down to the brook and sailed little boats for some time. At last the time arrived for them to prepare to go home. The carts and wagons, with their companies, formed a line again, and moved slowly along out of the wood, back through the orchard to the school-room, in the same order in which they came.

Miss Mary found that Lucy was rather afraid to go home. The reason was, that she was naturally a little timid, and, besides, her road lay rather nearer the common and the soldiers than those of most of the other children. Lucy lingered behind with Rollo after the other children had gone, and Miss Mary, finding that she was afraid, said she would go a part of the way with her.

They accordingly walked along together, Miss Mary in the middle, leading Rollo by one hand and Lucy by the other. Presently they came into the part of the town where the common was situated. They were not going directly by it, for their road turned off from the main road just before it reached the common.

As they approached this turn, they heard the occasional firing of guns, and wild shouts, and a rattling of wagons and trampling of horses, and the atmosphere seemed half filled with dust and smoke. Lucy clung closer to Miss Mary's hand, and even Rollo was glad he was not any nearer the scene. Just as they were turning off into the other road, they suddenly saw a troop of boys coming at full speed, and with great noise, around a corner at some distance before them.

"Why, Miss Mary," said Rollo, "what is that?"

"Only some rude, bad boys."

"What are they doing? Why! is not that Julius?"

For while Rollo was actually asking the questions, he observed that the boys seemed to be pursuing one who was running a little before the rest, without his hat, and apparently very much terrified. The other boys were armed with sticks, and were shouting, apparently in anger. In a moment Rollo perceived that the boy in front was Julius, and immediately supposed that he had got into some quarrel with the bad boys on the common.

Miss Mary and Rollo stopped, but Lucy pulled gently upon Miss Mary's hand, as if

she wished to go on. Julius ran into a small store, and the other boys stopped and gathered around the door. Presently the man in the store came to the door and drove them away. They went off a little distance, and remained there, with threatening looks and gestures, waiting to catch Julius when he should come out. Miss Mary and the children then went along, and when they were beyond all danger Miss Mary returned home.

ROLLO'S VACATION.



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PREFATORY NOTICE.

As the little readers of "ROLLO AT WORK" and "ROLLO AT PLAY," have done the author the honor to manifest some interest in the continuation of his juvenile hero's history, they are now presented with "ROLLO AT SCHOOL" and "ROLLO'S VACATION." Under the guise of a narrative of Rollo's adventures in these new situations, these little books are intended to exhibit some of the temptations, the trials, the difficulties, and the duties, which all children experience in circumstances similar. That the reader may be profited as well as amused by the perusal, is the sincere wish of

THE AUTHOR.

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ROLLO'S VACATION.

PLAY.

ONE evening in October, Rollo was coming home from school with a large, heavy satchel of books on his shoulder. He walked along a little path by the side of the road.

"Oh, how heavy!" he said, presently; "but here is my resting-stone."

So saying, he swung his satchel off from his shoulder, and laid it down upon a large stone, or rather rock, by the side of the road. The rock had a smooth, flat top, where he used to stop and rest sometimes; and so he called it his resting-stone.

An old stone wall extended behind him, along the side of the road, and beyond it was an orchard. One large tree spread its branches over the resting-stone. Rollo looked up and wished that there were some apples upon it; but they appeared to have been all gathered. At last he espied one upon a topmost branch,

which had been overlooked. It was a large, plump, rosy-cheeked rogue, hiding behind some leaves.

"Ah, you little hide-and-go-seek," said Rollo, "I spy you. Won't you just please to come down?"

So saying, Rollo took up a stick which lay under the tree, and threw it up. After one or two unsuccessful trials, he hit the branch upon which the apple grew, and down it came. It fell upon the side of his green satchel, which lay upon the stone, glanced off, and rolled out into the road.

Rollo hastened after it, for there was a wagon coming along, and he was afraid it would run over his apple. He just succeeded in catching up the apple, and was retreating back to his resting-stone, when, behold, he saw that it was Jonas in the wagon.

Jonas reined up the horse when he saw Rollo, and stopped.

"Ah, Jonas," said Rollo, "I am very glad to see you and your wagon. I am tired of carrying this great satchel full of books. It's my slate that makes it so heavy."

So Rollo carried his satchel in one hand, and his apple in the other, to the wagon.

"Here," said he, "how shall I get it in?"

"Toss your apple in to me, first," said Jonas, "and then hoist your satchel in behind. But what are you bringing home all your books for?"

"Oh, we are going to have a vacation," said he, tossing up his apple to Jonas, and then going around behind the wagon.

Rollo pushed his satchel over into the wagon, and then clambered up upon the seat with Jonas.

"Now, Jonas," said Rollo, "if you will only just be so good as to let me drive a little."

Jonas put the reins and the whip into his hands, and Rollo began to *chirrup* to the horse.

"How long is your vacation to be?" said Jonas.

"A fortnight," said Rollo; "a whole fortnight. What a good time I shall have."

"What a *bad* time you will have," said Jonas.

"A bad time!" said Rollo.

"Yes," said Jonas; "boys almost always have bad times in vacations."

Rollo laughed outright at this strange opinion; but presently he said,

"When I began to go to school, you told

me I should not like school ; and now school is done, you tell me I shall not like vacation. That is a contradiction."

"Not exactly," said Jonas.

"*I think it is.*"

"No," said Jonas, "it is true ; boys are discontented, and don't like anything long. If you don't want to go to school again in three days, I am mistaken."

So saying, he took the reins out of Rollo's hands and drove into the yard. Rollo got out and went in with his books. He carried them at once up into his room, took the books out of the satchel, and arranged them neatly upon his shelves. Then he hung the satchel up upon a nail in the back entry, where he usually kept it, and then he came down again into the yard.

Supper was not quite ready, and he accordingly sat down upon the back piazza, and began to think what he should do the next day.

"I can play here in the yard," thought he to himself ; "or I can go with Jonas wherever he goes ; or I can make me a garden, or I can sail little boats at the trough at the pump, or I can ——"

He was interrupted here by his mother's voice, calling,

"Rollo."

"What, mother?" said Rollo.

Rollo looked up as he said this, and saw his mother at the window of her chamber.

"What are you thinking about so intently, Rollo?"

"Why, mother," said he, "I was thinking about my vacation. I was considering what I should do to-morrow. What would you do, mother?"

"I should read or study part of the time," said his mother.

"Read and study, mother!" said he, with surprise. "Why, it is my vacation."

Rollo had never had a vacation until now. Before he went to school, he had always been accustomed to have lessons of some sort every day; so he had never yet learned how wearisome and tedious it is to have nothing to do but play all day long. Now that he had been at school, and had arrived at an actual vacation, he supposed, of course, that he was to have nothing to do with books. He thought he was going to play all day long, every day, for a fortnight, and expected to feel as much pleasure every half hour of the whole time

as he had done usually for the half hour he generally had for play after school at night.

But the truth is, that the high degree of pleasure which most boys feel when engaged in play in recess, or after school, and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, is owing to the fact that they have been confined so long at their studies before. This is what gives them that life and joyousness which makes the hours of play pass so pleasantly. Playing all day, for many days in succession, usually becomes very hard and tiresome work. But Rollo did not know it yet.

Now the reason why Rollo's mother would have had some little reading or study every day, was partly because she would wish to make some mental improvement every day, even in vacation, and partly because she knew that this was the only way to give life and interest to hours of play.

Rollo did not say anything in reply to this proposal of his mother. He was silent. He did not like to *say* that he was unwilling to study, but still it was true that he did not wish to have anything to do with his books during the vacation.

After a pause, however, he said,

"Oh, but, mother, I meant what would you play."

"Why, — I don't know," said she slowly. "I would work with Jonas a part of the time."

"But, mother," said Rollo, laughing, "that is not play."

"Oh, you might let it go for play."

"No, I want some real play."

His mother could not help him any. She could not think of any plays that would last every day for a fortnight, and all day too, without becoming very tiresome.

At last supper-time came, and after supper, bed-time, and Rollo went to bed.

The next morning, after breakfast, Rollo came out into the yard, with a jump and a caper, saying,

"Oh, how glad I am that I am not going to school to-day."

Do you think Rollo was wrong for saying so? I do not. When children never like school, and make complaints when they have to go, it is a very bad sign. But when a boy has been at school a long time, and has been industrious and faithful, he generally gets tired and needs a little vacation. We can-

not blame him for enjoying it. The only mistake that Rollo made, was in supposing that his vacation would be pleasant, if he spent the whole of it in doing nothing but play.

Rollo went out into the garden, and he found some ripe flower-seeds, and he concluded to gather them. He pulled off several poppy heads, and began to shake out the seeds into his hands. He called them his sand-boxes. He wished he had some paper to sprinkle his sand upon, and to wrap it up in; but it did not come by wishing, and at length he was just upon the point of throwing his sand away, when he saw some large leaves growing upon a grape-vine, and he thought they would make good paper.

He gathered some leaves, poured his poppy seeds into one, folded them up, and put them in his pocket. This amused him for a few minutes, but presently he got tired of the garden and came back into the yard. Jonas was there, harnessing the horse into the wagon.

"Hallo, Jonas," said he. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, I am going somewhere," said Jonas.

"May I go too?" said Rollo.

"Will you?" said Jonas.

"Yes. Where is it?"

"You promise to go, do you?" said Jonas, who, by this time, had clambered up to the side of the wagon, and seemed to be taking out the seat.

"Why, where *are* you going?" said Rollo, with great curiosity.

By this time Jonas had taken the seat out, and was putting it down upon the ground.

"I am going to dig potatoes. I wish you would go too, and help me pick them up."

"Oh," said Rollo, looking rather disappointed, "I did not know you were going to dig potatoes. However, I believe I will go into the field with you."

So saying, Rollo clambered into the wagon, and took his seat, with Jonas, upon a board which he had placed across the wagon. Thus they rode off to the field.

Jonas tried to persuade Rollo to help him pick up potatoes, and he did, in fact, pick up one small basket full. But at length he said he could not pick up potatoes in his vacation, and slowly sauntered back to the house.

He walked about the yard a few minutes, not knowing exactly what to do. Before he began to go to school, that is, when he was quite a little boy, he could amuse himself a long time digging in the ground with a stick,

or piling up little stones, or making mounds in the sand. But now he was older, and had much higher ideas, and these babyish amusements were far beneath him.

He went to the front gate and looked out into the street. There were some willow trees across the road.

"Ah," said he, "I know what I will do. I'll make a whistle."

He went over and cut a good-sized shoot from the tree, and, carrying it back to the yard, he sat down upon the step of the door and began to make a whistle. This was an amusement which the boys used to enjoy very much in the recesses, sitting together under the trees of the orchard; but somehow or other Rollo did not find much pleasure in it now. He finished his whistle and blew it. It sounded very well. He got up and marched about the yard, blowing it. It sounded very well, but somehow or other he did not care much about hearing it. He slipped the bark off and looked to see if he had made it right. It looked smooth and regular, and he did not see that it needed any alteration. He blew it once more, and then put it in his pocket.

"O hum," said he. "I think it must be



"RUN, KITTY, RUN"—Page 17

time for me to have some luncheon. I'll go in."

So he went into the house to ask his mother for some luncheon. She was sitting at her work-table, sewing.

"Mother," said Rollo, "isn't it almost eleven o'clock?"

"Oh no," said she; "it is not quite ten yet."

"Why, mother!" said Rollo, "I thought it was as much as eleven."

"No," said she; "but that seems as if time hangs heavy with you. I am afraid you don't enjoy your vacation very well."

"Why, — yes —," said Rollo, hesitating. "But, mother, I have not got anybody to play with. If I only had somebody to play with, I should have a capital time. I wish you would let me go and get Henry to come."

"Perhaps his father could not spare him."

"Well, then, if you would let me stay and play with him — Here, kitty," said he, taking a ball of yarn off of his mother's table, and rolling it along the floor, "Run, kitty, run."

The kitten jumped up, looked a moment at the ball, and then darted after it. Rollo watched her movements for some time, as she pursued the ball under the chairs and tables.

"Mother," said Rollo, "do you suppose that the kitten thinks that that is a mouse — a kind of a round, rolling mouse?"

"I don't know," said his mother. "It is difficult to tell what kittens think."

By and by the kitten got tired of playing with the ball, and came back and laid down again by the work-table, and went to sleep.

"Mother, do you think you *could* let me go and see Henry?"

"Yes, you may go after dinner if you wish. I think you had better not go this morning."

"Well," said Rollo; "I will go this afternoon, immediately after dinner, and we shall have a capital time."

So Rollo rose and sauntered along to the door. When he was out in the entry his mother called him back.

"What, mother?" said he, returning.

"There is an old proverb, Rollo, that idlers are always full of mischief."

Rollo looked at his mother — he did not know what she meant. "What, mother?" said he.

"That's an old proverb, and you have just been verifying it."

"Verifying it!" said Rollo; "what does that mean?"

"Proving that it is true."

"Why, mother, have I been doing any mischief?"

"Yes," said she. "I was quietly at work, and you came in and have taken away my ball; and now you are going away without even thinking of bringing it back."

Rollo began to look under the chairs and tables after the ball, but he could not find it.

"Pussy," said he, "what have you done with that ball?"

But Pussy made no answer, and Rollo continued looking in vain. He lounged along carelessly, looking under the furniture and in the corners, but did not see it. Presently he said that perhaps it had gone out into the entry, and he went out there. A few minutes afterwards, his mother, perceiving that he was still, called out,

"Rollo."

"What, mother?" said Rollo.

"What are you doing?"

"Oh, I am sitting here on the steps."

"But I want my ball."

"Well, but, mother, I can't find it anywhere."

"Ah, Rollo, I am afraid that vacation is not likely to do you much good."

"Why, mother, I have looked for the ball, and what more can I do?"

"But looking for it is not enough; you ought to *find* it."

"But I can't find it."

"Come in here."

So Rollo got up and came in to his mother.

"You have done very wrong, Rollo," said she. "You came and took away a part of my work, without leave, to play with. That was not right, though I admit that it was not very wrong; but then, when you had taken it, you ought, certainly, to have brought it back. But that you did not think of doing. Then, when I reminded you of it, you pretended to look, but you did not look thoroughly or carefully; you lounged about as if you cared very little whether you found it or not. Then very soon you gave up, and went and sat down upon the steps; and now you don't seem to feel as if you had any responsibility about the business at all."

Rollo hung his head and looked somewhat ashamed.

"Now," continued his mother, "you must go and look for the ball until you find it."

"Suppose I can't find it?"

"Then you must not go out of the room till dinner-time."

Rollo then began to look around the room. He said he was sure that the ball was not in the room. His mother told him that he had no reason to be sure, as it was altogether more probable that it *was* in the room.

A minute or two afterwards, Rollo found the ball near the leg of the table. He pounced upon it at once, and brought it to his mother.

"Now," said he, "I may go, I suppose."

"Why, yes," said his mother; "you are no longer forbidden to go. But consider a moment. You have given me, by this, considerable unnecessary trouble. Now whenever we do anybody any injury, we ought to make them amends for it."

"Restitution," said Rollo.

"Yes, restitution; but who told you?"

"Miss Mary," said Rollo. "She said that when we did anybody any injury we must always make restitution."

"That is excellent advice. Now here is a case. You have interrupted and troubled me in my work, and now you might sit down and help me for a quarter of an hour, and that would make amends. But you can do

just as you please about it. If you prefer it, you can go out to play."

Rollo hesitated. Presently he asked his mother what she should want him to do, if he should conclude to help her.

"I think I should set you to picking out the threads in this cloth."

His mother had a piece of cloth which she had been ripping apart, and the edges of it were full of little threads. Rollo looked at it, but he thought it would be dull work to pick out those threads for a whole quarter of an hour, and in his vacation too.

"Do you think I had better do it?" said he.

"Yes, I do," said his mother.

"Why?"

"There are two good reasons. First, it is *just* that you should: and next, it will teach you to be careful, and not do mischief to others, if, whenever you do any mischief, you always stop to repair it."

While his mother was saying this, Rollo stood in a hesitating attitude, holding the cloth in his hands, and now and then picking out a thread. He was quite uncertain what to do.

"Mother," said he, presently, "I wanted

to go and get a luncheon now. I feel quite hungry."

"Very well," said his mother. "You can go, you know. I did not say you *must* stay and help me."

Rollo did not like to go, and he did not like to stay. Finally, however, his sense of justice prevailed, and he sat down upon a cricket and began to work industriously, picking out the threads.

He expected that the quarter of an hour would have appeared very long; but, instead of that, it slipped away very fast. He talked with his mother about various things. She advised him to gather the flower-seeds in his garden during the vacation; and told him that the best way would be, to make, first, a number of small paper bags, and then, as fast as he should gather the seeds, put them into the bags, tie them up, and label them.

While they were talking in this way, the time passed, and indeed, it passed quite pleasantly. Rollo enjoyed that fifteen minutes more, in fact, than he had enjoyed any fifteen minutes during the day.

At last his mother looked up at the clock, and told him that he had finished his task.

"You were to work fifteen minutes," said

she, "and it is now more than fifteen minute; already."

Rollo said he believed he would finish the piece he had in his hand; and while he was doing it, he asked his mother how he could make his paper bags.

"You must take two or three cents and go and buy some powdered gum-arabic. They will give it to you in a little paper. It looks like flour. Then mix about a teaspoonful of this with a little hot water, and it will make a kind of paste. Then cut out your pieces of paper, and paste the edges over so as to make a bag."

Rollo did not understand exactly how the cutting out was to be done, but he determined to do it some day, and then he went off to get his luncheon.

For about ten minutes, while he was eating his luncheon, he was quite contented and happy. This was partly owing to the luncheon, and partly to the fact that he had been usefully employed for some time before. The release from the confinement to his work on the cricket, operated in the same way as release from the confinement of school does in making boys happy in recess. But after a

short time he was again at loss to know what to do.

Lounging about the yard, he at length found a small shining stone. Most of the rocks in the part of the country where he lived had in them little shining plates of a mineral which the philosophers call *mica*; but Rollo did not know it, or at least he had not often noticed it, and now he was very much struck with the shining surfaces of his little gray stone. He carried it in to his mother and showed it to her. She said it was quite pretty, and told him the name of the little shining plates. Rollo considered it a great prize, and carried it about in his hand, showing it to every body.

At length he thought he would carry it to Jonas in the field; and he accordingly walked along slowly, looking at various things by the way. Before he got there, however, he began to be tired of his stone, and had a great mind to throw it away; but he concluded, on the whole, that he would give it to Jonas.

"Jonas," said he, coming to the place where Jonas was at work, and holding the stone out to him, "see there."

"What is it?" said Jonas, looking up.
"It is a stone, isn't it?"

"Yes," said he. "Isn't it pretty?"

"It is rather pretty," said Jonas, pulling up the tops of another hill of potatoes.

"Do you want it?" said Rollo.

"Why, no," said Jonas; "I believe not."

"Don't you want it?" said Rollo. "Isn't it good for anything?"

"Yes; but I should want more than one, if I had any."

"How many should you want?"

"I should want about twenty cart-loads."

"Twenty cart-loads!" said Rollo, in great astonishment; "what *should* you do with them?"

"I should spread them along on the road. They would make a beautiful gray road."

Rollo stood looking at his stone for a minute or two in silence, and then threw it away. Jonas proposed to him again that he should help him pick up his potatoes; and Rollo did, for a few minutes, but pretty soon got tired, and concluded, on the whole, to go back to the house.

Before he went, however, Jonas asked him how he liked vacation.

"Oh, very well," said Rollo.

But Jonas observed that he did not speak very enthusiastically, and said, in reply,

"I am afraid you have not had a very good time this forenoon."

"Why, I have not had anybody to play with," said Rollo; "that is the difficulty."

"I rather think not," said Jonas.

"What is the difficulty, then?" said Rollo.

"The difficulty is, that you have grown too old."

"What do you mean by that?" said Rollo.

"Why, that you have grown too old to be happy with nothing to do."

Rollo did not answer. He was thinking of what Jonas said.

"When you were a little boy," continued Jonas, "you could play about the yard all day long, without doing anything at all; but you are too big now."

Rollo then walked along home, and after waiting a half an hour longer, dinner-time came. He started up joyfully when he heard the bell ring, and ran in, saying,

"Now, pretty soon, I shall go and see Henry."

MORE PLAY.

AFTER dinner, Rollo set off, his mother having renewed her permission that he should go and spend the afternoon with Henry. He took with him his whip. This whip was one which he liked to have with him very much. Jonas made the handle out of an oak stick which he got from the woodpile. He split out a slender strip with the axe, and then shaved it down with his knife, until it was of the right size at one end to be held in the hand, and it tapered off long and slender towards the other end.

As for the lash, Rollo bought it at a store for a shilling, and Jonas fastened it on very strong. He also made an excellent long snapper at the end of the lash. This is the best way for a boy to get a whip, for this process gives a good strong one. The whips that boys buy at a toy-shop are very frail. They are made chiefly to look pretty, but are not very good to use. The lash almost always comes off if you whip hard, and then the handle breaks to pieces. Rollo's oaken han-

dle lasted many years. It was handsome also, for Jonas dyed it blue.

Rollo walked along, cracking his whip, and singing "Buy a Broom." When he came to his resting-stone he sat down a few minutes to rest, and he looked up into the apple-tree to see if he could see any more apples, but he could not. He then concluded that, instead of going round by the road, he would go by a shorter way across the fields.

So he climbed over the fence into the orchard, and walked along under the trees. From the orchard he went into a pasture. A path in the pasture led him down a long descent, and finally into a wood, where the path was lost among the trees. However, Rollo worked his way along, until at length his farther progress was stopped by a brook.

"Why!" said Rollo, surprised, "how much water there is in the brook!"

Rollo had been at this brook several times in the course of the summer, and had observed that there was but little water in it, so that he could jump across almost anywhere. But now there was a great deal more water in the brook, and Rollo began to be afraid that he should not get over.

The truth is that brooks have very differ-

ent quantities of water in them at different seasons of the year. The reason is, that there is much more rain at some seasons than at others, and the rain runs down the sides of the hills and fills up the brooks. This is particularly true in the spring and fall. Some of the autumnal rains had fallen about a week before Rollo's vacation, and it was in consequence of this that there was so much water in the brook.

Rollo at last found a place to get over, and then went on. Presently he came in sight of the martin-house, on the top of its high pole ; then the chimneys, and finally the house itself, with the yards and out-houses, came into view. At length he espied Henry, perched upon the top of a low shed, between two great barns.

Rollo ran along, shouting, "Henry, Henry"; and Henry, when he saw him, called him to come up where he was. Rollo had a little doubt whether he ought to climb up to such a place ; but finally he concluded to do it, and was just clambering up, Henry pulling him by the hand from above, when Henry's mother came to the door, and in a loud and stern voice called to them to come down. She rebuked Henry for climbing up in that

way, told him it was dangerous, and that he knew better.

Rollo felt a little ashamed at this mortifying circumstance, but the boys soon forgot it, and Henry began to look at Rollo's whip. He examined the handle and the lash, and snapped it, and finally he wanted Rollo to be his horse. So he got a long piece of list for reins, and putting a part in Rollo's mouth for bits, began to drive him about.

At length Rollo stopped, and took the list out of his mouth.

"Henry," said he, "I don't like such woolly-tasting bits. Can't you tie it around my arms?"

"But then I can't steer you."

"Oh yes," said Rollo; "you can put one end around one arm, and the other around the other, and then you can steer me."

"Well,—only you must turn whichever way I pull."

"I will," said Rollo.

So Henry rigged his harness upon Rollo's shoulders, and off they set again, racing up and down the yard. Presently Henry drove his horse towards the door. Rollo turned this way and that, to avoid going into the house.

but Henry stopped him on each side, and whipped him to make him go on.

Rollo was unwilling to go, but remembering his promise to go wherever Henry should steer him, he went in. There was nobody there. They trotted on, horse and rider, until they came to the parlor, then, through that, out at the front door, and thence around the house to the kitchen again. Thus they went the circuit, racing through the house faster and faster every time, and leaving all the doors open, of course.

Henry's mother was up stairs, and hearing all this noise, she came down to see what was the matter.

"Oh, boys, boys," said she, "what are you doing? Henry, bring me your whip and reins, and go and shut all the doors, and then come and sit down *there*, till I tell you you may get up. That is the way in vacation, always getting into mischief and giving me trouble."

So saying, she pointed to a place in the corner of the room, where Henry went and sat down. Rollo gathered up the reins and walked out, a good deal ashamed.

Rollo waited at the door several minutes, but Henry did not come out. Presently he



heard a noise of shouting down a valley, among some trees behind the house. He listened. It sounded as if somebody was driving some oxen there. Presently he saw the heads of men and of oxen over the fence, moving slowly along.

"Oh," said he to himself, "I wish Henry could come out. They're bringing a load of apples, I know."

He went back into the kitchen to see why Henry did not come. His mother was in the parlor, and Rollo went in to see if he could not get Henry pardoned.

"Will you please to let Henry come out now?" said he. "We will be careful and not trouble you any more."

Rollo spoke in a gentle and respectful manner, which made a very favorable impression upon Henry's mother. She looked up at him pleasantly and said,

"I should like to let him go out and play, but do you suppose I can have horses racing through my parlor?"

"Why, no," said Rollo. "We did wrong, but we will not do so any more."

Rollo, by thus frankly confessing the fault, not only did what was right in itself, but also what was most likely to obtain his object,

That is, leave for Henry to go out. Boys generally think that making excuses, or laying the blame upon some one else, is the best way in such cases; but it is really the very worst way.

In fact, there are a great many boys who would have gone to making excuses in such a case as this. They would have said that they did not do any harm, that they did not make much noise, or something else in excuse; or perhaps they would have put the blame upon Henry. In fact, Rollo might have said that he did not want to go through the house, but Henry drove him. But he was not so ungenerous as to wish to throw the fault all upon his playmate. As he had joined with him in the game, he was willing to share in the unpleasant consequences.

Here Henry called out from the kitchen, "Mother, I don't think that Rollo was to blame at all, for he tried not to come in, but I drove him."

"Very well," she replied, "I will forgive you now, and you may go; but don't make me any more trouble."

The boys went out, and Rollo proposed that they should go and see that load of apples. The cart had by this time come into

the yard, and was standing near the barn, and one of the men was opening the great doors.

Henry said he did not believe it was a load of apples, but they went to see.

They found that, instead of apples, it was a load of corn, in the husks; and Rollo and Henry obtained permission to climb up into the cart and help throw the ears off. They enjoyed themselves a good deal while doing this, chiefly from the idea that they were doing some good; though, in fact, they were not doing any good, for they were somewhat in the way of the men, so as to retard their work, to the full amount of all they did themselves. The cart was not unloaded probably any sooner for their help. Still, they imagined that they were doing something; and there is such a charm in useful employment, that even the idea, though delusive, is a great source of pleasure.

When the cart was unloaded, the boys asked leave to ride back in it to the field. Henry's father gave them leave. The oxen were backed, and then turned round, and in a few minutes they were moving along slowly out of the yard, Rollo and Henry standing up in the middle of the cart, and holding on to each

other, and endeavoring to quicken the slow steps of the oxen by shouting, "Ha' Bright," "Ha' Golden."

They passed along a green lane. Presently Henry suddenly called to Rollo to look at a tall tree in the woods, down in the valley.

"See that tree," said he; "that is where the hornets' nest was."

"Is it?" said Rollo. "Let us go and see it."

"Oh no," said Henry; "let us go into the cornfield and help get another load of corn."

But Rollo wanted to go into the woods. He should like to see the place where the hornets' nest was, and, besides, he wanted to play in the water a little, by the bridge. They discussed the matter some time, and finally Henry yielded; and they both jumped out behind the cart and made their way towards the woods.

Some tall weeds were growing by the side of the lane, or rather had been growing, for they had long since ripened, and nothing remained now but tall stalks, white and dry. Rollo proposed taking one or two of them for "*pushers*," to push the little chips about with, which were to serve for boats. So they gathered two tall ones apiece, and pulled off

the branches and broke off the tops, and then clambered over the fence and walked along the pastures, with their light and slender "pushers" in their hands.

They at length entered the woods by the pasture path, and presently came down to the brook and the bridge. Rollo was so much interested in trying his "pusher," that he forgot all about the hornets' nest, but immediately began to look about for sticks and pieces of bark to use for boats.

They found various representatives for ships and rafts, which they navigated about the water with their "pushers," standing, themselves, upon a bridge. For a time this afforded pretty good amusement, but it did not last very long. At length Rollo went to the shore on one side, and proposed to Henry to go to the shore on the other, so that they could send their vessels to and fro to one another, loaded with leaves and pebble-stones for cargo.

This lasted some minutes longer, but somehow or other Rollo did not find it quite so good fun as he had expected. At length they got tired and let the vessels drift about, and Rollo took up a stone, and, pointing to a piece

of bark, said he was going to cannonade that man-of-war.

"You will spatter me," said Henry.

The stone, however, had taken its flight, and striking the water just beyond the man-of-war, sent a few drops over to Henry.

Henry took it very good-naturedly, and thought he would cannonade the man-of-war too; in doing which, he spattered Rollo a little. Rollo laughed and threw another stone; and thus they continued for a little time, until they found they were beginning to get wet, when at length they desisted.

They now did not know what to do with themselves. They were a little wet, and, consequently, a little uncomfortable. They ought not to have spattered themselves even so little as they had done; and the secret feeling that they had not done quite right, made them a little uncomfortable in mind as well as in body.

At last, as they were playing idly in the water, Rollo having one end of his "pusher" in his mouth and the other in the water, he suddenly took it out of his mouth and said,

"Oh, Henry, look here."

Then Rollo put the end of his "pusher" into his mouth again, and held the other end

in the water again a moment, and then drew it out; when Henry saw a stream of water issuing from the lower end, shooting back into the water of the brook.

"How do you do it?" said Henry.

"I suck the water up," said Rollo, "and then blow it out again."

The boys were much pleased with this experiment, in which they both succeeded better and better on repeated trials. They found that they could throw the water farther and farther out towards the middle of the brook; and finally, Rollo, by aiming pretty high and blowing hard, succeeded in projecting his stream away across the land where Henry was standing.

They both shouted with laughter at this, and the next moment Henry tried. He succeeded in throwing his jet so far as to sprinkle Rollo with it a little, at which the boys shouted again; and in a few minutes they were both busily engaged drawing up their "pushers" full of water, and then blowing it out, with all their strength, towards one another.

Rollo said he was an elephant, taking up water with his trunk; and Henry said he was a whale—a great, spouting whale. In a word, the boys were in great glee. And yet, after

all, they were not really happy. There was a sort of hollowness in their mirth, and a secret feeling of dissatisfaction, which made the pleasure of this merriment very different from the quiet and gentle happiness of the holiday at Miss Mary's school. In fact, the boys were beginning to get considerably wet, though the wetting came so very gradually that they did not think much of it, except that there was a secret feeling that they were not doing quite right.

Rollo would have known very well that it was wrong to wet his clothes in this way, if it had only been done at once and suddenly. But the water came upon him only a few drops at a time, and each of these additions being so small, he did not think much of it. But at length his clothes became quite wet, and as the hours of the afternoon moved on, and it began to grow cool, he found that he felt uncomfortable. At last he desisted from his spouting, and holding his "pusher" in one hand, he patted the legs of his trousers with the other, and said,

"Oh, Henry, how wet you have made me: you have spouted the water all over me."

This was the wrong mode of speaking; for it seemed to imply that Henry alone was

to blame for Rollo's being wet. When boys do anything wrong together, they are both guilty, and should not attempt to charge the fault upon each other. Each should freely take his share of the blame. By throwing it upon the other he only leads that other to recrimination, and thus a dispute arises. It was so here; for Rollo, by speaking in such a manner as to criminate Henry, only led Henry to recriminate him.

"And see how *you* have wet *me*," said Henry, looking down at his own legs and feet.

"Oh, that is only a little," said Rollo; "you have wet me a great deal more than that."

"Oh — I haven't," said Henry. "I am wet a great deal the most."

An impartial spectator would have been puzzled to decide which was wet the most, for it was about equal. They, however, were both somewhat out of humor, and consequently unreasonable; and they continued to dispute about it, each charging the other with being most to blame.

At last they threw away their "pushers" and began to walk along towards home, out of humor with themselves and with each

other. Rollo said that he should not come to play with Henry any more; and Henry said he did not want him to come, — he did not like to be wet all over. Thus they walked along until they came out of the woods. Here they found a cool, autumnal evening breeze blowing, and it made them feel quite cold. Rollo looked at the west also, and found that the sun was almost down, and that he ought to be at home. Accordingly, when they reached Henry's house, he went directly by, on the way towards home.

At length he reached the brook which he had crossed on his way, early in the afternoon. He had the same trouble in crossing as before, but at length he succeeded in jumping over, and the moment after he suddenly stopped and said,

“Thère, now I have left my whip.”

He tried to think where he had left it, but could not. Then he walked back to the edge of the brook, and deliberated a moment whether he had better cross it again or not. It was getting dark, and it appeared to Rollo, who was now in the woods, that the daylight was farther gone than it really was.

He stood on the bank, uncertain what to do, and vexed with himself for having forgot-

ten his whip. One moment he thought he would go after it, and then again he concluded that it would be so dark before he could get back to the brook that he should not be able to find his way across. So he turned slowly and reluctantly towards home.

As soon as he got out of the woods he came into the daylight again ; and here he found a new source of vexation in thinking that he might have gone back as well as not. He should have had plenty of time, he said. He looked back into the woods and hesitated again ; but now there was so much farther to go, that he gave up the idea and went home.

He came into the kitchen and stood by the fire, wet, cold and uncomfortable in body, and irritated and fretted in mind. His mother asked him some questions, and found that he was not humble and submissive, but, on the contrary, peevish and cross, and disposed to make excuses for himself, and to throw censures upon others.

His mother concluded, therefore, that he had better be sent to bed, as it was not right that he should make all the family uncomfortable by his ill-humor and complaints. His wet clothes were accordingly taken off,

his feet dried and warmed, some supper was given him, and then he crept into his bed, as dissatisfied and unhappy as boys generally are after a whole day of play.

A NEW MASTER.

EARLY the next morning Rollo awoke, and, as soon as he recollected himself a little, he remembered that it was his vacation, and he felt rather sorry for it. He wished, in his heart, that there was going to be a school.

He got up and began to look for his clothes, but could not find them. At first he was much surprised, and wondered where they could be.

"Ah," said he, at last, to himself, "I remember. I left them down stairs to be dried." So he crept back into bed again.

He laid still a short time, thinking whether he had better wait until some one came to bring him his clothes, or knock for his mother to come. He was accustomed to knock upon the partition, which separated his room from his mother's, whenever he wanted anything, and when she heard it she would come to him.

He did not quite like to knock for his mother to come and bring him his clothes, though he scarcely knew why. While he was thus doubting, he heard a noise in the yard, which

he thought might be Jonas. He jumped out of bed and went to the window, and saw Jonas leading the horse to the pump to be watered.

Rollo opened the window and fastened it up with a button.

"Jonas," said he, "will you be good enough to bring me up my clothes?"

"Yes," said Jonas, "as soon as I have led the horse back."

Rollo was always pretty sure of having Jonas do anything for him that he asked, provided it was reasonable. There were two reasons for this ; one was that Jonas was a very obliging boy, and the other was that Rollo always asked him in a gentle and proper manner. Some boys would have said, in such a case, in a rough and scolding voice,

"Jonas, go and get my clothes and bring them up to me — quick."

But Rollo observed that his father and mother never spoke so to those whom they employed ; and, in fact, his father told him one day, that it was altogether the most effectual way of inducing persons to do what we want, to ask them in a kind and proper manner.

In a few minutes Rollo heard footsteps coming up stairs ; and presently Jonas ap-

peared, with Rollo's clothes, dry and warm, hanging over his shoulder.

"Well, Rollo," said Jonas, "you have got another day of vacation."

Rollo said nothing.

"What are you going to do to-day?"

"I don't know, — exactly," said Rollo, sitting up in his bed. "What would you do?"

"Oh, play about, I suppose," said Jonas.

"But I don't like playing about," said Rollo.

"It is miserable business, I know," said Jonas. "But I think I could make you have a good time," he continued, "if you would do as I say."

"I wish you would," said Rollo.

"But you won't do as I say."

"What should you tell me to do?" said Rollo.

"I can't tell you unless you promise beforehand to do it."

Rollo hesitated a moment, Jonas standing all the time with his hand upon the latch of the door, ready to go out.

"Well, I will promise," said Rollo.

"You will obey me exactly?" said Jonas.

"Yes," said Rollo.

"All day?"

"Yes, all day."

"And do whatever I tell you, let it be what it will?"

"Yes," said Rollo, "I will."

"Well, then, get up and dress you, and after breakfast come out into the barn to me."

Rollo's curiosity was very much excited to know what Jonas was going to tell him to do. He dressed himself and went down; and finding it was still quite early, he went and asked his mother to let him go over to Henry's and get his whip before breakfast. His mother consented, and he set off.

Just as he was going out through the front gate, Jonas called to him and asked him where he was going. Rollo told him that he was going after his whip.

"But," said Jonas, "I thought you promised me that you would be under my command to-day."

"Oh," replied Rollo, "I did not know that you meant before breakfast."

"The agreement was all day," said Jonas.

"But I just want to go and get my whip, because I am afraid it will get lost."

"That is a very good plan, only you ought to have asked me. However, you may go."

"Seems to me," said Rollo, "you are rather a strict master."

"That I am," said Jonas, laughing. "You'll find me stricter than you think, before the day is through."

So Rollo went along after his whip. As he drew near the house he saw nothing of Henry. He went on into the yard, where they had been at play. Henry's father was leading a horse across the yard. As soon as he saw Rollo, he said,

"Here, young man; I suppose you have come for your whip. There it is."

So saying, he pointed to the fence; and there Rollo saw his whip hanging up in a conspicuous place, that is, in a place where it could be very plainly seen.

"I thank you, sir," said Rollo; and he went and took his whip down, and walked away towards home.

After breakfast Rollo went out in pursuit of Jonas. He found him just going into the garden, with a wheelbarrow, and some garden tools in it.

"Now, Jonas," said Rollo, "I am ready; tell me what I shall play."

"Play!" said Jonas. "I am going to set you at work, not play."

"At work?" said Rollo. "I thought you was going to tell me how to have a good time at play."

"I can't stop to talk about it here," said Jonas. "I must go on with my work. You come in with me."

So he wheeled his wheelbarrow through the gate, Rollo following him.

"Did I *say* I was only going to set you at play?" said he, as they walked along.

"Why, no," said Rollo, "but I thought so."

"Well," said Jonas, "I release you then from the promise, if there was a mistake."

So Jonas took the tools out of the wheelbarrow and placed them against the fence, and then, taking the hoe, he began hoeing over one of the alleys.

"What work should you want me to do?" said Rollo, after a pause.

"I can't tell you anything about it, unless you put yourself entirely under my command. Unless you can trust it all to me, you had better amuse yourself in your own way."

"Should you make me work all day?"

"I can't tell you anything about it," said

Jonas; "only I will agree that you shall have a good time."

"Yes, but then," said Rollo, "if I don't have a good time, the day will be lost, and what good will your agreement do me?"

"We must have a penalty then," said Jonas.

"What is a penalty?" said Rollo.

"Why, something for me to do to you to make amends for the loss of your day, if you don't have a good time."

"Well," said Rollo, "I should like that. What shall the penalty be?"

"Let me see," said Jonas. "I will tell you what. I will agree that if, when night comes, you say you have not had a better time than you had yesterday, I will make you a little ship."

"Agreed," said Rollo. "I will."

"Very well," said Jonas. "Now go and get your little rake, and rake up all these weeds into little heaps as fast as I hoe them up."

So Rollo got his rake, and in a few minutes they were both at work very busily.

Jonas hoed up the weeds, and Rollo raked them up into little heaps; and then Rollo went and brought his shovel and shovelled

them up into Jonas's wheelbarrow. Thus they passed regularly along from alley to alley, until they had gone over the whole garden. It took them about two hours.

While they were doing this work, Rollo asked Jonas what was to come next, when this was done.

"I am going to saw wood in the yard," said Jonas, "and I am going to set you to studying."

"To studying!" said Rollo. "I am sure I am not going to studying."

"A'n't you?" said Jonas. "Very well."

There was a pause. At length said Rollo,

"But were you really going to set me to studying?"

"Yes," said Jonas; "and you promised to do whatever I should say. But you can do just as you please about keeping your promise."

"I don't want to break my promise," Rollo replied, "but I did not expect that you were going to set me to studying in my vacation."

"It is because I think that is the best way to make you have a good time."

"What, studying?"

"Yes, studying a part of the time. Here

now, I have kept you at work two hours, and haven't you had a good time?"

"Why—yes," said Rollo; "but then I don't want to study."

"Very well," said Jonas; "if you don't want to keep your promise, I'll let you off."

"Then I shall lose my ship, I suppose?"

"Certainly," said Jonas.

Rollo did not want to lose his ship, and then, besides, he knew it was not right to break his promise; and so, just as they had finished their work in the garden and were wheeling out the last load of weeds, he told Jonas that he believed, on the whole, he would do whatever he told him, even if it was to study.

They put the weeds by the side of a great heap of compost, behind the barn, and then Jonas sent Rollo to put all the tools away. When he came back he found Jonas just at work with his saw.

"Now, Rollo," said he, "go up into my room and look in my desk, and you will find an inkstand, and a pen and some paper. Bring down one sheet of paper, and the inkstand and pen."

Rollo obeyed. He went up the back stairs to Jonas's room. It was small and unfinished,

and the wall overhead was slanting, being the under side of the roof of the house. There was a bed in it, and one window. Near the window was a plain, pine desk, which Jonas had made for himself, and by the side of the desk was a chest. Over the chest were two or three shelves, containing a few books, and near them, on the wall, was nailed a picture, which Rollo remembered he had given Jonas some time before, because it was torn and spoilt. Jonas had smoothed it out and mended it, and nailed it up there, and it made quite a handsome picture again.

Rollo was quite pleased with the appearance of Jonas's room; for, though it was rough and rude in its form and finish, yet it was in such neat order, that it looked very alluring and pleasant. He opened Jonas's desk, and was still more pleased at what he saw within. In one corner in front was a black inkstand, with a stopper in it, to keep the ink from drying away. By the side of the inkstand was a ruler, a pencil, and two pens, and also a curious-looking instrument of wood, consisting of two long pointed legs, united by a kind of a joint at one end.

"What a curious thing that is," thought

Rollo. "It looks like my father's dividers. I suppose Jonas made it."

In another corner there was a small, square bottle, not bigger than the inkstand, which contained red ink; and at the side of it was a covered box, made of paper, and marked on the outside, Soda Powders. Rollo opened it, and saw within a piece of India rubber, a little sand-paper, two curious coins, a small pencil-case, and some other similar valuables. At the back side of the desk was a slate, about half filled with figures, very neatly written. There were some papers under the slate, and Rollo lifted it up to see what they were. The first paper had a large and handsome multiplication table drawn upon it. All around the outside was a double line, the outer one being black, and the inner red, and all the lines which formed the squares were red; so that the table had a very beautiful appearance. The figures in the squares were written very neatly and regularly.

Rollo then thought that perhaps Jonas would not like to have him look at his papers and writings, and so he put down the slate again, and took a single sheet of paper off from a pile of sheets of paper, which was in

the other back corner. He also took the inkstand and pen, and went down stairs, internally resolving that he would ask Jonas some day to let him see all his papers, and also what was in his chest.

Rollo went out into the yard with his writing implements, and brought them to Jonas. Jonas took them and asked Rollo to follow him. He did so, wondering what Jonas was going to set him to do.

Jonas went into the barn, Rollo following him. They proceeded to a small apartment, partitioned off for a sort of shop, where the great work-bench was. Jonas took a brush and brushed the dust off of one end of the bench, and then laid a smooth board upon it, and spread a newspaper over the board. He put the white paper upon the newspaper, and the inkstand and pen upon the bench.

Rollo laughed aloud at such a droll place to study, and asked Jonas what he was going to do for a chair.

"You'll see in a moment," said Jonas. So saying, he went to one corner of the shop and brought an empty barrel along. He stood this up on one end opposite the end of the bench, and put a small board across.

"There," said he, "how do you like that for a desk?"

"Oh, pretty well," said Rollo; "but what shall I write?"

"Come out here to my woodpile, so that I can be at work, and I will tell you."

So Rollo followed Jonas out to the woodpile, and the following conversation ensued, Jonas sawing and splitting wood all the time.

"I want you to cypher," said Jonas.

"Cypher!" replied Rollo. "Oh, I can't cypher with pen and ink."

"Why not?" said Jonas.

Rollo laughed aloud at the absurdity of cyphering with pen and ink, and said,

"Oh, I must have a slate. I can't cypher without a slate."

"But why not?" said Jonas.

"Oh, I can't rub out the figures when I make mistakes."

"I don't want to have you make any mistakes."

"Oh, but I can't help it," said Rollo.

"Why, suppose this was your sum," said Jonas, as he rolled out a fresh log from the pile. "Suppose you had a 2 and a 6 under it, and they were to be added together, what should you do?"

"Oh, I should say 6 and 2 make 8, and I should write down the 8, under."

"Are you sure 6 and 2 make 8?"

"Yes," said Rollo.

"Perfectly sure?" said Jonas.

"Why, yes," said Rollo.

"And are you sure you have to set the 8 down underneath?"

"Why, certainly," said Rollo.

"Well, now, suppose you added up several figures and they made 13; what should you set down, and what should you carry?"

"I should set down 3 and carry 1."

"You mean set down 1 and carry 3, don't you?" said Jonas, looking up with a half smile.

"Why, no," said Rollo; "we set down the 3 and carry the 1."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I am *sure*," said Rollo, looking very positive.

"And if you should have 13 from adding up a column, and should put down 3 and carry 1, are you positive it would be right?"

"Yes," said Rollo, "positive."

"And suppose the next column should make 21, how much should you have to add to it for carrying from the 13?"

"I must add 1, and that would make 22."

"Are you *sure* now, Rollo," said Jonas, "that 21 and 1 make 22?"

Rollo began to get a little out of patience at this, and did not answer.

"I don't mean to tease you," said Jonas, "but you see you *can be sure* in cyphering, and if you don't take sums too hard, and then attend fully to what you are about, you need not make any mistakes."

Rollo thought there was some truth in this, but yet he was not quite satisfied; and after a moment's pause, he said,

"But all boys do make mistakes in cyphering."

"Then it is because they have too hard sums to do, or else because they are careless. You must not mark down a single figure, Rollo, till you are *sure* it is the right one, and then you won't make mistakes."

Rollo could not object to this, but, after all, he thought he had rather have a slate; "because," said he, "then, you know, Jonas, that if I should happen to make a mistake, I could rub it out."

"Yes; but if you should happen to make a mistake I don't want it rubbed out. I want to know how many mistakes you *make*."

"Well," said Rollo, "you come and set me some sums."

"No, you must set your own sums; I must saw my wood. You may go and write three numbers on the top of your paper; put six figures in each number."

"Shall I put them under each other?" said Rollo.

"No; along in a row, a little distance apart, for four separate sums. I want them all multiplied by 2, and as soon as you have done it, come and tell me."

So Rollo went back to the bench and clambered up to his seat upon the barrel. He found it rather too high, but he concluded to get along with it, and so he wrote down the numbers, and put the figure 2 under the unit's figure of each, and multiplied, taking great pains to have every result right before he put it down. When it was done, he descended from his seat and went to report to Jonas.

"You have done them, have you?" said Jonas.

"Yes," said Rollo, handing him the paper. "Here, look and see if they are not right."

"Oh no," said Jonas; "I can't look them over. You have done them all three, have you?"

"Yes," said Rollo.

"And got three separate answers?"

"Yes."

"Very well; now go back and multiply all those answers by 5."

So Rollo went back to his work. He multiplied the first one by 5, very carefully. Then he stopped to rest a little, and a minute or two afterwards Jonas heard a noise there, as if a horse was kicking violently upon the stable floor. He went and looked in to see what was the matter.

Rollo, he found, had laid down his pen, and had his hands resting upon the edge of the bench, and was drumming away with his heels against the side of the barrel.

"Why, Rollo," said Jonas, "what are you about?"

"Oh, Jonas," said Rollo, looking round, "are you there? See, this is my kettledrum"; and he began beating another tattoo upon the barrel with his heels.

Jonas, however, soon stopped that operation, and told Rollo he was there to cypher, not to drum. Rollo desisted and returned to his work, as Jonas did to his.

In a short time, Rollo came out with his paper, saying he had finished his work.

"You have multiplied all your first answers by 5, have you?" said Jonas, without, however, looking at the work.

"Yes," said Rollo.

"Then you have got a new set of answers, which I call the final answers. Now look at the first final answer. Is the last figure in it, that is, the unit's figure, a cypher?"

"Yes," said Rollo.

"And so with the next answer; is the last in that a cypher?"

"Yes," said Rollo, surprised.

"And the next, is that so too?"

"Yes," said Rollo; "but how did you know?"

"Because," said Jonas, "I believe that if you multiply any number whatever by 5, and then by 2, the unit's figure in the final answer will always be a cypher."

"Will it?" said Rollo. "How curious."

"Now mark out all the cyphers with your pen."

So Rollo put his paper down upon a smooth log and crossed out the cyphers, Jonas all the time going on with his sawing.

"Now," said Jonas, "see if your answers are just the same as the numbers you first wrote down."

Rollo compared and said, "Why, yes," with looks of astonishment. "How queer. Will it always come so, Jonas?"

"Yes," said Jonas, "if you multiply by 5, and then by 2. I read it in a book once, and I have tried it a great many times, and it always has whenever I have tried it, and I expect it always will. But now you have studied enough for a vacation day, so go and put my things away, only leave your paper on the bench."

Rollo walked off with his work, highly satisfied with what he had done, and much interested in the very extraordinary mathematical powers of 5 and 2 as a continued multiplier.

When he had got pretty near to the barn-door, he turned round, and said, "Jonas, I wish you would let me do two or three more sums."

"No," said Jonas; "I can't let you cypher any more now. I want you to come and play."

THE JACK-O'-LANTERN.

ROLLO went up to Jonas's room to put away the pen and the inkstand. The window was open, and he stopped a moment to look out. The yard was spread out before him, and beyond it the garden. One square in the garden was filled with corn. The ears had all been gathered when green, for roasting and boiling, and nothing now remained but the dry and whitened stalks, with large yellow pumpkins peeping out among them.

"The pumpkins are ripe," said Rollo to himself. "I wish Jonas would let me go and gather them. I could wheel one in at a time, in my little wheelbarrow, I know."

He determined to go and ask Jonas; and, full of this idea, he ran off down stairs.

Jonas agreed to his proposal, and so Rollo went and got his wheelbarrow and went into the garden. He selected the largest yellow pumpkin that he could find, and cut it off where the stem joined the vine.

The curved stem served him for a handle, and by dint of great effort he succeeded in

getting it out into the alley, and then into his wheelbarrow.

He wheeled it along, quite proud of his load, and thinking how many pies such a great pumpkin would make. As he came along out of the garden, he concluded to wheel his load to Jonas, to show it to him, and ask him where to put it.

Just as he was coming out through the gate, he saw his mother standing at the door which opened upon the garden yard.

"What are you doing, Rollo?" said she.

"I am gathering the pumpkins," said he; "and, mother, I have been Jonas's scholar this forenoon."

His mother asked him what he meant by that; and Rollo explained to her how he had agreed to put himself under Jonas's directions, and that Jonas had made him work half of the forenoon, and study almost all the other half.

"What did you study?" said his mother.

"Oh, I cyphered," said Rollo. "I did six sums in multiplication."

Rollo explained then to his mother all about his bench and barrel-seat. His mother seemed quite pleased with this plan; and when Rollo told her that Jonas was going to

give him a ship in case he did not have a good time, she laughed, and told him she was afraid he would lose his ship.

Then Rollo wheeled his pumpkin along to Jonas, and, after asking him to see what a noble load he had brought, he wanted to know where he should put his pumpkins.

Jonas said he might put them in a certain corner of the garden yard, which he pointed out, where they could lay some days in the sun.

Rollo accordingly turned around with his load, and was trundling it away, when Jonas told him not to put any but ripe pumpkins there.

"And what shall I do with the green ones?"

"Oh, — I don't know," said Jonas, hesitating; "they a'n't worth much."

"A'n't they good for anything?"

"Only to give the pigs, and make jack-o'-lanterns of."

"Jack-o'-lanterns!" said Rollo; "what are jack-o'-lanterns?"

"Did you never see one?" said Jonas.

"No," said Rollo. "What is it?"

"Why, we take a pumpkin and dig it all out inside, and then cut eyes and nose and

mouth in it, and then put a candle in and carry it out in the dark, and it makes a great grinning face of fire."

"Oh, Jonas," said Rollo, "do make me one."

"Well, I will think of it," said Jonas. "You go and get in the ripe pumpkins, and if you find any green one, about as big as a man's head, which you think will make a good jack-o'-lantern, you can bring it here."

So Rollo went back, but he could not go on with his work until he had looked around and chosen his great green pumpkin. He wheeled it off to Jonas, and Jonas said that would do very well.

"You may either make it now," said Jonas, "or go and finish gathering the ripe pumpkins."

"Which would *you* do?" said Rollo.

"Why, I don't know. You have been at work and at study so much to-day, that I think you have fairly a right to play now. But then I think it very probable that you would take more pleasure and satisfaction in working upon your jack-o'-lantern if you should get in the ripe pumpkins first."

Rollo walked along slowly, trundling his wheelbarrow before him, towards the piazza,

considering whether he had better make his jack-o'-lantern then, or wait till he had finished his work. He concluded, on the whole, to take Jonas's advice; and so he went on wheeling the yellow pumpkins, one at a time, out of the garden, to the sunny corner of the yard. By keeping industriously at work, he accomplished the whole much sooner than he had expected; and when they were all out he counted them up, and found that there were twenty. He looked at them as they lay in the grass, turning up their fair yellow sides to the sun, with great satisfaction.

"Now for the jack-o'-lantern," said he; and he went to Jonas to ask how he should go to work.

"First, bring the pumpkin to me, and I will mark out his cap."

Rollo brought it, and Jonas, taking his knife out of his pocket, marked a circle around the top of it, just below and all around the stem.

"There," said he, "now go into the house and see if you can borrow a case knife and an old iron spoon. Then with the knife you must cut in deep, all around where I have marked, and then the cap will come off if you

pull by the handle. Then you must dig it all out inside, until the shell is only as thick as your hand."

Rollo was starting off to get the knife and spoon, when Jonas called him back and said,

"But where are you going to do it?"

"Oh, there by the kitchen door," said he.

"Yes," said Jonas, "and so you'll lose jack-o'-lantern and all."

"How?" said Rollo.

"Why, the way that I have known many a good jack-o'-lantern to be lost."

"How do you mean?" said Rollo.

"Why, you will make a great litter of pumpkin cuttings and seeds all about the door, and then your mother will come out and say she can't have such a dirty piece of work going on right in the doorway, and will tell you to carry it and throw it all into the pig-pen."

"My mother wouldn't, I know."

"Then it is because she is more good-natured than most mothers. You had better not tempt her."

"Well, what shall I do?" said Rollo.

"Why, bring it out here," said Jonas, "away from the house, and get some old pail to put the cuttings in, and also go and

get an apron to put on to keep your clothes clean."

Rollo saw at once that this was good sense, and he did as Jonas had advised. But just as he got all ready to commence his operations, the bell rang for dinner.

Rollo was astonished to find that it was dinner-time, and he had actually forgotten to go in after any luncheon. He took off his apron again, however, and went in, thinking as he went that it would be a fine plan to keep his jack-o'-lantern a secret, and then in the evening surprise his father and mother with a sight of it out of the front windows.

After dinner Rollo rigged himself again for his work, and taking his seat by the wood-pile, he began to dig out his jack-o'-lantern with his knife and spoon. He worked away upon it some time, but he made rather slow progress, for the inside was pretty hard. After some time he wondered why Jonas did not come and saw some more wood. But Jonas was not going to saw any more wood that day. He was in the garden.

After a time Rollo got his work nearly done, but before he got it quite completed he became tired, and concluded to leave it a little while and go and look for Jonas.

He accordingly laid his pumpkin down upon a log, with the knife and spoon by its side, and then rose and began to look about after Jonas. In a moment he saw, over the top of the garden fence, a motion among the stalks of corn.

"Ah," said he, "I know. Jonas is getting in the cornstalks."

And off Rollo ran into the garden, to help him.

He saw the great wheelbarrow in the alley. The sides had been taken out, and it was half filled with long cornstalks laid across it. Jonas was bringing more in his arms, from time to time, as he cut them down from the hills.

"Jonas," said Rollo, as he came up, "may I help?"

"Yes," said Jonas.

"Well, I will go and get my little wheelbarrow."

So off Rollo ran, in pursuit of his wheelbarrow, and in a few minutes came back trundling it before him.

But the sides of Rollo's wheelbarrow would not come out, and the stalks were too long to be put in lengthwise; so he asked Jonas what he should do.

"Why, I think," said Jonas, "that you had better get in the pumpkin vines; for those you can crowd down into your wheelbarrow, any way."

"But there are some green pumpkins left on," said Rollo; "what shall I do with those?"

"Oh, you can put those out in the alley in a pile, and by and by, I will take them away."

Rollo liked this plan. He pulled off all the green pumpkins, and carried them out by their handles to the alley, where he laid them in a row, upon one side, so as not to prevent the wheelbarrow's going by. He brought them out pretty easily, for most of them were small and light.

Then he went to work at the vines. He pulled them up by the roots and dragged them along, and crowded them down compactly into his wheelbarrow; Jonas being busy all the time cutting down his cornstalks.

Presently Rollo wanted Jonas to tell him a story, while they were working together.

"Why, I don't know," said Jonas, "I can't think of any story very well, just now, but I can give you some advice."

"Very well," said Rollo; "give me some advice."

"I will tell you my old schoolmaster's six rules."

"Your old schoolmaster!" said Rollo "who was he?"

"Oh, he was an old man that I used to go to school to. He hadn't any hair — he was bald; and so he wore a black woollen cap."

Rollo laughed at this, outright.

"Why, what a funny man," said he.

Jonas smiled a little, though he did not seem to think there was anything so very droll in wearing a black cap.

"And he had six rules, did he?" said Rollo.

"Yes; three for play and three for study. The first rule for study was this:

'What's once begun,
Must always be done.'

"You see, when I went to his school," continued Jonas, "a new scholar came one day, and he had a seat pretty near me, and the master wanted him to copy a hymn for a specimen of his writing. The boy took out a piece of paper, and began and wrote the title of his hymn; but his pen was not good, and so he went and got his pen mended, and

put that piece of paper away and took another, and began again.

“He wrote the title and the first line, and then, instead of the second, he began to write the third, by mistake, and did not perceive it until he had got half through the wrong line. When he found it out he looked very much vexed, and pushed the paper away, and took another, and began once more.

“This time he had not got more than half of the title written before he found the ink was out of his pen, and then he dipped it into his inkstand for some more. But he dipped it in too deep, and, just as he had got the pen over the paper, down fell a great drop of ink, just where he was going to write the rest of the title.

“The boy looked completely in despair at this, and declared, in a whisper, that he would not try again—— But why don't you go on with your work; Rollo?” said Jonas, interrupting his story.

For Rollo had become so much interested in the story, that he had stopped before Jonas, with one end of a long vine in his hand, the other trailing along upon the ground, and there he stood.

"Can't you hear and work too?" said Jonas.

"Why, yes," said Rollo; and he dragged the vine along.

Then Jonas resumed his story.

"The boy waited some time, with his elbows on his desk, looking around the school-room, and at last seemed to get over his vexation a little, and determined to try once more. So he laid the blotted piece away, with the others which he had spoiled, and took out a fresh piece of paper, which was the last he had, and began once more. Just as he had written the first word, the master came to see how he got along.

"What, only one word yet!" said the master. "What have you been doing all this time?"

"Oh, I began once or twice before, and spoiled them," said the boy.

"Let me see," said the master.

"So he looked at the papers that had the mistakes and blots upon them.

"This won't do," said he. "It's contrary to my rule. My rule is,

What's once begun
Must always be done.

"You must take the first one and finish

that. You never ought to throw away your work and begin again.'

"'Why, my pen was not good,' said the boy.

"'No matter for that; you must not throw away work once begun. When you once begin anything, you must always go right through it; or else you will get in the habit of being discouraged and vexed at every little failure, and your whole life will be filled up with unfinished undertakings.'

"So he made him finish his first hymn that day; and he carried the others away, and made him finish one each day for his writing lesson until they were all done."

Jonas paused when he had ended his story, and Rollo presently said that he had very often spoiled *his* writings and began over again.

"Well, I would not do so any more," said Jonas, "for I believe it is a bad plan. I have tried the plan of finishing things when I once begin them, and I believe my old master was right."

The boys were then still a few minutes. Rollo was thinking of the story; and presently he asked Jonas for another rule. "You said he had six of them."

"Yes," said Jonas; "three for study and three for play."

"Tell me one of his rules for play next," said Rollo.

"Well," said Jonas. "One was this:

'When you've done your play,
Put your things away.'

Rollo laughed at hearing this rule, and asked Jonas if all his old master's rules were in poetry.

"You will hear by and by, as I tell them to you," said Jonas.

"I think that is an excellent rule," said Rollo; "for boys very often lose their playthings by leaving them about, when they have done playing."

"Yes," said Jonas; "so our master said. He had places for all our playthings, out in the entry, and always made us put them there. He told us a story, one day, of a boy that used to make a great deal of trouble at home, by leaving his playthings all about the house and yard. One afternoon he began to cut paper in the parlor, and he had just got the floor covered with images, and little boats, and paper cuttings, when he heard the voice of another boy out in the yard, who had come to play with him. So he threw down

the scissors and ran off, leaving the parlor in complete confusion.

"Then he and the other boy sat down upon the front steps, and took out their knives and began to make whistles out of some willow shoots which the boy had brought. Thus they covered the steps with litter, and then they laid down their knives and began walking about the yard, whistling. Thus they strayed away and left their knives, and all their sticks and cuttings, upon the steps, and then concluded to go out into a field close by and build a fire of shavings. They carried out the shavings in a small wheelbarrow, and one boy went in and got a lantern, while the other got a watering-pot to use for a fire engine; for they were going to play that the fire was a house on fire, and they were going to put it out with the fire engine. They played at this a little while, and, at length, when they got tired, they went away, leaving the lantern, the wheelbarrow, and the watering-pot around there on the grass."

"Oh, what boys," said Rollo. "I never leave my playthings about so."

"Not generally," said Jonas; "but you leave them sometimes."

"No I don't," said Rollo, "ever."

"Why, there is your jack-o'-lantern," said Jonas; "have you carried that in?"

"No," said Rollo; "but that is not finished yet."

"Then you have broken both of my old master's rules. You have abandoned your work unfinished, and have left your play-things out instead of bringing them in."

"Oh, but he did not mean," said Rollo, "that we must finish our work the very time we begin it; we can't always do that."

"No," said Jonas; "but he *did* mean that you must not leave it just because you are tired of it, when you have got it almost done, and go away to play something else."

"Well," said Rollo, "I will go pretty soon and finish digging out my jack-o'-lantern."

"You had better go now," said Jonas.

"No," said Rollo. "I want to get in these vines first."

"Very well," said Jonas; "just as you please. But my wheelbarrow is full now; I am going along with it to the barn, and I will be back in a few minutes."

"Mine is almost full too," said Rollo, "and I believe I will go along with you."

So saying, he wheeled his barrow along, following Jonas, who went up the alley till

he came to the garden gate. They passed through the gate to the garden yard, and thence out into the large yard, where Jonas had been sawing the wood.

"Rollo!—Rollo!—see there!" exclaimed Jonas, as soon as they came in sight of the place.

Rollo looked up and saw a great red cow, that had strayed in from the street, eating up his jack-o'-lantern. He dropped his wheelbarrow, seized a stick, and ran after her, shouting out, "Whew there!—whew! Hurrup! Whew there! Whew!" as loud and fiercely as he could.

The cow seized another large mouthful, and, vexed at being interrupted at so pleasant an employment, ran off, shaking her horns and brandishing her tail. Rollo pursued her with all his speed; but she escaped out at the great gate, and at length stopped across the road, and finished eating her mouthful, with an attitude and look of the utmost tranquillity.

"The ugly old cow," said Rollo, taking up the remains of his jack-o'-lantern. "Now my jack-o'-lantern is all spoilt. I'll get some stones and stone her"; and he began to look about eagerly for stones.



"THE UGLY OLD COW," SAID ROLLO.—Page 82.

"Stone who?" said Jonas, coolly; —
"the cow?"

"Yes," said Rollo; "that ugly old cow."

"Why, what is she to blame for?" said Jonas.

"To blame!" said Rollo. "Why, she has been eating up my jack-o'-lantern."

"Yes; but do you suppose she knew it was your jack-o'-lantern?"

"I don't know," said Rollo.

"I don't think she knew she was doing any harm," said Jonas. "Look at her and see how innocent she looks."

Rollo turned towards the cow. She stood across the road, quiet and still, chewing her cud and looking into vacancy. She did look very innocent indeed.

"I don't think the *cow* is to blame," said Jonas; but I can tell you who was."

"Who?" said Rollo.

"Somebody that let her get at your jack-o'-lantern. If you stone anybody, you had better stone him, if you can catch him."

"Who was it?" said Rollo.

"The boy that left the jack-o'-lantern on the log."

Jonas had kept very sober thus far, but now he burst into a laugh; and Rollo, per-

ceiving that he was laughing at him, turned away in great trouble.

Jonas, however, did not wish to tease him; and so he told him not to mind the loss of his jack-o'-lantern, for he would make him a better one that evening. He said, also, that as he had done the poor innocent cow some injustice by his harsh accusations, perhaps he had better go and let her finish the jack-o'-lantern now she had begun it.

"And Rollo," said he, "I think, if my old master had known of this case, he would have made a good story out of it to illustrate his rule about putting playthings away."

Rollo stood still a moment, thinking, and then he went out to the road to carry the remains of his jack-o'-lantern to the cow. He stood at the gate and tossed it out to her. She came half across the road to eat it, with a countenance expressive of great unconcern. In fact, she received his favors as coolly as she had borne his reproofs.

JULIUS AGAIN.

A SHORT time after this, Jonas told Rollo that it was time for him to go after the cows, and he might do just as he pleased about going with him. Rollo said he should like to go, and Jonas recommended that he should first go and ask his mother if she was willing.

They walked along together through the green lane which has often been mentioned in these stories, Rollo flourishing the whip which he had got from its nail just before Jonas set out.

From the end of the green lane the boys entered the woods by a sort of cow path, which they followed along, until they came to the great brook where Rollo used to sail on his raft in old times. This brook was much larger than the one behind the house where Henry lived. It was pretty deep too, especially in some places; and Rollo's parents were unwilling to have him come to it alone.

"Jonas," said Rollo, as soon as they came pretty near to the brook, "wasn't it somewhere here that I built my wigwam?"

"Yes," said Jonas; "it was over there by that oak tree."

"Did you ever see an Indian, Jonas — a real Indian?"

"Yes," said Jonas; "I saw one once."

"Where was he?" said Rollo.

"Oh, he was walking along in the streets of the town I lived in."

"What did he come there for?"

"He wanted to sell his baskets."

There was a log bridge across the brook, and Rollo and Jonas crossed over.

"Jonas," said Rollo, "don't you wish you were an Indian?"

"No," said Jonas, very quietly.

"I wish I was an Indian," said Rollo.

Jonas asked him why.

"Oh, I should live in a wigwam, and play in the woods all the time."

"You would have to give up all your story-books."

"Why?" said Rollo. "Don't Indians have story-books?"

"No," replied Jonas, "they can't make them; and if they should make them, they could not read them."

"Can't Indians read?" said Rollo.

"No."

"Why not?"

"They have no schools and nobody to teach them. If you lived in a wigwam and played in the woods all day, how could you expect to learn?"

"Besides," continued Jonas, "Indians are poor, ignorant creatures, and have no time to read."

"But they have as much time," said Rollo, "as other people."

"No," said Jonas; "they have to work hard all day, making baskets and moccasins, to get enough to eat."

"Do they have to work longer than other people?"

"Yes, because they are so ignorant. The more ignorant people are, the harder they have to work for a living."

"Do they?" said Rollo.

"Yes, to be sure," said Jonas. "A wood-cutter, who only knows how to cut wood, has to work harder than a carpenter, who knows how to build houses."

"Why, when the carpenter works at our house, he works all day."

"Then he gets better pay, and that comes to the same thing."

The boys then walked along silently a few

minutes, Rollo snapping off the tops of the bushes with his whip.

"I don't think doctors have to work very hard," said Rollo. "I should like to be a doctor, and get all my money just for riding about."

"That's because they know so much," said Jonas. "They know all about sickness and medicines, and when anybody is sick they know what will cure them; and it all shows what I said, that the more a man knows, the easier he gets his living. And so I mean to learn all I can."

"Is that the reason why my father makes me learn?" said Rollo.

"I think it probable," said Jonas.

"I mean to ask him," said Rollo.

The boys now drew near to the pasture, or rather to the open grass ground, beyond the woods, where the cows were usually found. There were two of them, and one had a bell fastened to her neck by a leather strap.

Jonas listened, trying to hear the bell.

"Hark! Rollo," said he.

But no bell was to be heard.

"There she is, Jonas," said Rollo, pointing down into a valley, to a little clump of bushes.

Jonas looked and saw that the bushes were in motion, as if a cow or something else was behind them. The boys ran down the hill, and, just before they reached the spot, a boy, considerably larger than Rollo, but smaller than Jonas, made his appearance. Jonas and Rollo stopped.

In a minute or two another and much smaller boy appeared from among the bushes. He had a handkerchief tied round his head, his cap being crowded down over it.

At first Rollo did not know him, but in a moment he saw that it was Julius.

"Why, Julius," said Rollo, "is that you? What is the matter with your head?"

Julius turned away, looking rather ashamed, but did not answer.

"He got a black eye training day," said the other boy, laughing.

Rollo pitied Julius, and began to ask him about it; but he seemed very little inclined to say anything about his misfortunes. He had, in fact, brought them upon himself, and consequently felt guilty and ashamed.

"Do you think you shall be well enough to come to school when the vacation is over?" said Rollo, in a sympathizing tone.

"I hope not," said Julius. "I hate school."

"Why, if you don't go to school," said Rollo, "you can't learn anything."

"I don't care," said Julius; "I don't want to learn."

"Then you'll have to do hard work all day for a living," said Rollo, "as long as you live."

Julius heard this speech with his usual sullen look; but the other boy burst into a loud fit of laughter, and, turning round, began to walk away. Rollo looked at him with surprise, wondering what he was laughing at, and said,

"You need not laugh, for he will, won't he, Jonas?"

Jonas did not answer, and Julius and his companion walked away.

The boys then went on after their cows, through grove and glen. At last Jonas heard a distant tinkling, and, following the sound, they at length came in sight of the cows, browsing just at the edge of a thin copse of trees.

They drove them along, Jonas and Rollo following. The cows knew the way home, and went on very regularly and quietly, the boys walking on behind, talking on various subjects. At length the cows went into the

barn-yard, and Jonas secured them there by putting up the bars. Rollo went in to his supper.

The table was set, but supper appeared to be not quite ready. Rollo saw that his father was sitting in an arm-chair in the front entry, looking out at the setting sun, which was then just going down behind the western hills. Rollo ran and got his little chair, and came and sat down by his side, looking up, at the same time, into his father's face with a smile.

"Well, Rollo," said his father, putting his hand upon his head, "you have been very still this last hour."

"Oh, father," said Rollo, "I have been away with Jonas, after the cows."

"Ah, have you?" said his father. "Well, did you have a good walk?"

"Yes, sir; and, father, Jonas says that the more anybody knows, the more money he can earn. Is that true?"

"Why, yes," said his father, "in the general."

"What do you mean by '*in the general*'?"

"Why, that it is very often so, but not always. For example, suppose there was a tract of land to be surveyed, or a new road to

he laid out; we should have to hire several men; for instance, a surveyor, a chain-man, and a laborer. The surveyor must have a good deal of knowledge. He must have studied mathematics, so as to know how to calculate, and he must be acquainted with books of surveying, and with the compass and the theodolite."

"What is a theodolite?" said Rollo.

"Oh, it is a very curious instrument, made of bright brass; and it stands on three legs. The surveyor takes it out into a field, and measures by it."

"But I don't see why he need have any theodolite," said Rollo. "Why can't he measure right along on the ground, with a pole, as you do in the garden?"

"Why, suppose there was a high mountain, all covered with rocks and precipices; do you think he could find out how high it is by measuring along with a pole?"

"Why, no," said Rollo. "Could he do it with a theodolite?"

"Yes," said his father, "with a theodolite, and some calculation afterwards."

"But, then, there might not be any mountain in the way of the road," said Rollo.

"No; but then there is some measuring to

be done like that, though not always for mountains; and a surveyor, if he did not have a theodolite, must at least have some similar instruments. So that you see the surveyor must know a great deal more than it is necessary for the chain-man to know."

"What does the chain-man do?"

"Why, when they measure along the side of a field, they have a chain to measure with, and one man takes hold of one end, and another man takes hold of the other end. Now it requires some care and skill to measure correctly with a chain, for a long distance, on smooth ground and rough, up hill and down. So the chain-man, who has the forward end of the chain, must be an intelligent, careful, and active-minded man. It is not necessary for him to know as much as the surveyor does, but he must know more than the laborer."

"Why, what does the laborer do?" said Rollo.

"Why, he comes along with the end of the chain, and puts it exactly where the chain-man has made the mark. Then he makes the stakes, and drives them down; and he cuts down bushes, and carries the instruments, and does all such things. In fact, he

has harder work than any of the others, but he does not have nearly as much pay."

"How much pay does he have?"

"Oh, about a dollar a day."

"And how much does the chain-man have?"

"About two dollars."

"And the surveyor?"

"A good surveyor has five dollars."

"Then I should rather be the surveyor," said Rollo.

"Yes," said his father; "his place is most desirable on several accounts."

"What accounts?" said Rollo.

"Why, first," replied his father, "his work is not so hard. He only has to adjust the instrument and make the observations, and put down his notes and memoranda, and make his calculations. All that is a great deal easier, if a man really understands it, than making and driving stakes, and cutting down bushes, and carrying the chain over rough ground, and up and down steep hills, and across bogs and morasses."

"But, father," said Rollo, "I think it is easy to drive stakes."

"Yes, such little stakes as you drive, and only for a few minute; but to follow such

work all day long, steadily, and for many days in succession, is hard. And then the surveyor's employment is better on another account; his work is more pleasant in itself than a laborer's."

"Why?" said Rollo.

"Oh, there is a kind of interest and satisfaction in knowledge, and in doing things that require knowledge and skill. When a surveyor gets a new and more accurate instrument, he is very much interested in looking at it, and in understanding the principles on which it is made, and in trying it."

"So I should think the other man would," said Rollo, "when he gets a new axe."

"He does in a degree. But the more complicated and valuable the instrument, and the higher the knowledge and skill required for the use of it, the greater is the pleasure it affords. Then, besides all this, he has better pay; and so he can live in a more comfortable house, and educate his children better, and have more books to read, and travel more. And just so it is in all branches of business. Those who have the most extensive knowledge, have, generally, the lightest work, and yet the best pay.

"Then, father," said Rollo, "I should think that everybody would want to learn."

"Almost all people do wish they knew more, when they have grown up. But then it is too late to learn; they have not time nor opportunities."

"But they might learn when they were children."

"Why, some children are too poor. Their parents cannot send them to school. Or if they do send them, when they are very young, to schools where they learn just to read and write and cypher, they cannot afford afterwards to send them to higher seminaries, where they would study higher branches of knowledge. As soon as they get big enough, they want them to work. Then there are a great many other boys that don't like to study, and their fathers have not decision and energy enough to make them. They let them have their own way, and so they grow up idle and ignorant, and finally sink to low places and employments in future life."

At this time, it happened that a man came walking along the street, dressed in poor clothes, and looking very anxious and cross. As Rollo sat near the door he saw him coming along towards the house. Rollo asked

his father if he knew who it was ; but before he could receive any answer, the man came up to the gate, before the door, and said,

"How do you do, sir? I came to see if my Julius had been here this afternoon."

"Julius? I don't know," replied Rollo's father; and then, turning to Rollo, he said, "Have you seen anything of him, Rollo?"

"Yes, sir," said Rollo. "I saw him up in the pasture."

"When?" asked the man, angrily.

"Oh, a little while ago, when I went up with Jonas after the cows. He and another boy were there together."

"What boy was it?" said the man, in the same sharp and angry tone.

"I don't know who it was," said Rollo.

The man paused, turned round, took off his hat and rubbed his forehead, which was wrinkled with care. In a moment he turned suddenly round to Rollo, saying,

"And what was he doing up there, I should like to know?"

"I don't know," said Rollo.

"Robbing birds' nests, I'll warrant," said the man; who, as Rollo by this time supposed, was Julius's father. "I set him at work, and he ran off and has been gone all

the afternoon. When I catch him, I'll whip him as long as he can stand."

So saying, the man shook his head in a threatening manner, and walked away.

"What a boy," thought Rollo, after he had gone.

"What a man," thought Rollo's father.

In the mean time, Julius had gone slowly down from the pasture into the village, and, turning into a narrow street, came to a small house near a carpenter's shop, which was his home. When he went in, his mother told him how angry his father had been with him for going off and leaving his work, and that he had gone in pursuit of him. Julius did not answer, but sat down to eat his supper, which consisted of bread and milk. When he had got nearly to the bottom of his bowl, his mother observed that he suddenly started up and ran out at the back door. She knew at once that it was because he saw his father coming; and she looked out of the window, near which he had been sitting, and she saw that he was coming along the road. Julius did not come in again for some time; but at last, after it was dark, he crept slyly in and went to bed. He thought if he could escape

that night, he should not be punished the next morning; for his father was not faithful in fulfilling either his promises or his threatenings. And this was, in fact, one cause of Julius's bad character.

In the mean time, while Julius was lurking about the house, watching for an opportunity to steal into bed, Rollo sat down to a good supper with his father and mother.

"Well, Rollo," said his mother, "you have had another day of vacation."

"Yes, mother; and I have had a capital time. I have been at work with Jonas."

"What have you been doing?"

"Oh, I have been getting in the pumpkins and the pumpkin vines; and then I studied some time this forenoon. Just before tea, I went with Jonas up into the pasture."

"That is where you saw Julius," said his father. "What sort of a boy is he, Rollo?"

"Oh, I don't think he is a very good boy," said Rollo. "He troubles Miss Mary, and he does not learn much. I told him, up in the pasture, he would have to work very hard when he grew up, and he only laughed at me."

"Such boys do not look forward very much," said his father.

"There!" said Rollo, suddenly recollecting himself; "Jonas promised to make me a ship this evening. I must go and ask him."

"Did he," said Rollo's mother, "unconditionally?"

"What do you mean by *unconditionally*?"

"Why, did he promise positively? or was there some condition?"

"Oh, he said he would make me a ship if I did not have a good time."

"And haven't you had a good time?"

"Why — I don't know, — yes, I have had a pretty good time."

"You told me you had had a capital time," said his father. "Now you must be honest. Don't deny the truth for the sake of a ship."

Rollo looked as if he was very sorry that he had had a good time. However, he concluded to go out and see Jonas. He found him just shutting up the barn.

"Jonas," said Rollo, "now can you make my ship?"

"Why, did I promise you a ship?"

"Yes; didn't you?"

"Was not there some condition about it?"

"Yes," said Rollo, rather reluctantly.

"You said you would make me one if I did not have a good time."

"And haven't you had a good time?"

"Why, yes," said Rollo; "but then I want you to make me a ship very much."

"Ah ha!" said Jonas, laughing; "I thought that would be the way. Well, I think I will make you a ship."

As he said this, he was just fastening up the great barn door; but he opened it again and went in, and began to look around among some blocks of wood, of various sizes, under the workbench, for suitable ship-timber. At length he found a piece, about six inches long, and two in breadth and thickness. It was almost dark, but still he put it upon the bench and planed it smooth. He then took down a chisel and two gouges of different sizes, and then he and Rollo went in. He told Rollo that he had not had his supper yet, but that if Rollo would come out after his supper, he would begin his ship that evening.

SHIP-BUILDING.

JONAS had a little bench at which he used to work, at the kitchen fire, in the long winter evenings. He took the idea of its construction from the form of a shoemaker's bench, which has, as I suppose all children know, a seat at one end, and a place for tools at the other. Jonas called it his "*gundalow*," for what reason it would be difficult to say.

It was, however, a very convenient thing, though it had rather a barbarous name. As he sat upon the seat, all the little tools which he wanted to use for such evening work were at his side. There were files, and a little saw, and compasses, and sand-paper, and a little glue-pot, and nails and brads, and a small hammer. Then underneath were one or two drawers, in which Jonas could put away his tools when he had done his work. The whole establishment was not very heavy. He could take it up easily when he had done, and carry it out into the back room, to a corner, where it stood safe and out of the way when it was not in use.

It was dark enough to light candles about seven o'clock that evening; and at that time Rollo and Jonas came in from the back room, Rollo having hold of one end, and Jonas the other, of the "*gundalow*." They placed it by the chimney corner, and Jonas took his place at the seat, while Rollo went and brought his cricket, and sat down by his side.

"Now," said Jonas, as he took out his tools and the block of wood, "I ought to have a vice."

"A vice?" said Rollo. "What is that?"

"Oh, it is a kind of thing to gripe a piece of wood or iron, and hold it fast, while you work upon it."

"Oh, I can hold the ship for you," said Rollo.

"You can't hold it strong enough. I want to hollow it out by driving a chisel into it."

"Would a vice hold it tight enough?"

"Yes; it screws up perfectly tight, and would hold it firm and solid. But my anvil will do."

So Jonas went out into the back room again, and brought in what he called his *anvil*. It was a pretty heavy block of wood, solid and square, which he had to pound

upon. He had several ways of using it. One was to place it across his knees, as he sat upon his seat. Another was to rest one end upon the hearth before him, the other coming up between his knees, and he could pound upon that. Then, again, he used sometimes to put it at his side, upon a part of the bench where he had reserved just room for it. In either of these cases it answered a fine purpose whenever he had any hammering to do, such as nailing together small work, chiselling holes in wood, or cracking nuts.

"What do you have such a great, heavy anvil for?" said Rollo, as Jonas came in, bringing his block.

"Oh, it must be solid and heavy," said Jonas, "or else I could not hammer upon it well. It would shake and spring."

Jonas then fixed his anvil before him upon the hearth, with the end up, and he placed the little block of ship-timber upon it. Rollo then held the little block steady by taking hold of the two ends, and then Jonas began hollowing out the ship by his chisel, driving it in with a small mallet, which he took out from one of the drawers of the "gundalow."

He began at one end and proceeded regu-

larly to the other, taking care not to go very near a mark which he had made first, all around the upper side of the block, in the shape of the cavity which he was going to make. The bows of the ship were, of course, to be rounded both inside and out; and this he did in the inside by the gouges, when he had chiselled it out nearly to the proper shape.

"Why do you dig out the inside before you shape the outside, Jonas?" asked Rollo, after the process had gone on for some time.

"Oh, because if I should shape the outside first, it would not stand steady while I chisel it out."

"Do men do so with great ships?"

"Oh, no," said Jonas; "they do not hollow out great ships at all; they make them of timbers and planks."

"How can they make them so?" said Rollo.

"Why, first they lay down a long timber for a keel, and then they frame upright pieces, swelling out each side like ribs; and then they put on the planks."

"But, Jonas, how do they keep the water out while they are building it?"

Perhaps some children, who live in sea-

ports, may wonder at Rollo's ignorance of ship-building, as shown by this question. But he was a little boy still; and then, though he lived not very far from a sea-port, he had very seldom seen any ships, and had never seen one built or launched.

Jonas smiled at this question, and said, in reply,

"Why, Rollo, they don't build them in the water."

"How do they build them then?"

"On the shore, close to the water; and then, when they are all finished, they *launch* them."

"How do they launch them?" said Rollo.

"They have a frame of timbers, slanting down from the ship into the water, and then, when they are all ready, they knock away the after-block and let her slide off into the water."

Jonas gave Rollo some farther information about ships, which interested him very much. While they were talking in this way, it suddenly occurred to Rollo that it would be a good plan to go and get some apples to roast, while Jonas was working upon the ship.

He accordingly, after obtaining leave from his mother, got the girl, who was then just

finishing the putting away of the supper things, to give him a light and a plate, and he went down cellar to find some apples. There was a closet in the cellar with large shelves in it, each of which had an upright board at the edge, which, with the shelf, formed a sort of bin. These were filled with apples of various sizes and colors; and Rollo selected from them a platefull of such as he supposed would be best to roast. These he brought up stairs, and placed them in a semi-circle, between the andirons, before the fire.

The name of the girl that lived at Rollo's father's at this time was Dorothy. She finished her work, set back her table, having brushed up the hearth before Rollo put his apples down, and then brought out her lightstand before the other corner of the fire, and sat down to her knitting. Rollo, who was always kind and attentive both to Jonas and Dorothy, asked her if she did not want a light.

"No," said Dorothy. "I am only knitting."

"What have you got the lightstand out for then?" said Rollo.

"Oh, this is my little work-table," said

she, "and I like to have it out. It is a kind of company for me."

There was no place for a light upon Jonas's bench, but he had no difficulty on this account. The lamp he used was put into an iron candlestick, which had a sort of hook-like projection on one side, near the top, which answered to hang it up by, upon a nail in the chimney-piece, at his side. The fire also, though small, for it was not at a cold season of the year, blazed cheerfully, and diffused a very pleasant light over the white floor and throughout the room.

"Jonas," said Rollo, at length after a pause, could I have a launching for my ship?"

"Yes, I don't know but you can."

"How can I do it?"

Jonas tried to think of some way, but at last he said he did not think that so small a ship could be launched very well. He thought that Rollo must be contented with sailing it.

Then there was another pause for a few minutes, during which Jonas finished scooping out the inside of the vessel and smoothing it completely. He took great pains to have

the opposite sides exactly alike, and to make the curve at the bows smooth and regular.

After having thus finished the inside, he put the anvil away, and, taking out a sharp knife from the drawer, began to fashion the outside. He marked out the keel, and then proceeded to cut away the wood carefully on each side of it, when Rollo suddenly said,

"Oh, Jonas, why can't you tell me now about the rest of your old master's rules?"

"Didn't I tell you all?" asked Jonas.

"No," replied Rollo. "You said there were six, and you did not tell me but two."

"I can't tell you the rest now very well," said Jonas.

As he said this he held his ship out before him, looking at it attentively in different directions.

"Then tell me a story," said Rollo.

Jonas did not answer. He seemed to be planning something about the form of his ship.

"Jonas," repeated Rollo, "I wish you would tell me a story, while you are at work, and our apples are roasting."

"Why, no," said Jonas; "to tell the truth, I can't do two things at a time very well; that is, I can't tell stories while I am planning a ship."

"Do you have to plan much?" asked Rollo.

"Why no, not a great deal, but still, every minute or two I have something to do, enough to prevent my getting along very well with a story. But there's Dorothy; she will tell you a story, I dare say. She can tell beautiful stories."

"Well," said Rollo, looking round. "Will you, Dorothy?"

"Oh, I don't know any stories," said Dorothy.

"Oh yes, you can think of some," said Rollo, going towards her. "Come, do," he continued, leaning upon her lap and looking up into her face, "and then I will give you one of my apples when they are roasted."

"That is a fair offer," said Dorothy, "at any rate; but let me see, can't I make a better bargain?"

"I'll tell you what," she continued, "Jonas, how much longer are you going to work on the ship to-night?"

Jonas looked at it, thought a moment, and then said, "Perhaps an hour."

"Well, then, Rollo, if you will go and get some interesting book and read to me half an

hour, then I will tell you a story for the other half."

"It is a bargain," said Rollo. "I'll do it. What book shall I take?"

Dorothy said she would leave it to him to choose the book.

"Well," said Rollo, "I will get my safety lamp."

Now Rollo's safety lamp was a small lamp, with a handle at the side, and a glass chimney to go over and around the flame. It was not like a chimney in form, but they called it a chimney, because the hot air and vapors from the flame passed up through it, like smoke from a fire up a common chimney. This glass fitted to a little brass circle about the wick of the lamp, and was fastened to its place by a little screw, called the tightening screw.

The reason why Rollo had such a lamp as this, was, that it was often convenient for his father and mother to send him up stairs, or about the house, in the evening, and it would not do for him to take a common lamp for fear of his setting something on fire. His father thought that if he had a lamp which would be safe for him to carry, he could go of errands quite often for them, and thus save

them trouble, enough to repay him for the cost of the lamp.

So he bought him this lamp, and when he brought it home Dorothy found him a place to keep it in, on a low shelf in a little closet, by the side of the kitchen fire, where he could reach it at any time.

He then made a number of long and very slender lamp-lighters to keep with it, so that he could have one always ready when he wanted to light his lamp. He made them of narrow strips of paper, folded up in a long and slender form. Jonas showed him how to make them.

So Rollo opened the cupboard door and took out his safety lamp, and a match or lamp-lighter. It was the only lamp-lighter there was left. Rollo brought both to Dorothy's lightstand, unscrewed the tightening screw, and then went and lighted his match at Jonas's lamp.

"I must make some more lamp-lighters," said Rollo.

"Yes, you can make them while I am telling you your story," said Dorothy.

"So I can," replied Rollo.

So saying, he took his lamp up by the han-

dle and went up the kitchen stairs, to get a book out of his little book-shelves.

His books were all well arranged and in good order, for his mother was very strict in requiring him always to put away his books carefully whenever he had done with them.

When Rollo opened his chamber door, he saw a bright light shining upon the floor. It was the moon shining in at the window. He looked out and saw the yard, and the garden, and the trees of the wood beyond, all looking bright and distinct on all the sides that were turned towards the moon, and throwing broad black shadows along the ground upon the other side. Many of the trees in the woods beyond the garden had assumed their gay autumnal colors, — brown, orange, and red, intermingled with the dark green. Rollo thought they looked very beautiful. In the yard, too, just under the window, he saw the yellow cheeks of his pumpkins, looking almost as bright as they did by day. He saw nothing in motion except the cat; she was walking softly and slowly across an alley in the garden.

Rollo looked out the window some time, and then said to himself,

“The moon is ripening our pumpkins.”

Then, in a moment after,

"I wonder if the moonlight is pretty warm."

So saying, he set down his lamp upon a table, and kneeled down and spread out both his hands upon the bright image of the window which was projected upon the floor. The palms of his hands were down, and thus the moonlight shone directly upon the backs of them. He held them so for some seconds, and at length said,

"Why, the moonlight is not warm at all!"

He then happened to think that the experiment would be a fairer one if he should put one hand in the moonlight and the other by the side of it upon a part of the floor where the moon did not shine.

He accordingly fixed his hands in this way, and then shut up his eyes, in order to *think* better which was the warmest.

In the mean time, while Rollo was thus employed, Dorothy began to wonder why he did not come back.

"What do you suppose has become of Rollo?" at length she said, to Jonas.

"I don't know," said Jonas. "He must come down pretty soon, or his apples will burn."

"What do you suppose makes him gone so long?" said Dorothy.

"Oh, I don't know," said Jonas. "He has got engaged in reading some book, I suppose; and there he'll sit and read half an hour, likely as not. That is the way with children when they get to looking over books."

"I mean to creep up stairs softly and see what he is doing," said Dorothy.

So Dorothy rose from her seat, and, carrying her knitting work in her hand, stole softly up stairs. When she came near the door of the room where Rollo was, which was partly open, she walked very softly indeed, and peeped in; and there, to her utter astonishment, she saw him fixed motionless on his hands and knees, with his eyes shut.

"Why, Rollo," said she, "what *are* you doing?"

Rollo started, opened his eyes, scrambled up, looking half inclined to laugh and half inclined to be ashamed, and said,

"Oh, I forgot my book!"

And he took up his light and went to work immediately, looking over his library.

"But, Rollo," said Dorothy, "what could you be doing on the floor?"

"Oh," said he, "I was only seeing how warm the moon was."

Dorothy could not help laughing at this idea, but she went in, and helped Rollo choose a book. They then went together down to the kitchen again.

"Well, Jonas," said Rollo, "how do you get along?"

"Pretty well," said Jonas; "but you had better turn your apples."

Rollo looked at his apples, and found that they were done half through. The skin of some of them was scorched, and the pulp of others had protruded, and lay in rounded heaps, piled up against the sides of the apples which were towards the fire.

"Jonas," said Rollo, "what makes my apples run over so?"

"Run over? they don't run over," said Jonas; "they run out."

"Well, what makes them run out?"

"Why, when you put the apples down, they get heated inside, and the juice boils and turns into steam, and then bursts a hole through the skin, like a steam boiler bursting."

"Is that the way a steam boiler bursts?" said Rollo.



"THERE," HE CONTINUED, HOLDING UP HIS SHIP.—Page 119

"Yes, the steam gets pent up, and swells by the heat, and then by and by it breaks away, tearing everything to pieces."

Rollo stood looking at his apples. He recollected that he had often observed, when he had put apples down to the fire, that they swelled out a little on the side towards the fire, and looked smooth and glossy; and then soon *puff* went the skin, with a little explosion, and a jet of steam poured out towards the fire.

After standing in a thoughtful attitude a few minutes, Rollo said,

"But, Jonas, I don't see that that explains why the inside of the apple comes out too."

"Why, there is *more* juice away in the middle of the apple, and that gets turned into steam, and swells and crowds by the heat, and so crowds the soft apple out."

"Is that the way?" said Rollo.

"Yes," replied Jonas. "There," he continued, holding up his ship, "how will that do?"

Rollo looked, and found that Jonas had got it shaped, inside and out; and it was now of really a handsome form. Rollo was very much pleased with it, and asked Jonas what he was going to do next.

"Next I shall make the masts," said Jonas, "and then the deck."

In the mean time Rollo turned his apples, and then sat down and opened his book and prepared to read. Just before he began, however, he thought once more of Jonas's explanation of the apple roasting, and asked him if the bursting out of parched corn was from the same reason.

"I don't know," said Jonas, "about parched corn. I never thought of that."

"*I* should think it was the same reason," said Rollo.

"Why — not exactly," said Jonas. "That seems to be a different thing."

"No," said Rollo. "The corn, you see, turns inside out, just like my apples."

"Not exactly; because the apple comes out slowly, as it gets heated through by degrees, but the corn snaps out all at once. It is only one crack, and it is all inside out in an instant."

"Oh, that is only because it is so little. A kernel of corn is no bigger than the end of my finger," said Rollo; "nor so big either," he continued, looking at the end of his finger, and mentally comparing it with the size of a kernel of corn. "It is so little, you see,

Jonas, that it heats right through in an instant."

"No," said Jonas, "I don't think that explains it. Besides, the corn is dry inside, and hard, but the apple is juicy and soft."

"I mean to go and ask my father about it," said Rollo, jumping up and putting down his book upon the cricket.

And away he was going as fast as he could, but before he got to the door Dorothy called out to him,

"But here, Rollo," said she; "I thought you agreed to read to me."

"But I only just want to go and ask my father about parching corn."

"Yes; but you promised to read to me the first half hour, and I was to tell you a story the last half, and now the half hour for my reading is almost gone already."

"Why, Dorothy!" said Rollo, with surprise. He had no idea that the time had passed away so rapidly.

"It has," said Dorothy, "and of course, as you have not kept your part of the agreement, I am released from mine."

"And a'n't you going to tell me any story?" said Rollo.

It was a great disappointment to Rollo to

lose his story, as he now thought he should, and he was just upon the point of bursting into tears, but Dorothy said,

“I did not say I should not tell you one, but only that I am not bound to do it by my promise.”

“Well,” said Rollo, “I will begin to read this moment”; and he sat down upon his cricket and opened his book in earnest. He read a short time, and then Dorothy said he need not read any more.

He accordingly put away his book, and then sat down upon his cricket before Dorothy, and she began as follows.

DOROTHY'S STORY.

"WELL, Rollo," said Dorothy, "shall I tell you a true story, or one that is not true?"

"Oh, true," said Rollo; "true, by all means."

"But true stories are not generally quite so interesting as those that are made up."

"Why not?" said Rollo.

"Oh, because, when people are making up a story, they can tell more wonderful things than those that happen in true stories."

Rollo paused a moment, and then said,

"I think, on the whole, Dorothy, I would rather have it true."

"Very well," said Dorothy. "Let me see — what shall I tell you?"

"While you are thinking," said Rollo, "I will go and get some paper, and a pair of scissors, and then I can be making some lamp-lighters."

In a few minutes Rollo had found his scissors and paper, and had seated himself on his cricket, where he could conveniently look

either towards Dorothy while she was telling her story, or towards Jonas, to see how he went on with his ship; and Dorothy, who had in the mean time decided upon her subject, thus began:—

“When I was a little girl, about thirteen years old, I lived with my father and mother, and my little brother Oliver, in rather a lonely house in the woods. One day, in the winter, my father and mother went away in the morning to another town, where there was a store, and left me at home with little Oliver.”

“How big was he?” said Rollo.

“Not quite so big as you.”

“Well,” said Rollo, “go on.”

“Father and mother meant to have come back that night; but it was snowing a little before they went, and father said to me, just as he was getting into the sleigh,

“‘Dorothy,’ said he, ‘the wind is dead north-east—perhaps it is coming on to blow; and it may be all blocked up under the Black Ridge before night.’”

“What did he mean by *dead* north-east?” asked Rollo.

“Oh, right exactly north-east, where all the snow-storms come from.”

"What makes all the snow-storms come from there?" asked Rollo.

"Oh, I don't know," said Dorothy, "only they do; and then the north-east winds used to blow all the snow right into a long piece of road which ran along under the Black Ridge, and they filled it all up, sometimes, from fence to fence, level."

"Oh, what drifts!" said Rollo.

"'So,' said my father, 'if anything should happen and we should not get home, don't be frightened about us; and take good care of yourselves.'

"So Oliver and I stayed at home. I attended to my spinning, for I was learning to spin then, and he played horses. The snow fell thicker and thicker; and about noon it began to blow. About the middle of the afternoon I went out to get some water at the spring; and when I found how deep the snow was, and heard the wind roaring and whistling through the woods, I gave up, at once, all idea of seeing father and mother *that* night."

"And then did you have to stay all alone?" said Rollo.

"Yes — Oliver and I."

"I should not have dared to," said Rollo.

"But what would you do?"

"Oh, I would go to the next house."

"There was no house within a mile," said Dorothy; "and I could not have walked there in all the storm — much less could Oliver."

"No — we had to stay, and so I got supper. But I observed that Oliver did not eat much, and after supper, instead of playing about as usual, he got his rolling-chair up to the fire, and —"

"His rocking-chair you mean," said Rollo.

"No — his *rolling*-chair; he never had any rocking-chair."

"What was his rolling-chair?" said Rollo.

"I never heard of such a chair as that."

"Why, it was a block, which father chopped off from a very round, smooth log of wood. Father made the ends very smooth for him, somehow or other, and then it served Oliver for a seat. In fact, it made a very good little cricket for him."

"What did he call it his rolling-chair for?" said Rollo.

"Oh, because," said Dorothy, "it was too heavy to take up and carry about; and so, when he wanted to move it, he used to tip it over upon its side, and then he could roll it

about anywhere. It was very smooth and round."

"How did they make it so smooth?"

"Oh, it was the natural bark. It was a beech log, which has a smooth and even bark, and it would roll very easily. Well, as I was saying, Oliver rolled up his rolling-chair to the fire, and sat there with his elbows upon his knees, and his hands out to the fire, as if he was cold."

"Why did you not have more fire?" said Rollo.

"Oh, there was a great blazing fire in the fireplace," replied Dorothy, "and the room was very warm.

"Are you cold, Oliver?" said I.

"Yes, I am a little cold; but I can warm me very soon by this noble good fire."

"I went on clearing away the supper-table, and then sat down to my knitting; but Oliver still stayed by the fire. By and by I asked him if he was not warm yet.

"No, not quite," he said,

"I observed, too, that he spoke a little hoarse, and in an altered tone, and quicker than usual; and there was a little sort of a tremble in his voice, as if he was shivering a

little. I thought then that he was going to be sick."

"What did you think was the matter with him?" asked Rollo.

"I thought he was going to have a fever."

"What sort of a sickness is a fever?"

"I don't know exactly," said Dorothy; "only I know what some of the *signs* of it are."

"What are they?" said Rollo.

"Why, when persons have an attack of fever, they are first cold and *shivery*, even if the room is warm. Afterwards they grow hot, and their flesh is dry and parched. Then they are thirsty, and if you look at their tongue you find it is covered over with something white. And then their pulse beats quick, and perhaps their head aches; and when they go to bed they toss about restlessly."

"Was Oliver's tongue white?" said Rollo.

"Yes. I went to him and asked him to show me his tongue, and I found it was considerably coated; and then I felt of his pulse at his wrist, and it was quick. I felt of mine, and I found that his was a good deal quicker than mine."

"How did you know all about the signs of fever?" said Rollo.

"Oh, I had a fever myself once; and I remembered the signs, and I remembered what they did for me, and so I knew what to do for him.

"So," said I, "Oliver, you are sick, and I must take care of you. I will make you up a little bed down here by the fire."

"Where was the bed that he usually slept in?" asked Rollo.

"It was up over head, in a kind of a garret; for our house was only one story high, and it had only one room finished off down stairs, and that was the room where we were. My father and mother used to sleep in that, and Oliver and I up in the loft. We used to go up a ladder."

"Oh, I should not like to go up a ladder to go to bed," said Rollo.

"Why, it was a very good ladder. And then we had beautiful soft beds up there; his was in one corner and mine in another. At least *we* liked them. They were straw beds, but we had never slept on a feather bed.

"So I went up the ladder and got Oliver's bed, and tumbled it down the ladder, into the kitchen. Then I got his bolster and coverlid,

and fixed him up a beautiful little bed, one side of the fire. Then I helped him undress, and put a blanket over his shoulders, and let him sit upon his little rolling-chair, while I brought some warm water and bathed his feet. He liked that very much indeed."

"Did he?" said Rollo.

"Yes. I knew he would, though I did it principally to make him get well. It is very good for sickness.

"I wiped his feet dry and let him warm them by the fire, and then he got into bed and I covered him up warm. Then I went to the closet to get him some medicine."

"How did you know what kind of medicine to give him?" asked Rollo.

"Oh, we only had one kind of medicine, and that was good for almost any sickness. I put a little sweetened water in a cup, and then poured out some of the medicine upon the top of it, and carried it to him."

"Did he take it?" said Rollo.

"At first he did not want to; but pretty soon he opened his mouth and swallowed it down, though it tasted pretty bad.

"That's a good boy," said I; and then I gave him a drink of water and laid him down, and covered him up as warm as I could.

Then I felt of his pulse, and I found it was quicker than it was before, and his cheeks looked red, and felt hot and dry, and he breathed short and hard.

"Presently he said, 'Dorothy, how long will it be before this medicine will make me get well?'

"'Oh, I hope it will make you feel better about the middle of the night,' I answered.

"Then I told him to try to go to sleep, and I would finish my work and then go to bed myself.

"He was still a few minutes; but by and by he said,

"'Dorothy!'

"'What?' said I; and I went to the side of his bed, so that he could speak to me easier.

"'Don't you think father and mother will come home to-night?'

"I told him I would go to the window and look out. I went; and the snow was all up on the glass outside, and was beating against it more and more.

"I came back and told him I did not think they would come.

"He did not answer, but turned over and shut his eyes. I knew he wanted them to

come very much, but he was a good, patient little fellow, and would not complain.

“Presently he called again,

“‘Dorothy!’

“I went towards him, and found he was tossing his arms out; and he said he was too hot, and wanted me to take off some of the clothes.

“‘No, little Oliver,’ I said; ‘you must keep the clothes on, and put your arms down into bed, because you must get into perspiration, and then you will feel better.’”

“What is perspiration?” said Rollo.

“Why, having his skin moist, instead of dry and hot as it was.”

“Oliver then put his arms down, and I covered them up again, and then I told him to shut up his eyes and go to sleep.

“So he shut up his eyes and I went away. I had to carry some things out in the back room, and was out there arranging them a minute or two, when I heard him calling me again, in a very mild, pleasant voice.

“‘Dorothy!’

“I ran back to his bedside and said,

“‘What, Oliver!’

“‘Will you give me some water to drink

"Why, you did give him some," said Rollo.

"Yes; but when persons have a fever they are thirsty almost all the time. I brought him some water, but told him he must only taste of it, for it would hurt him to drink much. He took one or two mouthfuls, and then laid down again.

"After a little while I looked at him, and found he was asleep; but he did not seem to sleep sound and quietly. He breathed quick and hard, and his cheeks looked red, and he moved about and kept getting the clothes off, so that I had to put them on again very often.

"But at last he became rather more quiet, and after I had got through all my work I put some large logs of wood, — as large as I could lift, — on the fire, and then undressed myself and went to bed in mother's bed. But I could not go to sleep very easily; for Oliver breathed so short and hard that it frightened me a little, and, besides, I felt rather lonely, for the storm roared very loud all around the house. Presently I heard Oliver moving. I looked up and found that he had got some of the clothes off. I got up and

spread them on him, and then I went to bed again.

"Pretty soon I got almost to sleep; but Oliver suddenly stopped breathing. He had been breathing so loud and hard that his stopping waked me up, and I jumped out of bed and went to him. He was lying still, with his eyes half open, but they looked dull and heavy. I found he was breathing, and as short, though not so loud and heavily, as before. His lips were moving.

"‘Oliver!’ said I, in a soothing voice; ‘Oliver!’

"But he did not answer. His lips moved, and he was muttering something, but I could not understand what he was saying.

"‘Oliver,’ said I, ‘do you want anything?’

"He tossed his head about restlessly and said,

"‘Take it off, take it off, — I don’t want to go.’

"I knew by that that he was only dreaming, and so I moved him over upon his other side, and fixed his pillow and covered him up, and he shut his eyes and went to sleep again. I put my hand down into his bosom to see if his skin was beginning to be moist, but it felt as hot and dry as before. Then I

went back to bed again. He kept breathing short and hard, and the logs in the fire simmered and sung, and the storm beat against the windows; but at last I got asleep.

"Some time after this, I do not know how long, a loud blast of wind rattling against the windows woke me up. I started up and looked towards Oliver. The clothes were partly off of his shoulders. I went to him, and observed that he was breathing more easily. I put my hand into his bosom, and felt a little moisture upon his side, where his arm had been lying. He moved his head and opened his eyes, and said, faintly,

"Dorothy, will you give me a little water to drink?"

"Why, Oliver," I said, "I am rather afraid to give you any water now. You are getting into perspiration, and I am afraid cold water will hurt you."

"He shut up his eyes, but he did not say a word.

"I pitied the poor little fellow, and, after looking at him a moment, I said,

"Are you very thirsty, Oliver?"

"Yes, I'm pretty thirsty."

"Well, you lie still a little while and see if you can't get to sleep. If you can, that

will be the best ; if not, then I will come and give you a little water.'

"So I went and laid down again. I waited some time, and then I began to grow sleepy. — But, Rollo, I think your apples are done."

Rollo jumped up to look at his apples, and he found they were done. So he went and got a large plate, and a knife, and Dorothy took them up, one by one, carefully, and he carried them out into the back room to cool. Then he came back ; but, before asking Dorothy to go on with her story, he went to see how Jonas was getting along. He found that he had put in the three masts and the bowsprit, and now he was just taking out some thread from one of his drawers to make the shrouds with. Rollo looked on a moment, and then he went back to his cricket and sat down, and said,

"Well, Dorothy, go on."

"Just as I was almost asleep," resumed Dorothy, "I heard Oliver's pleasant little voice again.

"'Dorothy!'

"'What?' said I.

"'I can't get asleep unless you give me something to drink.'

“‘Well,’ said I, ‘I will come.’

“I then happened to think that there was a bundle of herbs upon the shelf, which mother kept for sickness, and I thought that I had better make him some herb-tea, and let him drink that. So I told him that if he would lie still a few minutes I would make him some good warm tea, and that would not hurt him. Then I went and took down some of the herbs and put them in a mug, and poured some hot water upon them, out of a tea-kettle which stood by the side of the fire, and set it down to steep. He laid still, with his eyes shut, waiting for his tea as patient as a little lamb.”

“I wish I had a lamb,” said Rollo.

“After a few minutes,” continued Dorothy, “I poured it out into a bowl, and then put in some milk and sugar, and made it just warm enough, and carried it to him.

“‘Here, Oliver,’ said I, ‘here is your drink.’

“But Oliver did not move or answer. His cheek was on his hand and his hand upon his pillow, and he was breathing very quietly.

“‘Poor little fellow ! he has gone to sleep after all,’ said I. ‘And now had I better wake him up to give him some drink?’

"At first I did not know what to do. What should you have done, Rollo?"

"Why,—I—don't know," said Rollo, hesitating.

"What should you have wished to have been done to you, in such a case?"

"Oh, I should have wanted to be waked up, and have that good drink."

"Should you?" said Dorothy. "Well, now, I thought he would rather not be waked; for perhaps, you know, he would not be able to get to sleep again very easily. At any rate I did not wake him. I put the bowl down softly before the fire, and covered it over with a plate, and then crept along to bed.

"I watched him for some time, expecting that he would wake up and want his drink; but he did not, and at last I began to grow sleepy. He seemed to breathe easier and easier, and I thought he must be getting better. At any rate, I felt much less anxiety about him, and before a great while I fell asleep.

"I slept a long time; but at last I was awakened by hearing a noise at the fireplace. I started up, and saw Oliver out of bed, and

taking up a stick of wood from a little wood-pile which was at the side of the fire.

“‘Why, Oliver!’ said I. ‘What *are* you doing?’

“He turned towards me and said,

“‘Oh, I was only going to put a little wood on the fire. It is almost burnt out.’

“I got up and went to him, and told him he must not get out of bed, for he would take cold; and I told him that *I* would build the fire. He then laid down again, and I covered him up and asked him how he felt.

“‘Oh,’ said he, ‘I am a *great deal* better.’

“I felt of his cheek, and it was not hot, and it did not look flushed as it did before.”

Just then the door which led from the parlor opened, and Rollo’s mother came in and said,

“Come, Rollo; isn’t it about time for you to go to bed?”

“Oh, mother,” said Rollo, “do let me sit up and hear the rest of this story.”

“Oh, I have got about through,” said Dorothy. “I found that Oliver was a great deal better. I made him some gruel for breakfast, and before the middle of the forenoon he was building houses of corn cobs by the chimney corner.”

"Corn cobs?" said Rollo. "What are they?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow," said Jonas, rising from his bench, "if it is time for you to go to bed now."

"Oh, he may stay a minute or two longer if he wants to have you finish the story," said his mother; "and then you may come into the parlor."

Then his mother went away, and Rollo took the ship, which Jonas held out to him.

"Oh, what a beautiful ship!" said he. "Is it done, Jonas?"

"No; the sails are not on. I must put those on some other day."

Rollo stood looking at the masts and rigging, while Jonas took up his "gundalow," and carried it out to its place. Then he came in, bringing with him Rollo's plate of apples. Rollo gave Jonas one, and Dorothy one, and then he took the plate containing the rest in one hand, and his ship in the other, and then said,

"Now how shall I open the door?"

"I will open it for you," said Jonas, "in a moment."

Jonas was then sweeping the chips and shavings he had made into the fire, for he

always brushed up his own litter. Then he opened the door, and Rollo went into the parlor.

Rollo gave his father and mother each an apple, and showed them his ship. They liked the ship very much, and told Rollo that he might sit down with them and eat his apple. After that he went out to get his safety lamp, to go to bed.

"Dorothy," said he, when he got into the kitchen again, "you did not tell me when your father and mother got home."

"Oh, they did not get home until that night. They had a terrible time."

"Was the Black Ridge road blocked up?"

"Oh yes, all solid and full; so that they had to take down the fence and go out into the field. But Oliver was almost well when they got home."

"Well," said Rollo, "I think it is a very good story. I am much obliged to you for telling it to me. Jonas," he continued, "will you come up and get my light pretty soon?"

"Yes," said Jonas.

So Rollo took his safety lamp and went up to bed. In a short time Jonas came up, and sat talking with him a few minutes. Then he arose and took the lamp, saying,

"Well, Rollo, you must remember the lesson you learnt from Dorothy's story."

"What lesson?" said Rollo.

"Why, that you must follow little Oliver's example in being gentle, patient, and obedient, when you are sick."

"He *was* a good boy, wasn't he, Jonas?" said Rollo.

"Yes," said Jonas, "I think so. Good night."

THANNY.

BOLLO had one brother and one sister, though they have not lately been mentioned in these stories. They had been away from home for some time, on a long visit, in a town at some distance, and about this time they were expected home.

Rollo's sister's name was Mary, and she was about seventeen years of age. She was a bright, happy-looking girl, and Rollo loved her very much, for she was always very kind to him, and when she was at home she used to help him very much in all his pursuits and enjoyments. His little brother's name was Nathan; and he was now about two years and a half old, and was fast learning to talk.

They came home in Rollo's vacation, and he talked almost continually, the day before they came, of their expected arrival, and of the pleasure he expected to enjoy in playing with little Thanny; for while he was so very young they often changed his name from Nathan to little Thanny.

The next morning after Rollo's brother and sister came home, Nathan wanted Rollo

to be his horse. Mary said she would give them some reins ; and so she went and got a pretty long piece of twine, and Rollo tied the two ends together and put them into his mouth, and gave the other part to Nathan. Then he gave him his whip, and said,

"There, Thanny ; *now* I will be your horse."

So Nathan said something which he meant for "get up," and began to whip Rollo with his whip. Rollo started off upon the full run. Nathan tried to keep up, but he could not, and, after being pulled along violently a few steps, fell down and began to cry very loud.

Rollo had not the least intention to hurt Thanny, and he stood looking on, in mute astonishment, at such an unexpected catastrophe. Mary came and raised Thanny up, and soon succeeded in quieting him. Then she told Rollo that he must remember that Nathan was only a very little boy, and could not run as fast and play as hard as the boys at school, who were as big as Rollo. Rollo promised to be more careful. Nathan took the reins, and Rollo trotted along before him, with very short steps, so that he could easily keep up ; and now Nathan seemed to enjoy the play very highly.

Presently Nathan drove him out into the garden yard, and Mary came and looked out of the window to see them play.

"Why don't you have Nathan for *your* horse?" said she, at length, to Rollo.

"Well," said Rollo, "I will. Here, Thanny; you may be my horse a little while."

So he put the bits into Thanny's mouth, and then he took the whip and reins himself, and drove him. Nathan seemed to understand his duties very well, and trotted about, looking quite pleased; only he now and then stopped to take the bits out of his mouth, as if he did not like to have them in.

"Can't you contrive any way to drive him without putting bits into his mouth?" said Mary.

"No," said Rollo; "horses always have bits."

"I know they do, generally; but I wonder if I could not contrive a kind of harness that would be better?"

"A harness?" said Rollo; "a real harness?"

"Perhaps I might contrive something which would be a little more like a real harness than your bits," said Mary. "If you will come in about twelve o'clock I will try."

Rollo thought he should like the plan very much, but Nathan did not understand what they had been saying. He did not know what harness meant.

Rollo drove him about the yard a short time, and then he opened the garden gate and drove him in there. After running about the walks a little while, he began to be tired of playing horses, and, seeing some poppy-heads that looked pretty ripe, he turned to Nathan and said,

"Oh, Nathan, see these poppy-heads. We will gather some, and we won't play horses any more now."

So he took the reins and put them in his pocket, and gave Nathan a poppy-head, and told him to hold him upright; and he showed him how he meant.

"Because," said he, "Thanny, if you tip it down, all the seeds will fall out, — so."

And, as he said this, he turned the poppy-head down, and let a few of the seeds drop out into Thanny's little hand, by way of showing him the reason why he must hold it upright.

But it very often happens that the very reason which ought to lead children not to do a thing, only excites in them a stronger desire

to do it. And it was certainly so now ; for when Nathan saw the little round seeds drop out, it seemed so curious to him, that, instead of holding the poppy-head upright, he immediately began to tip it over, and to pour out more seeds into his little hand.

"No, no, Thanny," said Rollo, "you must not do so ; you will lose all the seeds. You must carry it so ;"—and here Rollo took hold of it, and showed him how to hold it upright. "Because," he continued, "we want to save the seeds. You must carry it upright till we get into the house, and then we will put them into a paper."

But the moment Rollo let go of Thanny's hand, over went the poppy-head, and his little hand was held out under it, to catch the seeds. Then Rollo tried to turn it up again ; Nathan resisted. Rollo tried the harder ; Nathan struggled against him and began to cry.

Rollo thought he had better not make him cry, and accordingly he desisted ; and after standing a few minutes in a state of uncertainty, he concluded to go in and tell his mother that Nathan would not obey him.

He accordingly left Nathan in the garden and went in. As he was passing through the

yard, he met Jonas; and Jonas asked him what he had done with Nathan. This led Rollo to tell Jonas the story.

"Oh," said Jonas, "I would not go and trouble your mother about that."

"Why, Jonas," said he, "what shall I do? He is spilling all my seeds."

"Yes; but there are more poppy-heads than you will want to gather, so let him have two or three and spill them if he pleases. Let him manage with them just as he wants to. Can't you afford to lose two or three poppy-heads to please him?"

"But I wanted to save my seeds to give to my sister Mary. She is going to have a garden next year."

"Yes; but you have enough more. And, besides, you may as well use a part of the poppy-heads for *his* enjoyment as for hers."

So saying, Jonas walked on, leaving Rollo to think of what he had been saying.

Rollo stood for a moment in thought, and then slowly turned round and walked back into the garden.

"Well, Thanny," said he, "you may have the poppy-head, and do whatever you have a mind to with it."

But Thanny, he found, had thrown the

poppy-head away, and was playing with the gravel-stones of the walk.

Then Rollo picked up his poppy-head and told him he might have it ; but Nathan did not want it, and Rollo two or three times tried to make him take it. Presently, however, he thought he might as well let him be happy in his own way ; and so he left him, and began to gather some sweet peas, which grew pretty near there, and seemed pretty ripe.

After getting one hand full of pea-pods, he gathered with the other several poppy-heads, as many, in fact, as he could take, and then, calling Nathan to come with him, he began to walk towards the house. But Nathan would not come. He seemed well contented to stay and play with his gravel-stones ; and, in fact, I don't think he supposed that he was under any obligation to obey Rollo.

Rollo walked along slowly, looking back continually, and calling Nathan to follow him. But Nathan did not move.

"Oh dear me," said Rollo ; "what shall I do ?" Then, calling aloud, he said,

"Thanny, you must come along this moment ; or else I shall go away and leave you all alone."

After a minute or two more, little Nathan

got up, and walked along slowly towards Rollo; and Rollo then went on to the piazza, where he sat down, and laid his poppy-heads and pea-pods down by his side.

"Now I must have something to put my seeds in," said Rollo; and he got up to go into the house to get a plate.

As soon as he went away, Nathan came up, and began to pull about his pea-pods.

"No — Thanny, Thanny," said he, "no, — you must not touch."

So he went back and led Thanny gently away. But he would come back as soon as Rollo began to go away again.

Rollo tried to keep him from touching his seeds in every way he could think of, but all seemed to be to no purpose; and at last his patience was pretty nearly exhausted. He had thought it would be a fine thing to have little Nathan home; but now he began to wish him away again. "I can't do anything at all," said he to himself, "he troubles me so."

Just at this moment he heard his mother's step in her chamber, the window of which was nearly over where he stood; and so he called to her.

His mother came and looked out the window.

"Mother," said he, "will you speak to Thanny? he will pull my seeds about the moment I leave them. Or else, mother, if you would be so good as to bring me out a plate to put them in, while I stay here and keep him from touching them."

"I can't come down very well now," said his mother, in reply; "but I think you can manage it. Give him one of the pods, and show him how to get the peas out, and that will amuse him."

Rollo then wondered that he had not thought of some such plan as this before; and he immediately gave Nathan a pod, and opened it for him a little, at one end, so as to let him see the peas. Nathan took it, with his interest and curiosity much excited, and sat down at once, and went to work to pull out the little round peas. Rollo immediately went in after his plates. He borrowed two of Dorothy, and then came immediately back, and found Nathan still busily employed about his pod.

Rollo then began to shell his remaining pods into one of the plates, and after he had done that he shook out the poppy-seeds into

the other plate. This took him some time. At last, however, when he got it finished, he recollected that he had no bags made, as he intended, to put the seeds into; and he thought therefore that he would go into the house and get some papers, and do up his seeds in them.

By this time Nathan had done playing with his pea-pod, but he had got a little stick and was digging in the path. So Rollo left him and went in, in search of some pieces of paper. He found a piece of newspaper in a drawer, where waste newspapers were usually kept, and he tried to do his seeds up. But he could not succeed in doing it very neatly, and he began to wish he had some paper bags.

After sitting for some minutes, looking upon the awkward-shaped parcels he had made in his attempts to put up his seeds in papers, he concluded to go and get his little gum-bottle and make a bag.

This gum-bottle was one that Jonas had made him a day or two before. He had bought a little powdered gum-arabic, and Jonas had put it into a small phial and added a little water to it; and then he had fitted a small brush, made of the top of a quill, into the cork, in such a manner that the feather

end of the brush extended down into the dissolved gum-arabic. Thus by taking out the cork he always had a brush ready for use.

He brought down his gum-bottle and a pair of scissors, and, taking a piece of newspaper, he cut out his bag. The way he did it was to cut out two pieces of paper, about two inches wide and three inches long, making one of them however a little smaller than the other at the bottom and at the two sides. Then he laid the largest paper down upon the piazza floor, and put the other upon it, in such a manner as to bring the tops of the two exactly even. Then he pasted all the edges of the lower paper, where they extended beyond the upper one, and then carefully folded them over and pressed them down, and thus joined the two papers strongly together by all the edges except the upper one, where he was going to put the seeds in.

He looked at his bag when it was done, and liked it very well.

"Now," said he, "if it was only dry I could put my peas right in, and carry it and show it to mother." But it was not dry. He concluded to put it in the sun, and after letting it stay there a few minutes he thought it would do, and so he began to put the seeds in.

He filled it nearly full of seeds, and then he began to fold over the top, to keep them in, when suddenly he began to hear a rattling upon the floor of the platform, and looking down he found that the peas were streaming out, one by one, but rapidly, from a hole at the bottom. They had burst out because the gum had not had time to dry.

Nathan heard the rattling, and came running to see. Rollo began hastily to gather up his peas again, and tried to make Nathan go away; but Nathan would not. He got several peas into his hand, and would not give them up. Rollo tried to take them away; Nathan struggled. Rollo held on to his hand, and Nathan began to scream.

Their mother came to the door to see what was the matter. Rollo, still holding on to Nathan's hand, said,

"He has got my peas."

Nathan, still clasping his hand tight over the peas, said,

"I want some peas, I want some peas."

"Let go of his hand, Rollo," said their mother. Rollo obeyed.

"Give Rollo his peas, Nathan," she added, looking at Nathan. Nathan obeyed. He knew he must obey his mother, and he ac-

cordingly delivered up the peas to Rollo, though he did it slowly and reluctantly.

"You did wrong, Rollo," said she. "You must never use violence with him."

"Why, mother, he was getting all my peas."

"No matter for that," said she. "You must never use violence with him, unless it is some very extraordinary case of absolute and immediate necessity."

"What is that, mother?" said Rollo.

"Why, suppose he was eating something which you knew was poison, and you had not time to come and tell me, you might take it away, rather than let him poison himself; or if he was in the road, and a cart or a drove of cattle were coming along, and there was great danger of his getting run over. Such cases as those are cases of immediate and absolute necessity. It is immediate because you have not time to come and see me, and it is absolute because he is in the utmost danger. But in any common case, and especially if you are only going to lose a few peas, you never must resort to violence. You must come and tell me."

"Well, mother," said Rollo, "I wish you

would take him in now, for he troubles me very much."

She replied that she could not take him in then very well. In about an hour, she said, it would be time for him to go to sleep, but until then she must let him stay and play out in the yard; but she said she would tell him he must not touch his seeds.

So she charged Nathan not to touch Rollo's things, and then told Rollo that perhaps Nathan would like to wheel his wheelbarrow. Rollo accordingly went and brought it, and Nathan, as his mother had expected, was very much pleased with it, and began at once to try to wheel it about the yard, though it was so large that he could only get it along a few steps at a time.

Rollo then undertook to mend his bag, but he got the paper very wet, and it stuck to his fingers and got torn, until at length he began to be quite discouraged. In fact, he began to feel very much dispirited and worried. He said he would give up; and he threw away the seeds out of his plates and rose to carry the plates in.

"Well, Rollo," said his mother, as she saw him putting the plates into the closet, "and how do you get along?"

"Oh, I don't get along at all," said he. "My bag is burst, and my paste won't stick, and I have thrown all my seeds away."

There was something impatient and fretful in the tone in which Rollo said this to his mother.

"And have you cleared away the pods and stalks you scattered down about the piazza?"

"Why, no," said Rollo, — must I?"

"Certainly," said his mother. "You must never make any litter in such a place without afterwards clearing it up."

Rollo looked rather more discontented still at this, but he did not reply. He went to the corner of the kitchen, where there was a broom hanging, and began to take it down.

"You must not sweep them off upon the grass, or upon the walk, Rollo."

"Why, mother?" said he.

"Oh, because it will look very untidy. You must clear it all away. You can sweep it up into a little heap, and then take it up carefully and put it into your wheelbarrow, and wheel it away."

This was all very reasonable, and Rollo knew it; but he was getting out of humor, and he did not like this additional trouble. He ought to have had something there to put

his pods and stalks into, and then he could easily have carried them away; but he was so much interested in getting in his seeds that he did not think of that. But now, since he had neglected taking the proper measures, he ought not to have repined at being obliged to submit to the trouble and inconvenience which he had brought upon himself by his own neglect.

Though he felt wrong at heart, he did not say much against doing it. He took the broom and went out, intending with the broom to sweep up his litter into a little heap, and then to take it up. He did the work, however, very hastily and carelessly. Boys generally do their work so when they are discontented and out of humor. His mother expected it would be so, and accordingly, when he had been out about long enough to have finished his work, she came to the door, and looked to see how he had done it.

"Rollo," said she, "when in your plays you put any place out of order, don't you think you ought to put it in *as good* order again as it was before?"

"Why, yes," said Rollo.

"Very well; now look at that piazza, and

at the grass, and see if it is in as good order as it was when you began working here."

Rollo looked, and he saw that there were several stalks and pods and broken poppy-heads lying about in the grass, and some were upon the floor of the piazza. He saw how the case was, but he did not answer.

"You must take them all up clean," said his mother.

Rollo began to fret, and even to cry a little. He said he was very tired and very hungry, and, besides, he did not feel very well.

Rollo had a habit, which a good many boys have to a much greater degree than he, of saying, when things went wrong, and especially when he got tired of some unpleasant duty, that he did not feel very well. It is very true that Rollo did not feel very well just then, but it was not sickness. He had only got tired of play, and vexed and worried by the difficulties which he had got himself into.

Now there is only one proper course for us to take when we get ourselves into difficulties of any sort, and that is to go on, good-naturedly and perseveringly, until we get ourselves out. Rollo ought to have said to himself,

"Well, I'll do it thoroughly. Here, Than-

ny, come up here with your wheelbarrow, and take in a load of rubbish."

Thus he might have turned it into an amusement, having the wheelbarrow for a cart, and Nathan for a horse, and then in a short time the work would all have been very easily done.

Instead of that he worked away, slowly and discontentedly; and after he had finished it he went into the house, put his cap upon its nail, and walked with a very melancholy face into the parlor, where his sister Mary was sitting, and threw himself down upon the sofa.

Mary saw in a moment, by the expression of his countenance, that something had gone wrong, and that he was a little worried in mind. She looked at him pleasantly, saying,

"Well, Rollo, what is the matter with you?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Rollo, mournfully. "I don't feel very well."

"Don't you?" said Mary, walking up to him, with a pleasant countenance. "What is the matter?"

"I don't know," said Rollo, turning over and hiding his face away from her.

"If you will tell me how you feel, perhaps

I can tell you what the matter is ; for I know the symptoms of several kinds of sicknesses."

"What kinds?" said Rollo.

"Why, *fever* is one kind. Then people feel very hot, and their pulse beats quick."

"It is not that," said Rollo, "for I am cold, — as cold as I can be."

"Then perhaps it is *pleurisy*," said Mary.

"What sort of a sickness is that?" said Rollo, forgetting his ill-humor for a moment, and turning round to look at Mary.

"Why, if you draw a long, full breath, then you feel a sharp pain all through your sides and back."

Rollo very gravely drew a long breath. His chest swelled out full, but he felt no pain.

"No," said he ; "'t isn't that."

"Well, *consumption*, then?" said Mary. "People that have consumption have a very hard cough. Do you think it is consumption?"

Mary had looked pretty grave and sober, but now Rollo thought he perceived a very slight tendency to a smile upon her countenance, and he began to think she might be secretly laughing at him a little.

"No," said he, "it is not consumption ;"

and so saying, he jumped off of the sofa and ran to Mary, and began to pull her round and round by her hand. She thought she would not tease him any more, and she said,

"Oh, Rollo, did not I promise to make you a harness? If you will go and bring in Nathan I will try now."

Away Rollo ran after Nathan, and while he was gone Mary went up stairs to get some list, to answer instead of leather, to make the harness of.

In a short time they all three met in the parlor again, and Mary began to measure Rollo with the list for his harness. She first cut off two pieces long enough to go around his arms, near the shoulder, and sewed the ends together; then she sewed a piece across behind, extending from one of these shoulder-pieces to the other. That she said might be called the saddle, as it went across his back. Where this cross-piece was joined to the two shoulder-pieces, she sewed the ends of the reins. Then she sewed two short pieces to the middle of the shoulder-pieces in front, and these were intended to tie in front, across the breast, when the harness was on. This kept it all snug and firm in its place.

Rollo liked his harness very much, and



MARY TAKING ROLLO'S MEASURE.—Page 162.

after it was finished Nathan drove him around the room with it several times, with great pleasure.

While Mary had been making the harness, she asked Rollo what he had been doing all the morning; and he told her he had been gathering seeds.

"How many have you gathered?" said Mary.

"Oh, I gathered a very few, and those I had to throw away because I could not make my paper bag do."

He then gave Mary a full account of all his difficulties; and she said that he had not gone to work systematically enough.

"What is systematically?" said Rollo.

"Don't you know?" said she. "Let me see;—I'll tell you what. I can go out after dinner, and you and I will undertake to gather some seeds, and I will show you how to do it systematically."

"Well," said Rollo; "I should like that very much."

THE SEED-GATHERING.

"Now," said Mary to Rollo, after dinner, as they walked together out into the garden yard, "the first thing, if we are going to proceed systematically, is to go out into the garden and see how many kinds of flower-seeds we want to gather."

So they walked along and began to examine the various flowers, to ascertain which were ripe enough to be gathered. They found twelve kinds. Then Mary set out to go back towards the house.

"But a'n't you going to gather them?" said Rollo.

"Not yet," said Mary.

She went in and opened the same drawer where Rollo had been that morning, and took out three newspapers. She then went out into the piazza, and tore each paper into quarters.

"Three newspapers, all torn into four parts," said she. "Three times four are twelve. Now we have got papers enough to hold our seeds."

"But sha'n't we put them in bags?" said Rollo.

"Yes," said Mary, "presently; but first we must gather them and spread them out in papers a little while, to get them thoroughly dry, while we make the bags.

"And now," continued Mary, "to go on systematically, we must consider where will be the best place to spread them out. It must be some place where they will be safe, and also where our stalks and chaff will not do any damage."

"Jonas's bench in the barn will do exactly," said Rollo.

"Let us go and see," said Mary.

So they went into the barn, and Mary said the bench would do very well. She and Rollo arranged the papers regularly upon it, and then, each one taking one of the papers, they went out into the garden.

"Now we must consider," said Mary, "what is the best way to gather the ripe seeds. If we try to break them off, we shall shake out a good many."

"I can cut the stems off with my knife," said Rollo.

"Scissors will be better," said Mary, "for they will not jar the flowers so much. Sup-

pose you go and get my large scissors out of my work-basket."

Rollo ran into the house and brought out the scissors.

"Now which shall we take first?" said Mary. "You may take the mignonette and I will take the balsams."

They accordingly cut off a plenty of stems, with the ripe seeds in their little husky coverings, and when they had got a sufficient quantity to fill their papers, they carried them carefully along and laid them on the bench, beginning regularly at one corner. Then they returned with two other papers, which they filled in the same way; and in a short time the whole twelve were filled, each with the stalks and tops of one kind of flower, and these were arranged in regular order upon the bench, forming two rows, with six in each row.

Then they proceeded to separate the seeds from the husks in each parcel, which they did by rubbing the tops between their hands. The coarse chaff they gathered up with their fingers and threw into Rollo's wheelbarrow, which had been previously placed before the bench for that purpose. The fine chaff and dust Mary blew away from off the seeds;

and thus after a time they were all separated, and all the twelve kinds were spread out before them, nice, and clean, and ready, after they should have been dried a little, to go into the paper bags.

"And now," said Mary, "for the bags."

"We get along finely this afternoon," said Rollo; "but it is because Nathan is not here."

"Not altogether that," said Mary. "It is because we go to work regularly and systematically."

"But if Nathan was out here it would spoil all."

"No, I hope not," said Mary, "for I should first stop and contrive some way to amuse him."

"How should you amuse him?" said Rollo.

"Oh, I don't know exactly," said Mary; "but I'm going in to get some paper to make some bags, and I will bring him out and let you see how I should do it."

So saying, Rollo and Mary walked along together to the house, and Mary led the way to a large closet, where they kept paper and twine, and some old books and papers. Mary looked over several kinds of wrapping paper to find some that was suitable for the bags.

"There is some, Mary," said Rollo.
'How will that do?'"

"That is too heavy and stiff," said Mary, feeling of it, "to make such little bags of."

"Well this?" said Rollo, putting his hand upon another quire.

"That would do, only it is rather coarse. There is some that is *beautiful*," continued Mary, pointing up to a higher shelf.

Rollo looked up and saw the edges of some nice straw-colored paper, projecting a little from the edge of the shelf. He went and got a chair, and Mary stepped up into it and took down a quire of the paper, and began to look at it, standing still as if she was thinking.

"Well, Mary, ain't you going to take some?"

"Yes, but I must first calculate how much we shall want. Let me see;—we ought to have two or three dozen."

"Then you will want a great many sheets," said Rollo.

Mary did not answer, but stood musing in silence. Presently she said,

"No; one sheet will make two dozen at least. I will take two sheets."

"Oh, I guess it will take more," said Rollo, "and I am pretty good at guessing."

"But I have *calculated*," said Mary, "and calculating is better than guessing."

They walked along, carrying the two sheets of paper, until they got to the back door, and then Mary asked Rollo to go back and get little Nathan and bring him out. Rollo did so. He found Nathan running about in the kitchen, and he led him along carefully out at the door, and through the yard, until he reached the barn. Here he found Mary spreading out the sheets of paper upon the bench.

Mary said she must first provide for Nathan's amusement. So she lifted him up upon the bench, and put him back in a corner, and gave him a pair of scissors and a piece of paper, and set him at work cutting. Then she and Rollo stood up at the side of the bench, between the part where Nathan was sitting and that where they had placed their twelve papers of seeds.

Mary then laid down one of her sheets of paper, folded once, as it was upon the shelf.

"There," said she, "that is folded once, and that is *folio*."

Then she took Nathan's scissors and cut the sheet in two where it was folded, and then put the two halves together. She adjusted

them carefully at the sides and corners, so as to make them even, and then she folded them over again.

"There," said she, "now it is folded into quarters, and that makes *quarto*."

"What do you mean by your *folios* and *quartos*?" said Rollo.

"Oh, that is the way they name books," said Mary; "father told me one day. They name them according to the number of times that they fold the paper in making them. If they fold it only once, like a newspaper, it is *folio*. If they fold it twice it is *quarto*; and that makes a book like our great Bible."

While Mary was saying this, she cut her papers in two again, where they were folded last, and then she folded them again. And so she went on, until at length the number of thicknesses became so great that she could not cut them very well, and then she took half at a time. Thus, in a short time, she had cut the whole sheet into small squares, about big enough for a bag, and these lay together in a pile before her.

Then she said, "Now I will do the other sheet."

But Rollo was desirous of seeing some of the bags pasted first, and he proposed that

Mary should paste what she had cut, before she cut any more.

"No," said Mary; "that would not be proceeding systematically."

"Why?" said Rollo.

"Because," said Mary, "we must finish one kind of work before we begin to do any of a different kind. You see now I have got the paper and the scissors all here, and I can finish cutting out the papers best now."

So Mary cut out the other sheet just as she did the first, and piled up the squares all before her upon the bench, and then gave the scissors back to Nathan.

These papers now were large enough to make a whole bag of. Rollo thought that she was going to paste two together to make one bag; but she showed him that one would be large enough folded over again. She accordingly took up a considerable number at a time, and folded them over, and cut them with her scissors, in such a manner that the edges of the under halves projected beyond the edges of the upper halves.

Then she showed Rollo how to paste them. She took some of Rollo's gum-arabic, made very thick and stiff, and with it pasted the

edges that projected, and then showed Rollo how to fold them over and press them down.

"Now," said she, "Rollo, you may take this bundle, and go out to the other end of the bench, and paste them while I cut out the rest."

Rollo did so, talking all the time with Mary and Thanny, who sat still upon the corner of the bench, cutting. Rollo soon began to be surprised to see how fast he was making bags.

"I have made six already, Mary," said he.

"Yes," said Mary; "that is because we went to work systematically. We are making them altogether, and so we work to advantage."

Presently Mary came, with the rest of her papers cut out, to the end of the bench where Rollo was working; and Nathan, when he saw them going away from where he was sitting, wanted to come and paste too.

"Oh no, Nathan," said Rollo; "you stay and cut paper."

But Nathan threw down his scissors, and began to get up to come to Mary and Rollo.

"Now what shall we do?" said Rollo, in a desponding tone. "He will come and spoil all our pasting."

"Oh no," said Mary. "We will manage it. We will let him paste too."

So Mary moved away some of the papers of seeds that were nearest to the place where she and Rollo were at work, and thus made a place for Nathan.

"Oh dear me," said Rollo, "he can't paste, — he will only spoil the bags."

"No matter," said Mary. "We have got so many we can let him spoil one or two."

So Mary told Nathan she would show him how to paste; and while Rollo was folding down and pressing one which he had just pasted, Mary pasted hers, talking all the time to Nathan, telling him first he must do so and then so, and then fold it down so.

Nathan looked on, very much interested; and after she had pasted one or two bags she let him have the brush. Rollo began to want it before Nathan was done, and he said he wished they had more brushes. But Mary said they could get along with it, without being detained much.

When Nathan had got his bag pasted, it took him some time to fold over the edges and press them down. While he was busy about this, Rollo and Mary got several more bags pasted; and then at length Rollo asked

if it would not be a good plan to spread them out in the sun to dry. Mary said it would be an excellent plan.

She looked around and saw that the sun was shining in at the great barn door, so as to cover a large square space upon the floor. Rollo got a broom and swept this clean, and then Mary said that Rollo might let Nathan help him put the bags down in the sun.

Nathan was much pleased with this plan, and Mary lifted him down from the bench. Rollo showed Nathan how to lay the bags down upon the floor, and then he and Mary stood at the bench making the bags; and as fast as they finished them Nathan would carry them and spread them in the sun.

They worked so for some time, and manufactured their bags quite rapidly. Presently they set Nathan at work to turn the bags over, so as to dry the other side. The bags, however, did not need much drying, for the gum they had used was very thick, and it did not wet the paper very much. Thus half an hour passed away, at the end of which time they had made all the bags.

"Now," said Mary, "we can begin to put the seeds into those that are the driest, but we must write the names upon the outside

of the bags as fast as we put them in ; and so I will go in and get a pen and ink, while you look over the bags and pick out those that are driest."

So Mary went in after the pen and ink, and Rollo looked over the bags ; and where-ever he found one that was dry he gave it to Nathan, and he carried it to the bench.

When Mary came back, she and Rollo went to the bench, and Rollo began to fill the bags with seeds, and to fold over the top and paste it down. As fast as he did this he handed the bag to Mary, and she wrote the name of the seed upon the back of the bag. Where the seeds were large, they put in enough to fill the bag ; but where they were small they put in only a few, about as many as they would want to plant of one kind in one place.

Pretty soon Nathan became tired of having nothing to do, and he came up to the bench, and, putting his hands upon the edge, stood up upon tiptoe, trying to see. So Mary looked around to see if they had not got more than they should want of some kinds of seeds, so that she could give Nathan some to put into his bag.

As she looked over the papers, Rollo seemed

to think there were none that they could spare very well ; but presently he thought of a plan.

"I will run out into the garden," said he, "and get him a great sunflower, and let him get out the seeds himself. They will be very good to fill up his bag."

Mary approved of this plan, and away Rollo went. Presently he returned with a large sunflower, the leaves and little flower-ets dropping off, and the black seeds shining in patches all over its face. He broke this up and gave some pieces to Nathan, and showed him how he must rub out the seeds. Nathan was well satisfied with this arrangement, and sat down and amused himself a long time with his seeds and his bag.

At length, however, he got tired again, and, laying down his things, came back, and wanted to come to the bench again. He said he wanted to carry some more bags to dry. So Mary handed him the bags which were finished ; and as the top of each had been pasted down over, she thought it would be well to have them lie in the sun again a few minutes. So Nathan found a very pleasant employment, for some time, in carrying the bags and putting them down upon the floor.

At last the work was done. The bags were all filled, and the seeds were all used, except a few of the most common kinds, and those they threw away. Mary then sent Rollo in for a small basket, and they put all the bags into it. They also gathered up all the loose papers, and laid them away together where they could get them again, if they should want to gather more seeds some other day.

The children then walked along together into the house, Nathan coming after them with the basket of seeds, which Mary had given him to carry. It was now nearly supper-time. As there was a prospect of a cool evening, Rollo and Mary made a little fire in the parlor; Nathan standing by and looking on with pleasure to see the curling smoke and blue flame bursting out from among the chips and shavings.

"What a beautiful boy Nathan has been this afternoon," said Rollo.

"What a *good* boy, you mean," said Mary.

"Yes," said Rollo; "he has not troubled us at all."

"And don't you know the reason?" said Mary.

"No," replied Rollo.

"Why, we have *anticipated* him."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, to anticipate is to do something beforehand. If now you should hear father coming, and should go and place a chair for him by the fire, you would anticipate his wishes. If you should wait till he comes in and tells you to get a chair for him, then you would not anticipate him. So if you should give Nathan a piece of bread as soon as he gets up in the morning, before he had asked for it, that would be anticipating his wishes for bread."

"Is that it?" said Rollo. "Well, I think it is an excellent way."

"Yes; it is. Now the way we have kept Nathan pleasant is, we have not waited till he got impatient and fretful because he had nothing to do. We have got him amusements beforehand."

Nathan stood by, listening very attentively to this discourse, with his hands behind him, and his eyes fixed, first on Rollo, then on Mary. He knew that they were talking about him, but he could not understand one word of what they were saying, from begin-

ning to end. So he turned away when they stopped talking and marched off singing

"I'll go and get him some playthings now," said Rollo. "Here, Nathan, I will get you your blocks."

So saying, he opened a closet door, and from under a shelf there he pulled out a basket of blocks. They were Nathan's blocks.

Rollo had pasted some letters upon these blocks some days before. He had cut out the letters from a newspaper which his father had given him, and pasted them upon the blocks, one upon the middle of each side. He thought that this would help Nathan learn the letters, as he would always see them when he was playing with his blocks.

Nathan liked the blocks with the letters pasted upon them very much, but he seemed to like picking the letters off better than learning them; for the first day he had them he picked off four, before Rollo knew what he was doing.

His mother then told him that he must not pick off the letters, and Rollo got his gum-bottle and pasted them on as well as he could, though they were somewhat torn. Still they came off pretty easily, because Rollo only pasted the letters at the four corners, and

therefore the paper did not stick to the wood in the middle. Notwithstanding his mother's prohibition, however, he did pull off one or two more ; and his mother punished him by making him sit down in a corner of the room alone for some time. After that he did not pull off any more.

When Rollo, therefore, gave Nathan his blocks at this time, he did not expect that he would pull off any of the letters ; and he left him playing with them before the fire, while he and Mary began to set the table for supper. Rollo brought out the cups and plates and knives from the closet, and Mary arranged them properly upon the table. While they were doing this, Mary talked with Rollo about Nathan. She told him that he was old enough to take a good deal of care of his little brother.

"If you take pains to anticipate his wishes and wants," said she, "you can keep him pleasant a long time ; and then, besides, Rollo, you can teach him a good many things."

"Can I?" said Rollo.

"Yes ; you can explain things to him, and when he does anything wrong you can tell him why it is wrong. You see he is a little fellow yet, and does not know much."

It was not long before a case occurred by

which Mary showed Rollo how an older brother or sister could teach a younger one ; for it happened that as Rollo was passing back and forth to the closet, he cast his eyes down to the basket, and saw a block with four little bits of paper pasted upon it near the middle. He took it up, and found that they were the four corners of one of his letters, the middle part having been torn out.

"There, now, Thanny has been tearing off another of my letters," said he, taking up the block.

"Did you, Thanny?" said Mary, coming up to the basket and taking the block from Rollo's hand.

"No," said Nathan.

"Did not you tear it off?" said Mary.

"No," said Nathan, positively. "I did not."

Mary looked at him, somewhat uncertain whether he was telling the truth or not.

"I know he did," said Rollo.

"Perhaps he did not," said Mary. "It *may* have been one which was torn off before."

Rollo was not convinced, but he went on with his work ; and presently, when the table was set, Mary told Nathan to pick up his blocks and put them in the basket, so as to

be ready for supper. Rollo helped him do this, and after they had got the blocks all in Rollo looked upon the carpet, and there, behold, the very letter was lying which came off of the block.

Mary saw it too. She took it up, and then looked in the basket to find the block which it belonged to. The letter was a G, and the corners were off. They had been left sticking to the block. Mary applied the letter to the block, and found that the corners of it fitted exactly to the corners which had been left adhering to the block.

Mary then led little Thanny to a chair by the side of the fire, and showed him the block and the letter. He stood before her, looking at them as she held them in her lap, and with an expression of great seriousness in his countenance.

"You tore it off, Nathan, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Nathan.

"But," said Mary, "a little while ago I asked you if you tore it off, and you said no; but you *did* tear it off. That is naughty. It is naughty for you to tell me you did not tear it off when you did."

Nathan looked on with a countenance of considerable concern, but he did not speak.

"That is a *lie*," said Mary, slowly and seriously; "and a lie is very naughty and wicked. God heard you tell the lie."

Here Nathan looked up all around the room, and said,

"I guess not, — I don't see him anywhere."

"No, you can't see him, but he sees you, and he knows when you tell a lie. God does not love little boys that say they didn't when they did."

Nathan now began to look anxious and distressed. He took up a corner of his apron to wipe away a tear that started into his eye, and said, with a mournful voice,

"I am sorry I made a lie. I will not make a lie any more."

Mary then told him that God would forgive him if he was sorry, and took him up in her lap. Rollo came, and took the book and the letter and put them into the basket, and had just time to put the basket away, when his father and mother came in to supper.

7

CONCLUSION.

THE first week of Rollo's vacation passed away very rapidly, but by that time he began to get a little out of employment. About the beginning of the second week, his father said one evening that he was going to send Jonas into the city to get a box which came up the river in a packet. Rollo asked his father to let him go too, and after some hesitation he consented.

"Do you think you can get ready without making any trouble?" said his father.

"Yes, sir," said Rollo.

"One great objection to letting boys go anywhere," said his father, "is, that they make a great deal of trouble sometimes about being dressed. Now you must be careful and not give Mary any trouble. Mary, I should like to have you get him ready before breakfast to-morrow morning."

Accordingly, the next morning, at breakfast-time, Rollo came into the room with bright looks, and neatly dressed, Mary following him.

"Mary," said he, "can't I do anything for you in the city?"

"Yes," said Mary; "I want a new drawing-pencil. Could you get me one?"

"Oh, yes," said Rollo; "I can buy a pencil well enough, I know."

"Well, I will get you the money."

So Mary went to a table at the side of the room, where her workbox stood. She opened the box and took out a little purse, and from the purse took a quarter of a dollar, and handed it to Rollo. She gave him the directions, and had just finished telling him where to go, when his father and mother came in to breakfast.

After breakfast Rollo and his father went out to the yard, and there they found the horse already harnessed, and fastened to a post. Jonas was just opening the great gate. Rollo went to the wagon and began to climb in, but his father told him to stop a minute, for he wanted first to give him their directions.

So Jonas and Rollo came to him, where he stood, upon the piazza. He had a paper in his hand, on which was written his instructions to Jonas, and directions to the places where he wished him to go. The city was

not a very large city, and both Rollo and Jonas had often been there. He charged Jonas to be very careful of Rollo when they went down to the wharf, and also to be very careful of his driving when he should get into the streets of the city. Then, finally, when he had finished his directions, he took out a dollar and handed it to Jonas.

"The freight of the box," said he, "I suppose will be a quarter of a dollar, and the rest will pay for your dinner. You can stop at the Eagle tavern."

"I think, sir," said Jonas, "we can get along without spending anything for dinner."

"Oh, you must have something to eat."

"Yes, sir; and I have got Dorothy to put us up some bread and butter," said Jonas, pointing to a small parcel done up in brown paper, which was in a little basket in the front part of the wagon.

"Very well," said Rollo's father. "But then the horse?"

"I have got some oats for him," said Jonas, "under the seat."

Rollo looked back and forth, first at Jonas, then at his father, during this dialogue. The latter smiled as Jonas told him of his arrangements, and after a moment's pause, said,

"Very well ; if you get along without expense, you may have the three quarters of a dollar to spend for anything you want, half for you and half for Rollo. Now get into the wagon."

There was a good comfortable buffalo-skin upon the back seat, and another in the bottom of the wagon before. Rollo and Jonas both had their great coats on ; for it was a cool though pleasant morning. Rollo clambered up while Jonas unfastened the horse. Then he also took his seat, and the boys drew up the buffalo around them. Jonas drove the horse slowly out of the yard, and then, turning round into the road, set off upon the trot, Rollo bowing a good bye to his mother and sister, who stood smiling at the window.

They rode along pleasantly over a smooth and level road, with fields, and trees, and farm-houses on each side. Rollo asked Jonas how far it was to the city. He said it was about fifteen miles ; but it was about twelve to the tavern where he was going to stop to dinner. Rollo asked him what tavern it was. Jonas said it was called the *Roadside Hotel*.

"But I thought," said Rollo, "you were not going to stop at any tavern, and so save the money."

"But they don't make us pay anything at the tavern I am going to stop at."

"Not pay!" said Rollo. "Why not?"

"Oh, because. I have stopp'd there a good many times, and I never had to pay anything."

Rollo thought this was strange; but at length, when they had rode about twelve miles, Jonas said he had almost come to the hotel. So he turned off into a narrow road, that led through a little wood, into a valley. At the bottom of the valley was a brook; and when Jonas reached it, he turned off out of the road, upon a level piece of grass by the side of an old wall, with trees hanging over it. It was just large enough to hold the wagon.

"This is the Roadside Hotel," said he, laying down the reins and jumping out of the wagon.

They watered the horse at the brook, and then gave him his oats upon the grass, by the side of the wall. Jonas and Rollo then went under the bushes to the bank of the brook, where they sat down upon some flat stones and ate their bread and butter. Rollo liked the Roadside Hotel very much.

They waited here some time, and then got into the wagon and rode into the city. Rollo had a fine time going down to the wharf, after the box, and Jonas told him a great deal about the sails and rigging of a vessel. They looked about afterwards some time to find something to buy with their money, but could not exactly suit themselves. At length, however, they went to the bookstore, to buy Mary's pencil ; and then, after Rollo had bought the pencil, he was just going out of the store, when he saw a book, pretty long, and with thin covers, open at a very handsome picture.

"What is the price of this picture-book?" said Rollo.

"It is a drawing-book," said the man ; "not a picture-book. There are four of them that go together, and the price is half a dollar."

"A drawing-book?" said Jonas, going up to look at it. "I should like to learn to draw."

"Well," said the man, "all you have got to do is to take these books, and begin at the beginning, and copy all these drawings carefully."

Jonas and Rollo looked at the drawing-books, and finally concluded to buy them. They also bought a pencil each for themselves, which just took all their money.

"I think that is a wise purchase," said Rollo, as they went out of the door.

"That depends upon how we use the books. If we copy the drawing lessons well, it will be worth more than anything else we could get for three quarters of a dollar."

"We will draw together, in the evenings," said Rollo. "But whose shall the books be when we have done?"

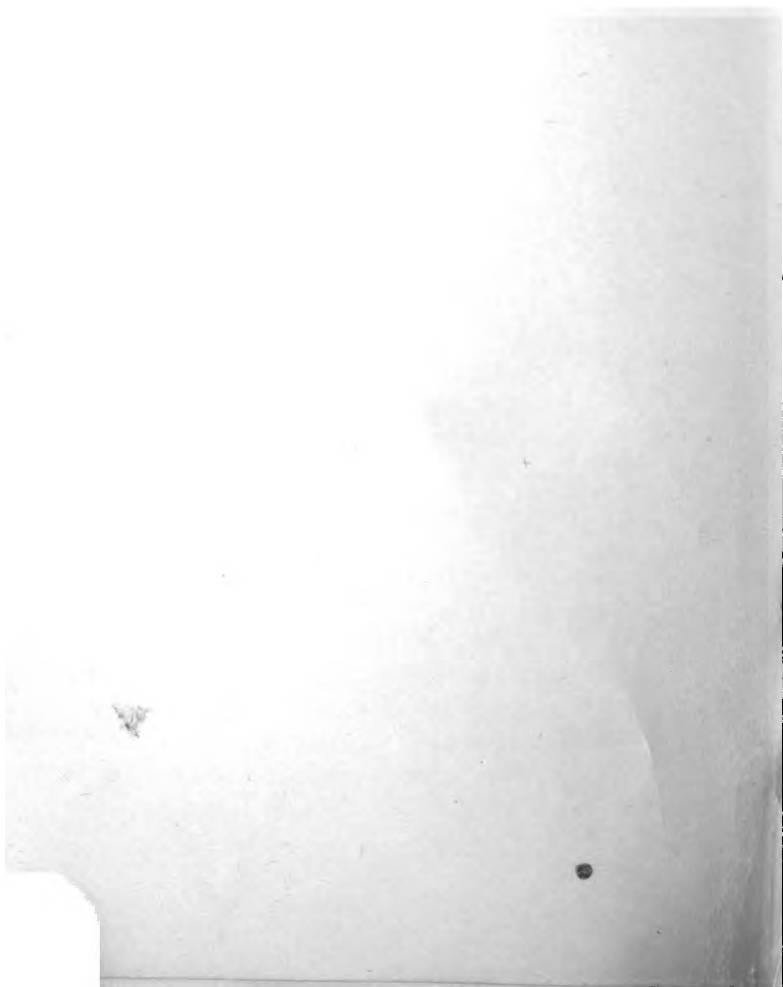
The boys talked of several plans for dividing the books. At last Jonas said,

"They are half mine and half yours, Rollo. Now you may pay me a quarter of a dollar for my half, and have them all yourself, or I will pay you in doing something for you, for your half. I have not got any money to give."

"What can you do for me?"

"Oh, I can tell you stories while we are drawing. I will tell you a story, as Dorothy did, every evening, while we are drawing the lessons, if you will give me your half; or you may give me a quarter of a dollar and have mine."

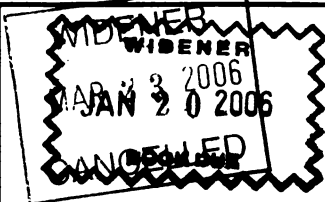
Rollo preferred the stories, and that agreement was made. Perhaps the next book about Rollo, which will be printed after this, will be JONAS'S STORIES.



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